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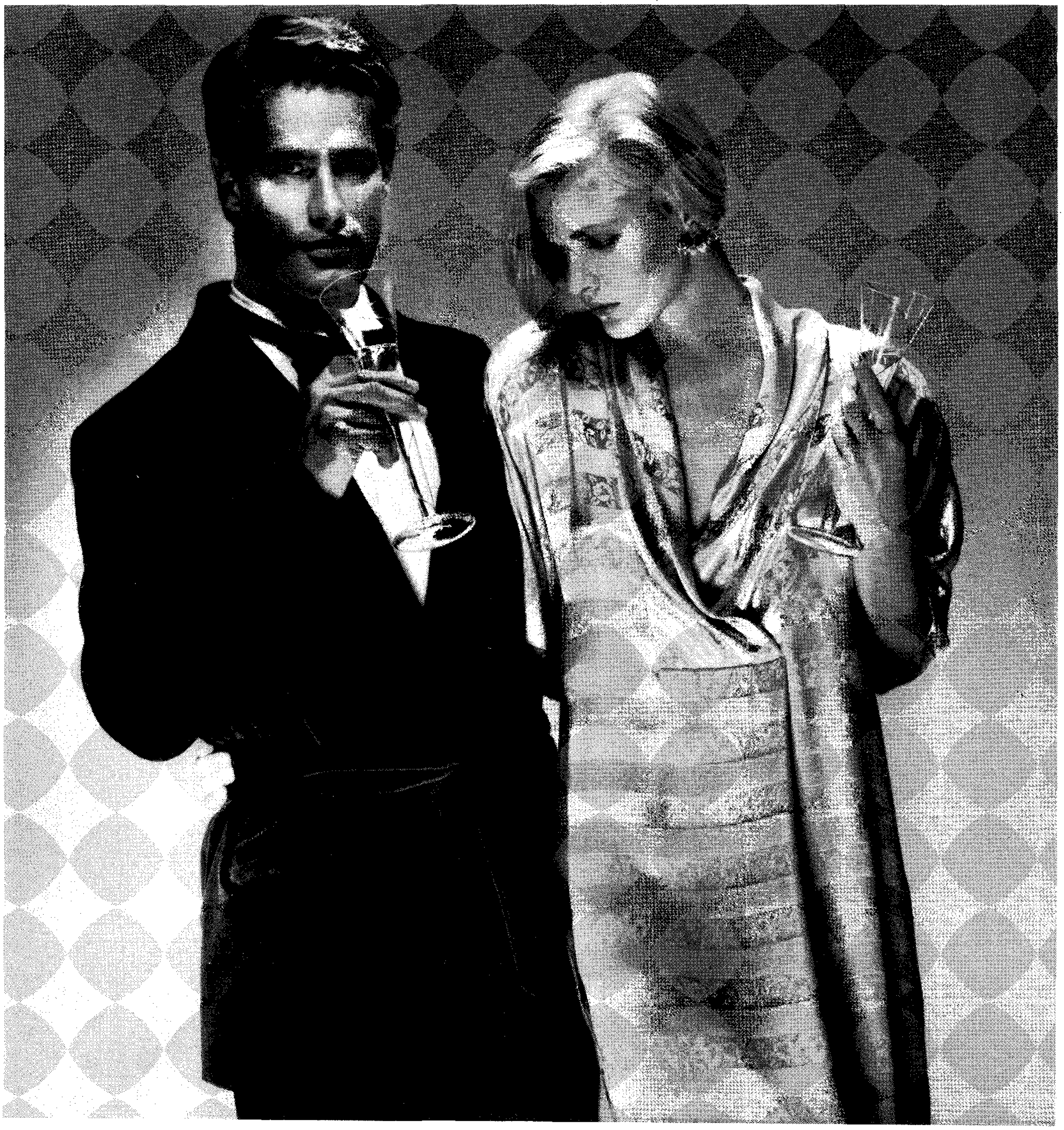

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Accidental Death of an Anarchist—What may once have been a bitter black comedy by Dario Fo has been Englished and Americanized out of all recognition. The leading role is played by Jonathan Pryce, a very funny British comedian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

After the Fall—Even the performances of a number of distinguished actors, among them Frank Langella, Dianne Wiest, Henderson Forsythe, Mary-Joan Negro, and Laurie Kennedy, cannot rescue this revival of Arthur Miller's dull play about a guilt-ridden, introspective lawyer, much given to endless soliloquies. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/15/84.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 2.)

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy work hard to bring to life this old-fashioned sitcom by Lawrence Roman; the plot has to do with a middle-aged married couple and their wish to escape the burdens of parenthood, heaped upon them year after year by three loutish sons. (10/29/84) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Ballad of Soapy Smith—Michael Weller's play about an actual confidence man in the Klondike during the gold rush, not too strong or credible in any case, is all but overwhelmed by busy pageantry. (11/26/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is well acted by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Matt Craven and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30.)

La Bohème—An English adaptation, by David Spencer, of Puccini's opera, directed by Wilford Leach. Linda Ronstadt, Patti Cohenour, and Caroline Peyton will alternate in the role of Mimi, and Gary Morris and David Carroll will alternate in the role of Rodolfo. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 29, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For information about tickets and cast scheduling, call 598-7150.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. With John Glover, Frank Converse, and Anne Swift. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of William Marchant's 1955 comedy **the desk set** will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Nov. 29, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 16. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—This exquisite theatre piece uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymous Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke, its composer, Richard Peaslee, and the Music-Theatre Performing Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Haarlem Nocturne—A musical show, staged in cabaret style, that stars André De Shields and three women singers. The setting, designed by David Chapman, is more agreeable than the show. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. John Christopher Jones substitutes for Mr. Hurt at the Sunday matinée performances. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

In Celebration—A feeble drama by David Storey about three grown men who return to their home in Yorkshire to celebrate their parents' fortieth wedding anniversary. Feeble or not, much of the dialogue is very good, and the cast, which includes Malcolm McDowell, Frank Grimes, and Pauline Flanagan, is nothing short of exemplary. (11/19/84) (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 2. For tickets, call 944-9300.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Victor Herbert productions. Through Sunday, Dec. 2: **THE RED MILL**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Dec. 5: **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A first-rate play by August Wilson about some black performers of the blues in Chicago fifty-odd years ago, sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder was the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes were by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Romance Language—A play by Peter Parnell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **CYRANO DE BERGERAC:** Nearly everything about this rousing old melodrama is twice life-size, and the R.S.C. has made the mistake of doubling its scale. Derek Jacobi as Cyrano is even more bombastic than the text invites him to be. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8; Friday, Dec. 7, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 8. . . . **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** By a sort of time warp, this witty and debonair (and cruel) comedy has been moved forward into the Restoration period, where it appears perfectly at home. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3; Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Short Eyes—The Second Stage production of Miguel Piñero's 1974 play, with Michael O'Keefe and Esai Morales. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinée Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2.)

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Sunday in the Park with George—Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Welcome to Black River—A play by Samm-Art Williams. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Still Doing in a State Like This—A revival of a little topical review that is just as merry and refreshing as its predecessor. (11/5/84) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—As a monologuist of uncertain intentions, both in respect to her writing and her performance, Miss Goldberg belongs in a night club and not on the stage of a big Broadway theatre. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Keith Michell. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,232 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Don Correia and Sandy Duncan are a pair of lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broad-

Great Performances

PRESENTS

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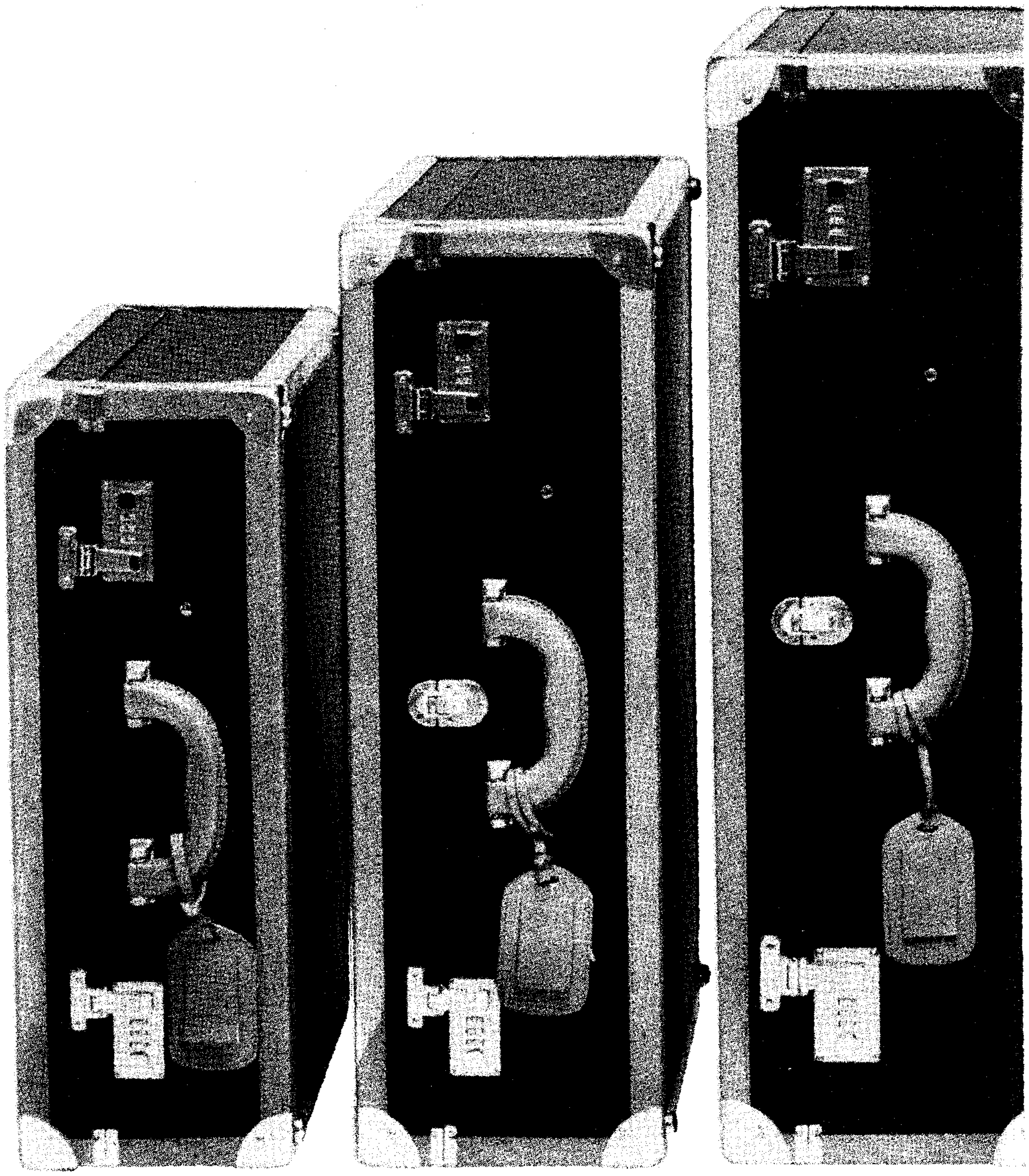

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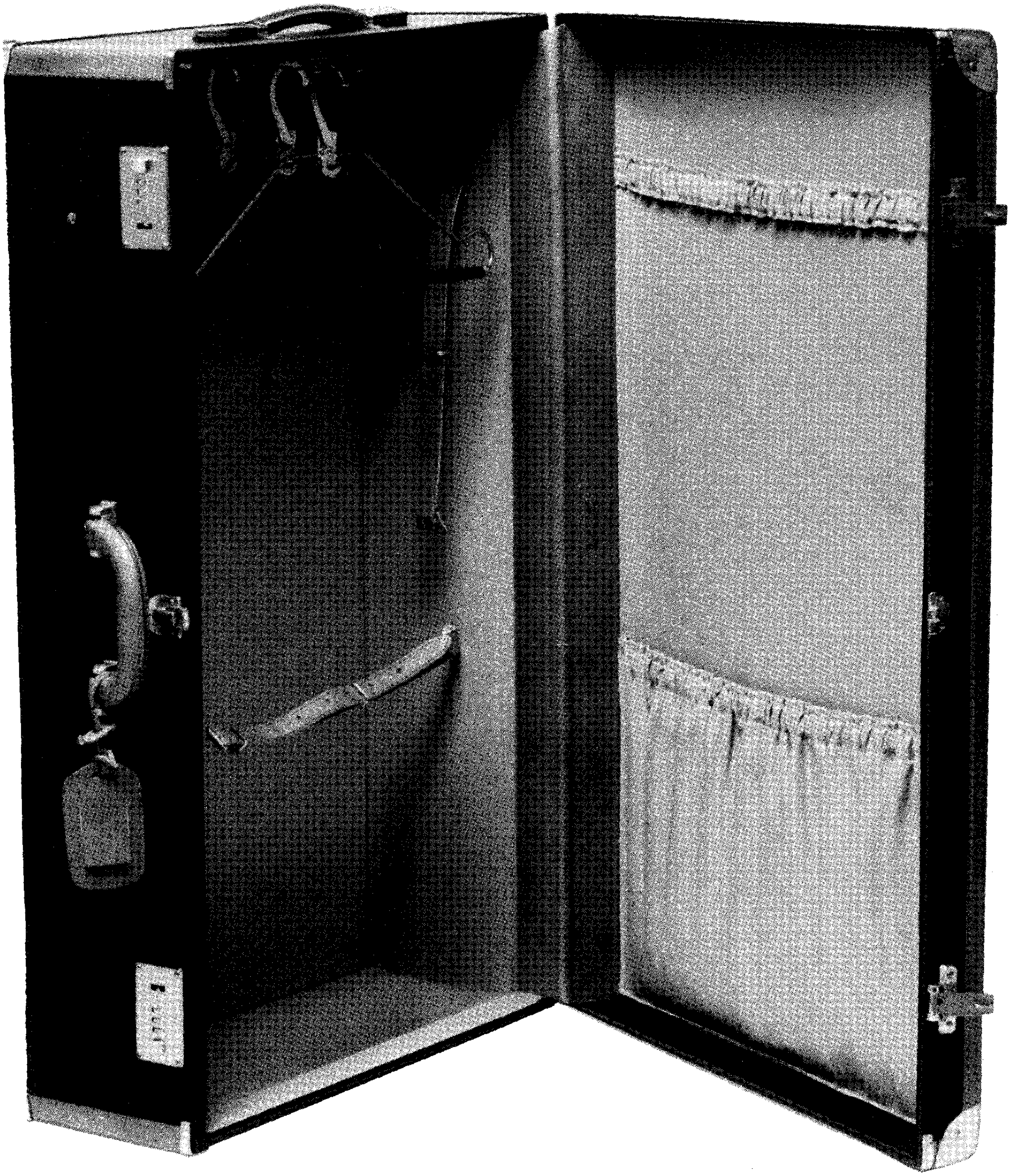

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way. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 11 and 2:30; Thursday, Nov. 29, at 2:30; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 2, at 12:30 and 4; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 4-6, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 7, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 10.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Clowns, jugglers, acrobats, horses, and seals are some of the attractions. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 11 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 29-30, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 1-2, at 1 and 4; Monday, Dec. 3, at 11 and 7:30; Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 11 and 6; Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 6, at 6:30 (a benefit performance); and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 2 and 7:30. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

PEACOCK PLAYERS—Presenting "Raindance," a satire by M. Z. Ribalow, with John Hambrick, Reggie Harris, Chauncey Howell, Pia Lindstrom, Jim Ryan, and Liz Smith. Performances benefit the New York Association for the Blind. (The Lighthouse Auditorium, 111 E. 59th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2. For information about tickets, call 355-2200, Ext. 170.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2. For information about tickets, call 243-6281.)

BENEFIT PROGRAM—Among the participants in a benefit for the New York Zoological Society will be Bob Hope, Tony Randall, and Betty Comden. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Menuetto" (New York première), "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Menuetto," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Bugaku," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "A Schubertiad," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Menuetto," "A Schubertiad," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 2, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Menuetto," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 2, at 7: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "A Schubertiad," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 7; Friday, Dec. 7, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 23—Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30: "Suite Otis" and "For Bird with Love" (New York première), plus a song recital by soprano Grace Bumbry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Divining" (New York première), "The Still Point," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Isba," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "Suite Otis," "Treading," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Divining," "Love Songs," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3: "Isba," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Songs Without Words," "Fever Swamp," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Collage" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Divining," "Portrait of Billie," "Treading," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8: "The Still Point," "Collage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Suite Otis," "Cry," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: "Divining," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Songs Without Words," "Portrait of Billie," "Treading," and "The Stack-Up." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MARIA BENITEZ SPANISH DANCE COMPANY—With José Greco. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2 and 7:30.)

JOEL HALL DANCERS—Programs of contemporary dance. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 5-7, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 7:30.)

BEBE MILLER AND COMPANY—Presenting "Trapped in Queens," "Gotham," and "Reet City." The first three of eight performances. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8, at 8.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **ANNA SOKOLOW'S PLAYER'S PROJECT:** Wednesday, Dec. 5, and Friday, Dec. 7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 2. . . . **ZE'EVA COHEN AND DANCERS:** Thursday, Dec. 6, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, can be heard in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, bassist **MICKEY BASS** and his trio will be aboard. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Singer **JON HENDRICKS** works with pianist **HANK JONES,** bassist **RED MITCHELL,** and drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES,** opposite his daughter **MICHELLE HENDRICKS** and *her* trio, through Sunday, Dec. 2. On Tuesday, Dec. 4, the vivacious Brazilian-jazz singer-pianist **TANIA MARIA** will arrive. Monday, Dec. 3, is reserved for the **ANGEL RANGELOV–JIMMY MADISON** Big Band, with **RAY BARRETTO.** Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, folkie veteran **RICHIE HAVENS** and singer Darlene Love; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, folk-rock blues singer **TAJ MAHAL** and rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY;** Sunday, Dec. 2, singer Robert Hunter; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, the Strawbs; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, singer-comedienne Sandra Bernhard. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. The lineup: super bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist Vladimir Shafranov through Sunday, Dec. 2, and pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** starting Monday, Dec. 3. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the invigorating singer and pianist, is back in his elegant old stamping ground, the Café Carlyle, along with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist-singer **BARBARA CARROLL** can be found, as usual, in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

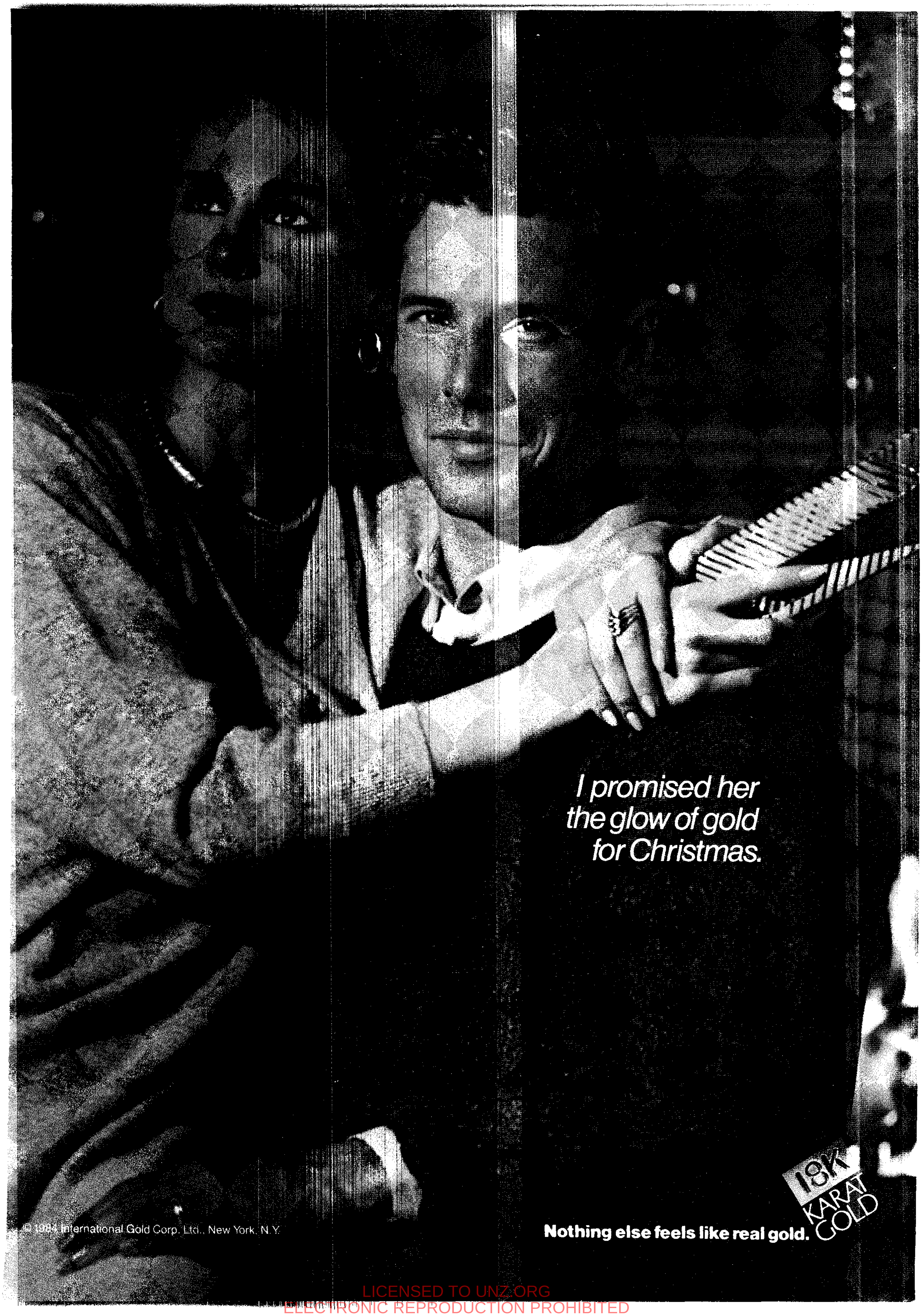
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz stars' room. **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** sings here through Sunday, Dec. 2; on Tuesday, Dec. 4, Carol Fredette will sing with a trio; and Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 5-9, will belong to Rare Silk. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Mostly a folk schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 28, Lenny Kaye and the Floor Models; Friday, Nov. 30, **PATRICK SKY;** Sunday, Dec. 2, Magpie, Su Polo, Bill Gordh & Sax Freymann, Poez, and Steve & Tim; Monday, Dec. 3, Poez; Wednesday, Dec. 5, Lori Carson and Second Chance; Thursday, Dec. 6, Phil Ochs Song Night, presented by Sonny Ochs; Friday, Dec. 7, Gene Clark; and Saturday, Dec. 8, **ELLEN MC ILWAINE.** Shows usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio through Sunday, Dec. 2; Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 5-9, Judy Niemack will sing here; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All


I promised her
the glow of gold
for Christmas.
Nothing else feels like real gold.
18K
KARAT
GOLD

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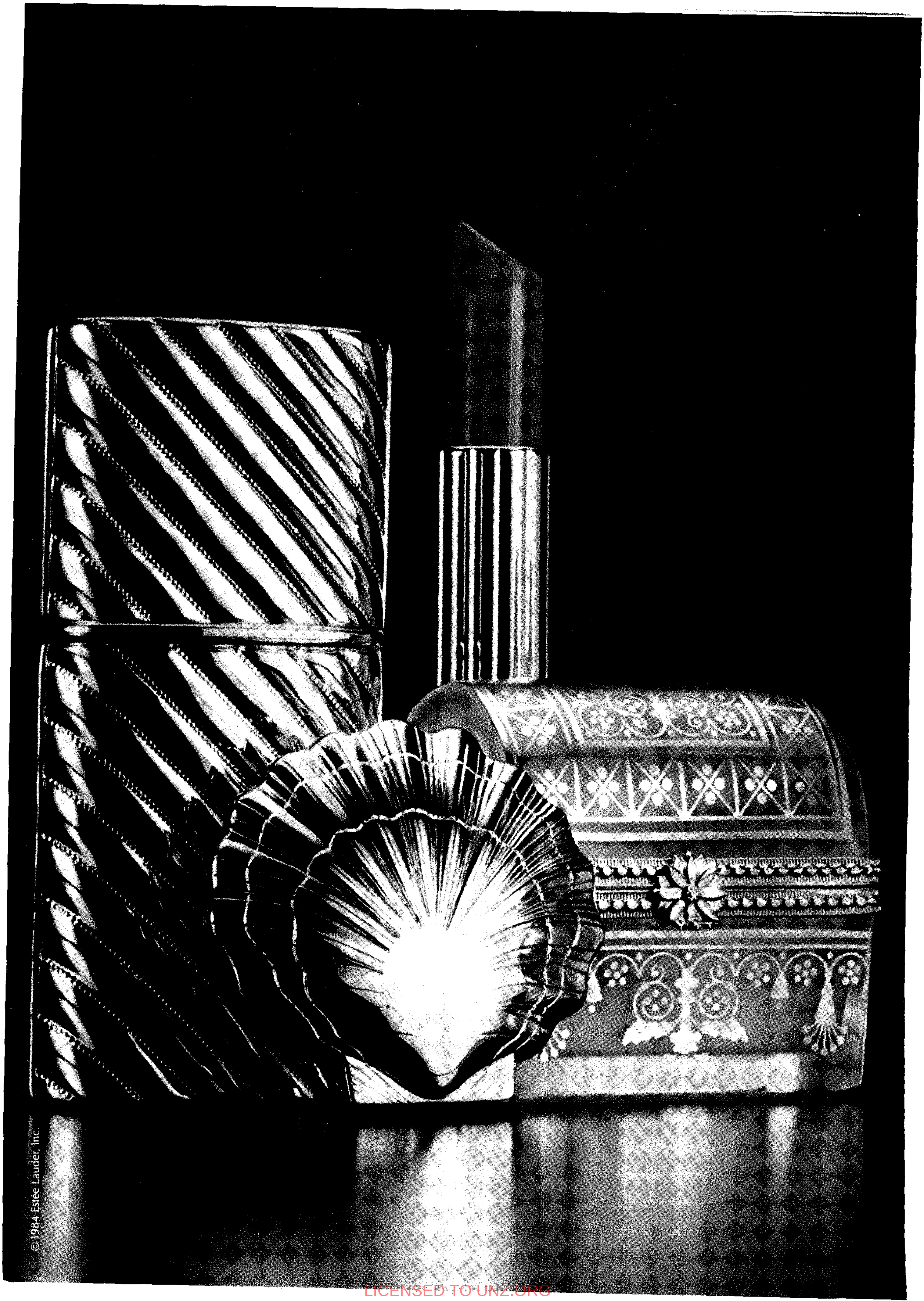

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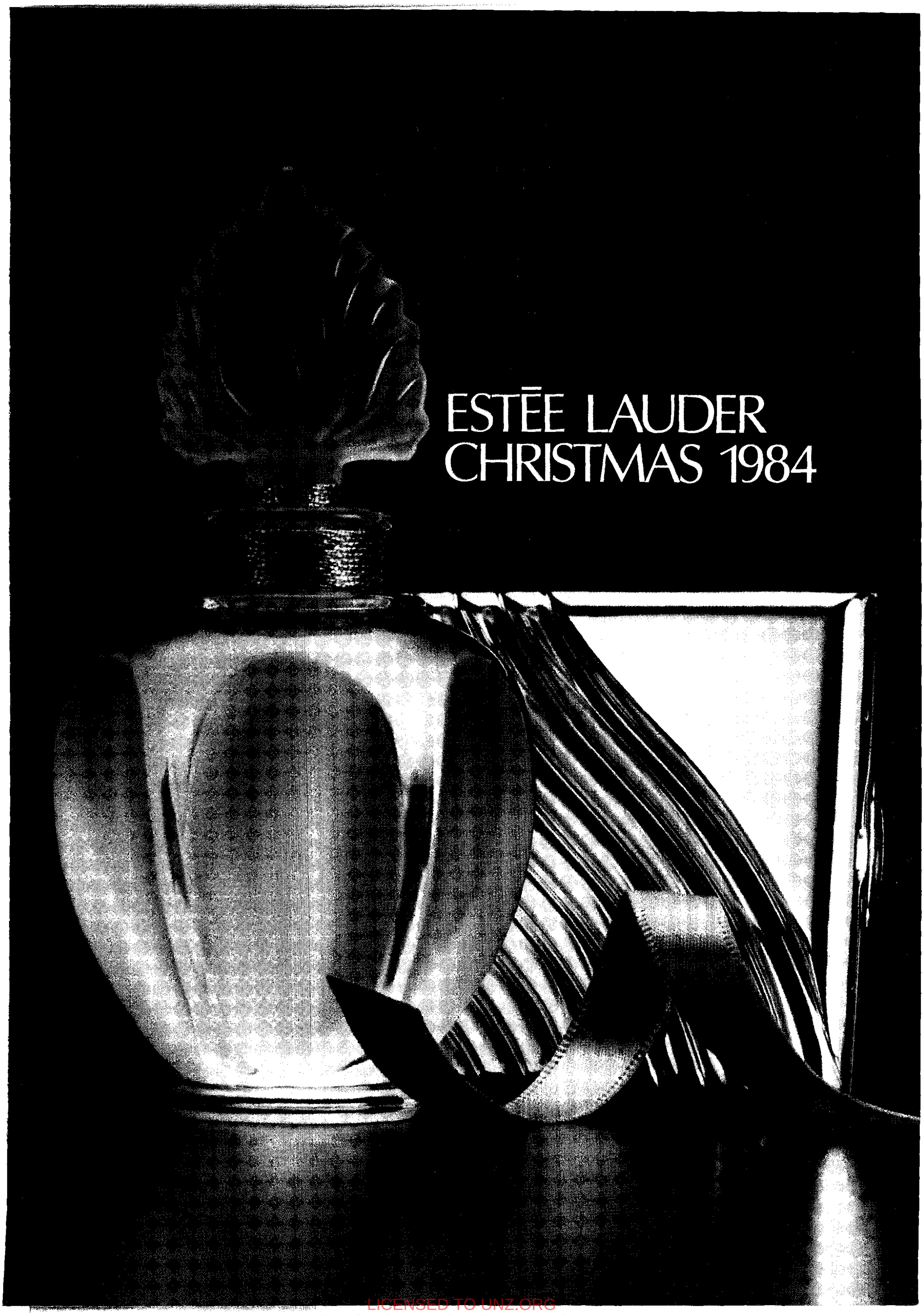

ESTĒE LAUDER
CHRISTMAS 1984

The 300SD and 380SE: Turbodiesel or V-8 gasoline performance–and the reassurance of the Mercedes-Benz Anti-lo

The 1985 Mercedes-Benz 300SD and 380SE: How can two such different sedans be so much alike?

ONE OF THE AUTOMOBILES dashing along in the picture above is powered with the direct descendant of a record-shattering turbodiesel performance engine.

The other is propelled by a lightweight aluminum-block gasoline V-8, cat-quick, turbine-smooth.

The resulting contrast in temperament and personality is vivid–but otherwise, so precise is the similarity that only an expert could easily tell these two sedans apart. Choosing between the 300SD and 380SE thus poses a unique but exquisite quandary.

For 1985, both cars are fitted with the Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking System as standard equipment. This electronically activated system is designed to *sense* the onset of wheel lockup in braking emergencies and instantly begin regulating brake pressure to prevent it. Maintaining the car's stability and the driver's precise steering control in hard braking–even on wet pavement.

THE DIESEL THAT REWROTE DIESEL HISTORY

At $39,500,* the 300SD Turbodiesel Sedan rules the diesel world again in 1985.

Its turbocharged five-cylinder engine–a virtual carbon copy of the design of the engine that swept the 195.4-mph Mercedes-Benz C-111/3 to nine world speed records in a day–revolutionized ideas of diesel performance. Having unleashed the diesel, the 300SD also tames it: its power is shrouded in running ease and cruising quiet that vie with gasoline cars.

Yet here is rock-ribbed diesel character to the core, with diesel benefits intact. No spark plugs or electrical components to adjust or replace, for example. The inherent efficiency that burns *one quarter* as much fuel at idle as a gasoline engine of similar size. An aura of iron durability.

PERFORMANCE REDUX

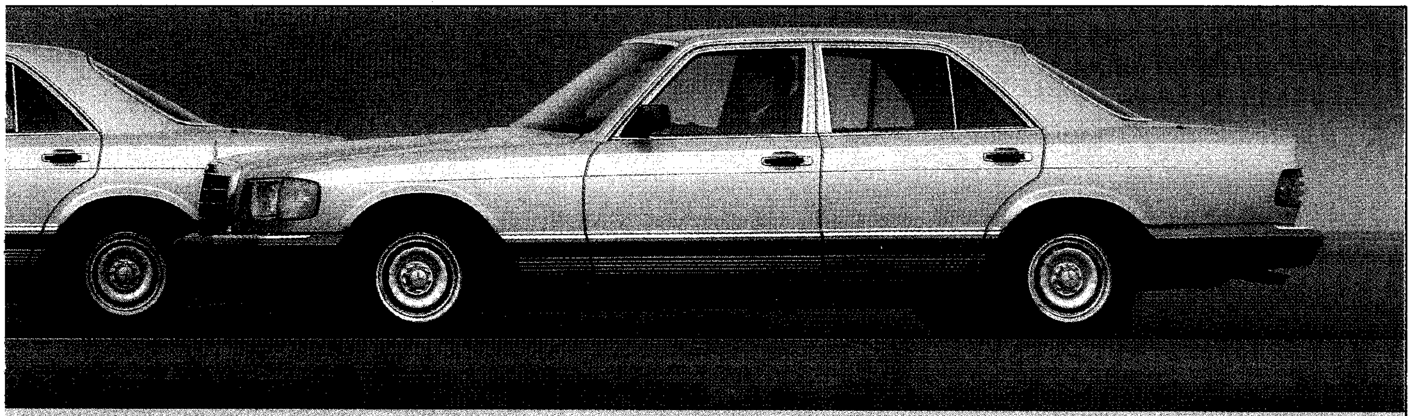
At $42,730,* the 380SE Sedan spearheads a renaissance of driving excitement with a V-8 engine more notable not for brute size but adept technology.

Overhead camshafts for freer engine breathing. The precision and simplicity of CIS *mechanical* fuel injection. And durability and vibration resistance worthy of a cast-iron block–in a weight-saving cast-aluminum block.

The Editor of *Car and Driver* might well have had the 380SE and this 3.8-liter V-8 in mind when he wrote, "There is nothing like a big Mercedes with V-8 power. Nothing."

Whether the numerals on the trunk lid read 380SE or 300SD, this automobile is designed to be a *stable* driving platform; no luxury-car sponginess. A taut suspension and rigid body structure help absorb the commotion of rough-road driving. Roller-coaster country roads are not a chore

*Approximate suggested advertised retail price. †Optional at extra cost. ©1984 Mercedes-Benz of N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.



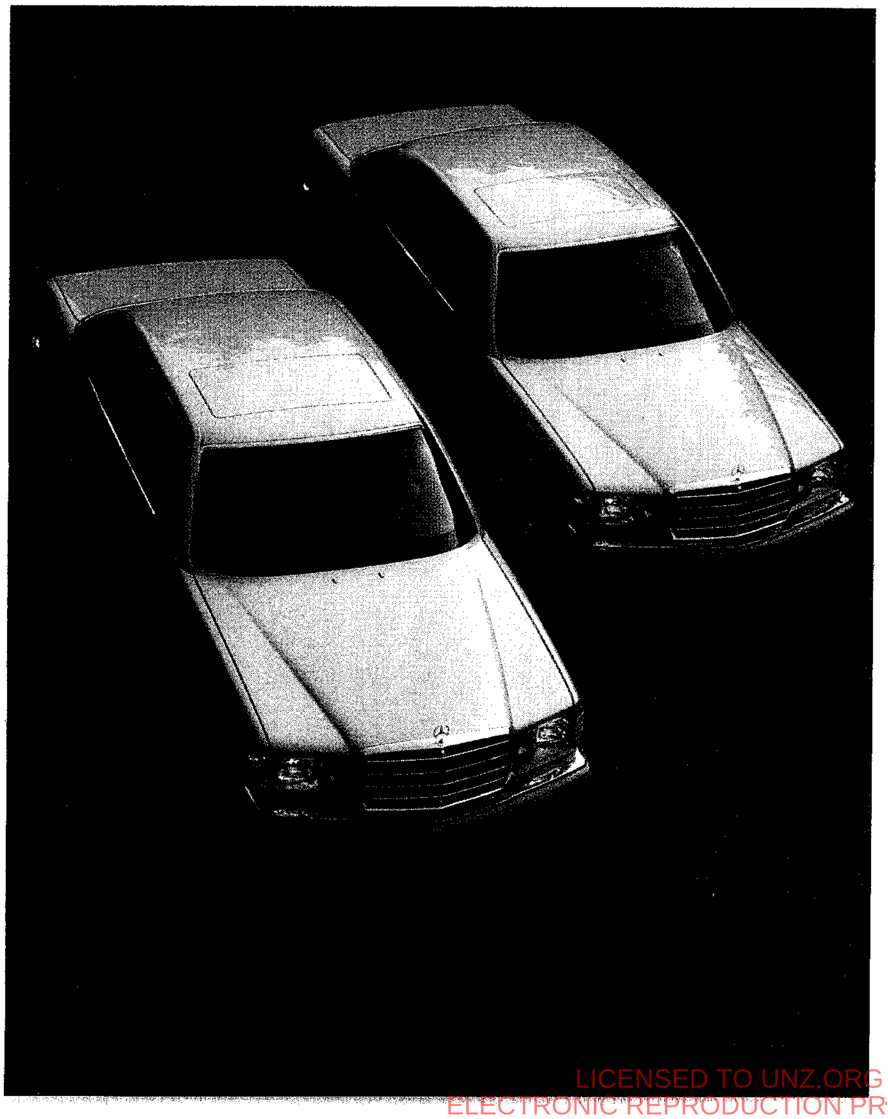
aking System, incorporating a technology that represents the single greatest advance in braking control since the disc brake.

but a pleasure to negotiate.

Yet passenger comfort approaches the sybaritic. From fine velour carpeting to hand-worked wood trim to myriad electric, electronic and other amenities, life inside this cabin is lived first-class.

One would have to *work* at being uncomfortable in the driver's seat. Ergonomic science prevails. The car can be driven with fluid, almost effortless motions. The seat surrounding you is a 68-lb. biomechanical support system, padded and contoured to subtract much of the strain from even marathon trips.

Beneath it all, the 300SD and 380SE are remarkable exercises in safety engineering. Standard safety equipment is comprehensive. For 1985, Emergency Tensioning Retractors are fitted to both front three-point seat belt mechanisms–meant to instantaneously tighten the belts in the event of a major frontal impact. Additionally, you may now order either model with the Mercedes-Benz Supplemental Restraint System,† adding a driver's-side air bag and other elements to the vital cause of occupant restraint.



THE RESALE FACTOR

To ignore resale value at the time you buy a new automobile is to risk being rudely surprised when you get ready to sell it. You can take reassurance from the remarkable–and remarkably consistent–Mercedes-Benz resale record in America, model by model, over the past two decades.

The 300SD, or the 380SE? There may be no more difficult choice in the automotive world today. But either way you choose, there may be no more satisfying end result.

Engineered like no other
car in the world

"I assume you drink Martell."
MARTELL
V.S.O.P.
MEDAILLON
MARTELL
The Pride of Cognac Since 1715.
Imported Cognac, 80 proof. The Jos. Garneau Co., Louisville, KY.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8

these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Henry Francis is the pianist through Saturday, Dec. 1, and John Colianni will take over on Tuesday, Dec. 4. **JIMMY LYON** operates on the dining-room grand every Sunday, and **DICK HYMAN** is in charge on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Nov. 28, Black Oak Arkansas; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 3-4, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and B. Willie Smith; and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, Shadow Fax. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON'S** quartet winds up a week here on Sunday, Dec. 2; on Tuesday, Dec. 4, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN'S QUEST,** with pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **BILLY HART,** will come in. Monday nights are devoted to **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Disc jockey and singer Jonathan Schwartz performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, Joe Cool; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Monday, Dec. 3, **JUMP STREET,** a lively R. & B. outfit; Tuesday, Dec. 4, singer Kim Parker; Wednesday, Dec. 5, reggae singer and drummer **WINSTON GRENNAN;** and Thursday, Dec. 6, Ivy Ray. Music from ten until two. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** perform swing music that is absolutely irresistible, perfect to Lindy to, and makes you feel sixty-five stories high (when they play here, anyway). Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Nov. 29, Los Lobos; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, **ROMEO VOID** and the Sound; Thursday, Dec. 6, jazz singer **BOBBY MC FERRIN;** and Friday, Dec. 7, Vicious Pink. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Pianist and composer **JOE BUSHKIN** guides a worthy sextet Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 28-29, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER'S** quartet; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, R. & B. guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** & Band of Doom; Sunday, Dec. 2, the Contemporary Composers Orchestra; Monday, Dec. 3, drummer **LENNY WHITE** & the New York Association; Tuesday, Dec. 4, guitarist **RORY STUART;** Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 5-6, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** and drummer **PETER ERSKINE;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. On Wednesdays, calypsonians appear, and Thursdays are African-music nights. Wednesday, Nov. 28, Lord Nelson; Thursday, Nov. 29, **KIMATI DINIZULU & THE KOTOKO SOCIETY;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, Dec. 2, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON;** Wednesday, Dec. 5, the Baron; Thursday, Dec. 6, **MIKATA;** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** heads up a quartet that features **HORACE PARLAN** on piano through Sunday, Dec. 2, and on Tuesday, Dec. 4, tenor player **PHAROAH SANDERS** will arrive with his band. Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Dec. 3, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE, ADALBERTO SANTIAGO,** and trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **BILL MAYS** performs through Sunday, Dec. 2, and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will take over beginning Tuesday, Dec. 4. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty every night but Monday.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Hard-bop tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** works in it with his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 2; on Tuesday, Dec. 4, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** will descend the stairs along with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **LENNY WHITE.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** is at the helm of a big band through Monday, Dec. 3, and on Tuesday, Dec. 4, saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** and cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will begin co-piloting a sextet. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current piano-bass roster: **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Sunday, Dec. 2, and **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** beginning Monday, Dec. 3. Sundays are given over to the chamber jazz of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SPYRO GYRA—With Phyllis Hyman. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

BROADWAY MUSICAL THEATRE—The second in a series of programs saluting Broadway composers, this one featuring Arthur Siegel and Sandy Stewart in an evening devoted to Cole Porter's music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the program.)

PAT METHENY GROUP—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

LEROY JENKINS' MIXED QUINTET—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.

BILL BARRON QUARTET—With Ed Blackwell. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 9 and 10:30.)

MANZEL MONTESSA—With the Kuni Mikami trio. (Jazz Center of New York. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2.)

GEORGE WINSTON—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.

CHARLIE BYRD—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.

JAMES EMERY ENSEMBLE—Alternative Museum. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.

DONOVAN—With Loudon Wainwright III. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

ALVIN BATISTE—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Nov. 30: Arto Lindsay & the Ambitious Lovers and the Ned Sublette band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1: The Chris Spedding band with Junior X. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROMARE BEARDEN—Watercolors dealing with Obeah rituals the artist encountered on the Caribbean island of St. Martin, the artist's second home. Through Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

ELEANOR DE LAITTRE / JOHN VON WICHT (1888-1970)—Nicely balanced abstract paintings from the thirties and forties, plus two small sculptures. / Abstract paintings with a pronounced nautical flavor. Through Dec. 15. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WILLIAM DOLE (1917-83)—Collages, most with tiny typographical curiosities fixed to backgrounds delicately tinted with watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—A three-gallery exhibit. Through Dec. 29. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . ¶ Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL—Wood constructions, both painted and raw, plus oils and drawings, dating from 1964 to the present. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHARLES GARABEDIAN—Paintings, including the five-part "Crazy Horse's Strategy," which combines abstraction with American Indian motifs. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Paintings (from geometric abstractions to semi-abstract seascapes and figures) that span his career to date. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

FRANTIŠEK KUPKA (1871-1957)—Paintings, pastels, and drawings by a Czech artist who was in the vanguard of non-representational abstraction. Through Dec. 15. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Recent abstract metal sculptures. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Juan Martinez—New paintings comprised of roughly sketched portraits—up to twenty in a single work—on a background of trompe-l'oeil newsprint or graffiti. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Judith Shea—Bronze sculptures that suggest rather than duplicate various bits of clothing, sometimes in mildly erotic arrangements. Also, drawings. Through Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings executed during the fifties. Through Thursday, Dec. 6. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Sarah Bernhardt and Her Times—A benefit loan show of paintings, sculptures, decorative objects, and numerous other items by Doré, Hugo, Toulouse-Lautrec, Mucha, and other admirers of the French actress, who died in 1923. Through Dec. 28. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—*At the* **Colnaghi,** *26 E. 80th St.:* Prodigies of English portraiture—Lawrence, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and others. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An assortment of works by Picasso, Matisse, Klee, Kandinsky, and Masson. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Ahearn and Rigoberto Torres—Sculptures cast in plaster from life and painted realistically; ten are portrait busts of City College students. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson—Anti-nuclear drawings, as well as other drawings from 1970 to the present. Through Dec. 13. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

William Brice—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Clough—Abstractions. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Daze and Crash—Slam-bang spray-can works, Harlem-oriented ones by Daze, and comic-strip subjects by the latter, who also provides huge portraits of two Old Masters of the genre, Keith Haring and Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Max Ernst (1891-1976)—Works retrieved from a house Ernst built in Sedona, Arizona, including cement fragments of a male and a female figure, and of a hand holding a staff. Through Dec. 29. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jackie Ferrara—Checkered designs in colored stains are the latest addition to this artist's sculptures made of stacked slats of pine and poplar. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis / Beverly Pepper—New abstract paintings. / Pinnacle-shaped sculptures that call attention to their materials—bronze and padouk wood, for example, or steel with a gunmetal finish. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—Monotypes in which horses and silhouetted figures race across landscapes, plus two figure sculptures in the sort of piecemeal ceramic for which she is noted. Through Dec. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Acrylic paintings inspired by an ancient Jewish cemetery in Prague. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Hans Hokanson / Emily Mason—Large carved-redwood sculptures. / Abstractions in oil on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Inness (1825-94)—Paintings by a leading nineteenth-century American landscapist. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jonathan Lasker—Thickly painted abstract works, some strong on stripes and some made up of jigsaw shapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

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Ray Lewis—Circles and arcs are the main ingredients of these colorful abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—Oils and watercolors of oversize flowers set against landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Intaglios, primarily drypoints. Through Dec. 29. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Antine Nivola—The female figure is irreducibly simplified in marble sculptures being exhibited in a two-gallery show. Through Dec. 22. (Washburn uptown, at 42 E. 57th St., and downtown, at 113 Greene St.)

Harvey Quaytman—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. Through Dec. 12. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephanie Rose—Oil-on-canvas paintings of featureless figures in surreal interiors that have landscapes as a background. Through Dec. 15. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Rotterdam—Semi-abstract encaustic paintings and graphite drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St.)

Julian Schnabel—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Isabelle Siegel—Abstract and semi-abstract sculptures in bronze, redwood, and manzanita—the ones in wood are sometimes left almost the way they were found in nature. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Elaine Spatz-Rabinowitz—A cracked, antique-looking surface is provided for these recent paintings, in which pretty birds in the foreground contrast with high-tech paraphernalia in the distance. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Tillyer—Semi-abstract watercolors inspired by a recent trip through France and Switzerland. Through Dec. 12. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Painted wall sculptures made up of Bubble Wrap, bits of wire, corrugated board, brass tacks, and other materials, plus small watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Oils by a veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Prints by Thomas Hart Benton, Adolf Dehn, Max Beckmann, Carol Summers, Edward Ruscha, and others. Through Dec. 29. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donna Byars—Large-scale emblematic sculptures in mixed mediums, including cement and wood. Through Dec. 15. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Sarah Canright—Swirly abstractions painted on triangular panels, which are then fitted into a rectangle. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Bronze sculptures in unusual forms that often seem to combine vegetable and animal characteristics, plus related drawings on handmade paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Frank Gehry—Functional lamps, all right, but constructed with Formica chips to form fish and snake shapes. Through Dec. 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

April Gornik—Paintings of imaginary landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Peter Hutchinson—Photographs of mountains with texts that provide succinct examples of some of the rules governing mountain grammar, a system not unlike everyday grammar. The text illustrating "Alps Passive" reads, "I was informed that there was deep snow in the forest." Through Dec. 22. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Donald Judd—A new generation of his boxes, some heroic in size. At Castelli, 420 West Broadway, they are in wood or painted aluminum, one set nearly thirty feet long. (The small ones look like three-dimensional Mondrians.) At Castelli, 142 Greene Street, the big ones are three eight-foot cubes made of gray concrete slabs, weighing five tons each. Through Dec. 15.

Betty Klavun—Wall reliefs, collages, and terra-cotta sculptures. Through Saturday Dec. 8. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Leonard Koscianski—Large paintings of snarling dogs with barracuda teeth, and other voracious-looking beasts. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Ju Ming—Tai Chi movements illustrated in bronze. Through Dec. 29. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Tightly disciplined charcoal drawings of tightly disciplined divers caught in midair; there are also several nineteenth-century figures. Through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Andy Spence / Richard Beckett—Simple hard-edge designs painted in blue or black on a white ground. / Abstract compositions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Pascal Verbena—Fun-house cabinets, made of driftwood and full of recesses with pop-up figures and other surprises—fish, cows, birds, rolling balls, and so on. The artist is a retired French seaman. Through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Gordon Voisey—A quality of diffraction is notable in these canvases, in one of which an abstract American flag flaps madly. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Group Show—Paintings: hyperrealist diners by John Baeder; paint jars and brushes by Oscar Lakeman; watery precincts by Tino Zago. Plus photographs by Mark R. Jenkinson. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Note—From Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 8, the Merce Cunningham Dance Company will benefit from the proceeds of a sale of works by, among others, Johns, Graves, Lichtenstein, and Nevelson, at the Castelli gallery at 420 West Broadway.

OTHER GALLERIES

Dana Bryan Garrett—Paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Neil Jenney—Six paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Les Levine—A word is incorporated into each of these works, which include Polaroids of students from the Museum of Fine Arts School in Boston, watercolors, and Plasticene models mounted on screens. Through Saturday, Dec. 8. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Russell Drisch—Photographic blowups amended by the artist with wax pencil and transparent colors. Through Dec. 21. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Joel Meyerowitz and Vivian Bower—Color photographs of Cape Cod landscapes by Mr.

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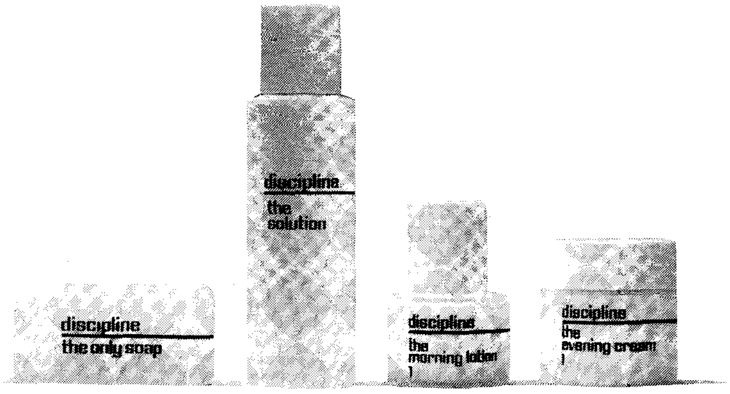

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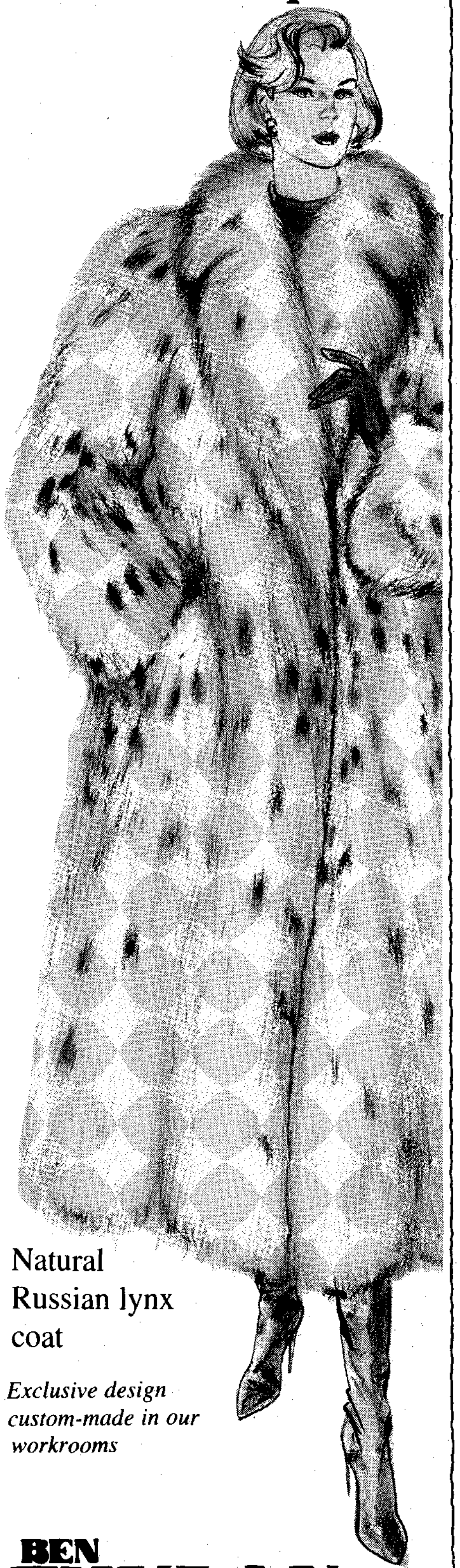

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Meyerowitz, and pastels of the same by Miss Bower. Photographer and artist are husband and wife. Through Jan. 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Francesco Scavullo—Prints by a fashion photographer. Through Saturday, Dec. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: The work of more than seventy *Life* magazine photojournalists, including Margaret Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, and Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particular assignments between 1946 and 1955. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A small display of drawings and prints by Norris Embry (1921-81). Through Dec. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Sunday, Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two hundred archeological finds from the recent excavation site in Ban Chiang and from the National Museum of Thailand, which testify to a Bronze Age in Southeast Asia. Tools, ornaments, weapons, and pottery that scholars date from as early as 3600 B.C., as well as replicas of whole burial units. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Gold objects from Asante, a colony of the African Gold Coast now in modern Ghana, on loan from the British Museum. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Of the sixty or so paintings and drawings by contemporary American artists (Robert Colescott, Fay Jones, and Hedda Sterne among them) in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show, a third will be bought and given to museums by the Academy-Institute, in part with funds raised by the sale of works by Eugene Speicher (1883-1962) which are also on view. Through Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by European artists which appeared in books, magazines, newspapers, and posters over the past ten years. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903), pastels, and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers who were monks or courtiers. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display that includes paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy illustrated children's books depicting such fictional rascals as the boy in "Young Troublesome" (one of his crimes was playing cricket in the drawing room), rendered by John Leech of *Punch.* (What Troublesome needed is also on display: the nineteenth-century etiquette masterpiece "The Good Boy's Soliloquy.") Starts Thursday, Nov. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection which is centered on copies inscribed by their authors, in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," given to Thomas De Quincey, is a letter from Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Constructivism and other early-twentieth-century movements are echoed in constructions, drawings, chairs, and clothing by such contemporary artists, architects, and designers as Steve Keister, Issey Miyake, Mario Botta, and the show's organizer, Peter Berg. Through Saturday, Dec. 8.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Mona Hatoum (performance), Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; Krzysztof Zarebski and

John King (performance), Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Gretchen Bender's "Dumping Core," with multiple-channel video, slide projection, and music. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Beth Lapides (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 28: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Brent Ellis; conducted by Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 29: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Ermanno Mauro, Lenus Carlson, and James Courtney; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 3: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 4: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Ermanno Mauro, Lenus Carlson, and James Courtney; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "Elektra," with Olivia Stapp, Kathryn Montgomery, Christa Ludwig, and Robert Nagy; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the first five of ten performances of Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8-9, at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30 (all with Ivry Gitlis, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8; Friday, Dec. 7, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 7:30 (all with Christian Altenburger, violin, and Carole Farley, soprano).

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the first two in a series of five concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8, with James Earl Jones, narrator. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 3, at 8, with Fred Sherry, cello.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the first in a series of five concerts, this one a Gershwin-Ellington program, with Clark Terry, trumpet; the Duke Ellington Orchestra; and Mercer Ellington, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Richard Goode, piano, and Nan Nall, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a program of American music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Hunter College Choir—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 772-5020. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir—JoAnn Rice conducting a program of Christmas music. (Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Catharine Melhorn and Kendall Rafter directing a benefit Christmas concert. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 683-4220.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and St. Paul's Chapel Orchestra—A joint concert, with Peter Schubert directing a program of Christmas music. With Eugenia Earle, harpsichord, and George Stauffer, organ. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Andrée Juliette Brun—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Two programs of chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8, the second in a series of six concerts, each featuring a guest violist, this one with Steven Tenebom. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Joseph Swensen, violin; John McCabe, piano; Richard Fitz, percussion; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5.) . . . ¶ Yefim Bronfman, piano; Virgil Blackwell, bass clarinet; and members of the society. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Marcantonio Barone—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.)

Robert Routch—Horn, with assisting artists, in a program part classical and part jazz. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Richard Stoltzman and Richard Goode—Clarinet and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano, in a one-hour program of poetry set to music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Thruston Johnson and Frances Bing—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Stephen Dickson—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2.)

New World String Quartet—An all-Haydn program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano, with Martin Katz, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

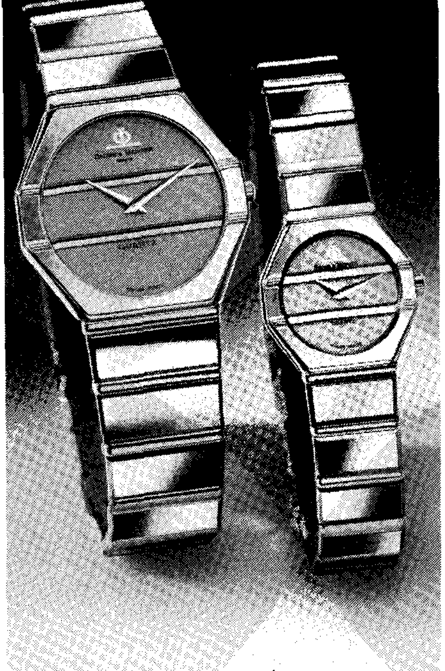
Howard Aibel—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The fourth in a series of recitals will be performed by Louis Bagger, harpsichord. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Paco Peña—Flamenco guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Janet Sullivan—Soprano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Russell Sherman—Piano, in a Beethoven-Liszt



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program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

North/South Consonance Ensemble—A program of music by Rogue Cordero, Max Lifchitz, Marlos Nobre, José Serebrier, and Amelio de la Vega, with the Messrs. Lifchitz, Serebrier, and de la Vega directing one of their own works. With Israel Chorberg, violin, and Matthew Sullivan, oboe. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Dorian Wind Quintet and Caroline Stoessinger—A program of music for wind quintet and piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Jan DeGaetani and Gilbert Kalish—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Thomas Riebl—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Peter Katin—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Alison Deane—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Kurt Ollmann—Baritone, in a program of French songs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The second in a series of three programs, each of which will be performed two times. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6-7, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the third in a series of all-Bach concerts celebrating the composer's tercentenary, this one with Paula Robison, flute; Mark Peskanov, violin; and the Tureck Bach Players. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—Music by Louis Karchin, Frank Retzel, and others, performed by Eric Chasatow, flute; Robert Pollock, piano; the Arioso Trio; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music from Japan—A program of new music by American and Japanese composers. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Stony Brook Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 5:15.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—Flute and keyboard, in a program of Bach sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Winterfest Concerts—The second in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and Bert Lucarelli, oboe. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program of music by Mendelssohn and Copland. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Music of Robert Moran—Performed by the San Francisco New Music Ensemble of New York. The composer will be present. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Ridge String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 29-30, and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2 and 7: The **MARK MORRIS DANCE GROUP** performing "Gloria," "O Rangasayee," and "Championship Wrestling After Roland Barthès" (première). . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7 and 9, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 7: Simon Jeffes conducting his **PENGUIN CAFÉ ORCHESTRA**, a new music ensemble from England, making its first appearance here. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Festival runs through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Tribute to Jan Peerce—*Among the performers* will be Roberta Peters, Jerome Hines, James Levine, and Julius Baker. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 7.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Tuesday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Dallas, Thursday, Dec. 6. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Wednesday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, Dec. 8. (Games begin at 7:30.)

College Football—Saturday, Dec. 1: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at noon. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1.

Professional Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Jets vs. Giants, Sunday, Dec. 2, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 12:30.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Monday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Dec. 7. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Dec. 8, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Dec. 1, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Friday, Dec. 7, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Nashua, Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; *through* Monday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Saturday, Dec. 1.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—William Maxwell reading from his own short stories. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating is limited.) . . . ¶ Galway Kinnell reading Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8.) . . . ¶ Stanley Kunitz, Craig Nova, and Gordon Lish in a benefit reading of their own works. (McBurney Y.M.C.A., 215 W. 23rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Nov. 30, at 10:15: Tribal art. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 1, at 10:15 and 2: English ceramics, furniture, and decorations. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 3, at 2: Chinese ceramic sculptures, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Schloss. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 10:15: Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 6, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Hebrew printed books; the property of the Valmadonna Trust. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 10:15: Judaica, including books, manuscripts, and works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 1. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 4.) Thursday, Nov. 29, at 10 and 2, and Friday, Nov. 30, at 10: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 2: Classical and modern Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 10: Japanese prints. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 3: Hebrew books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 1.

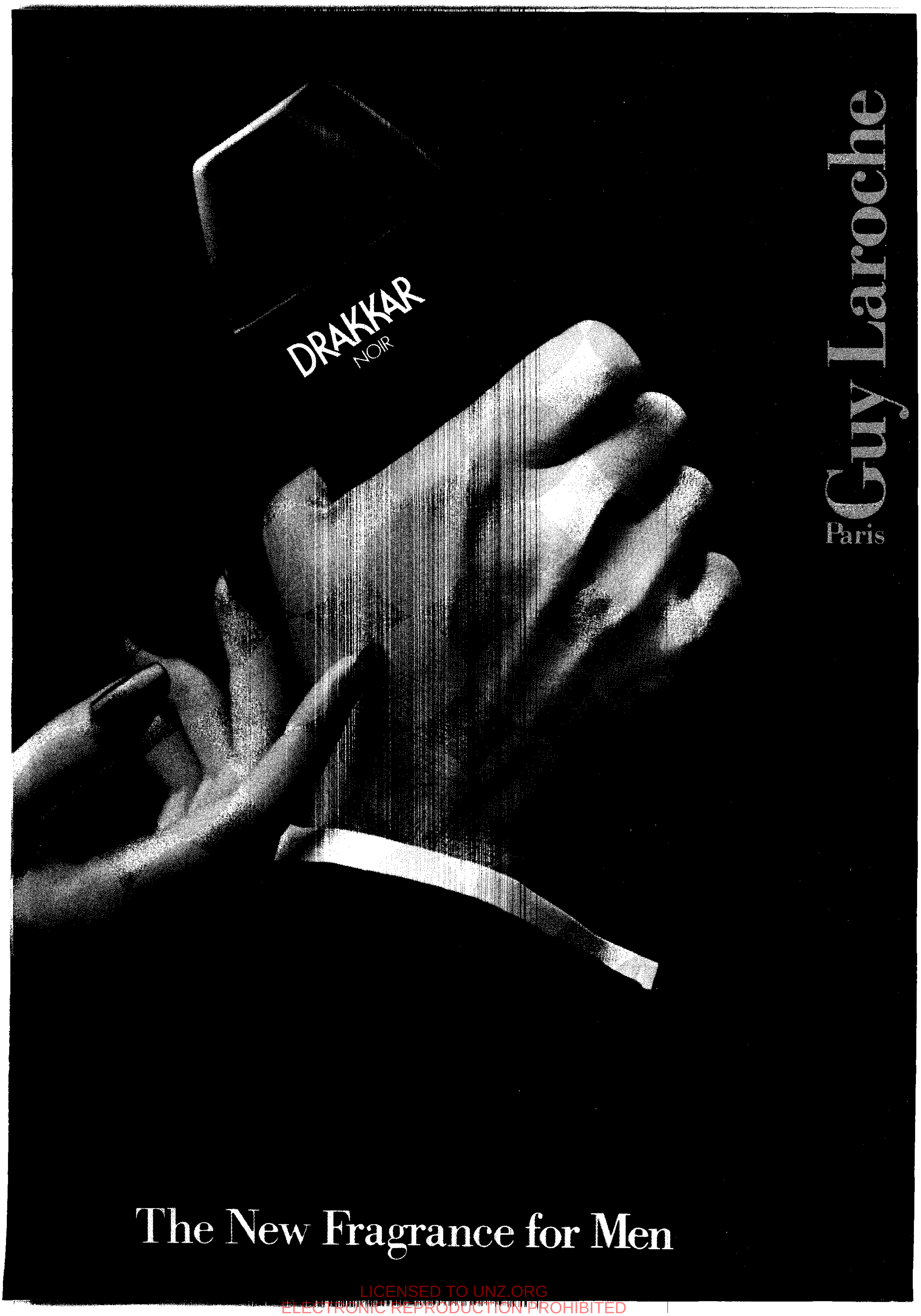
Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at about 5:30 on Monday, Dec. 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 20. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 9 and 23. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 10 and 12. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 19. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 9 and Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 12-13. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 14-15. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 8. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 9-11 and Jan. 4 and 6. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 22. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Nina Beilina, violin, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 18-19 and Jan. 8-9. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 22-23, Dec. 27, Dec. 29-31, and Jan. 5. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Guarneri Quartet, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 15. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, Dec. 21.

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Volvo Masters, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 8-13. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due on Tuesday, Jan. 15.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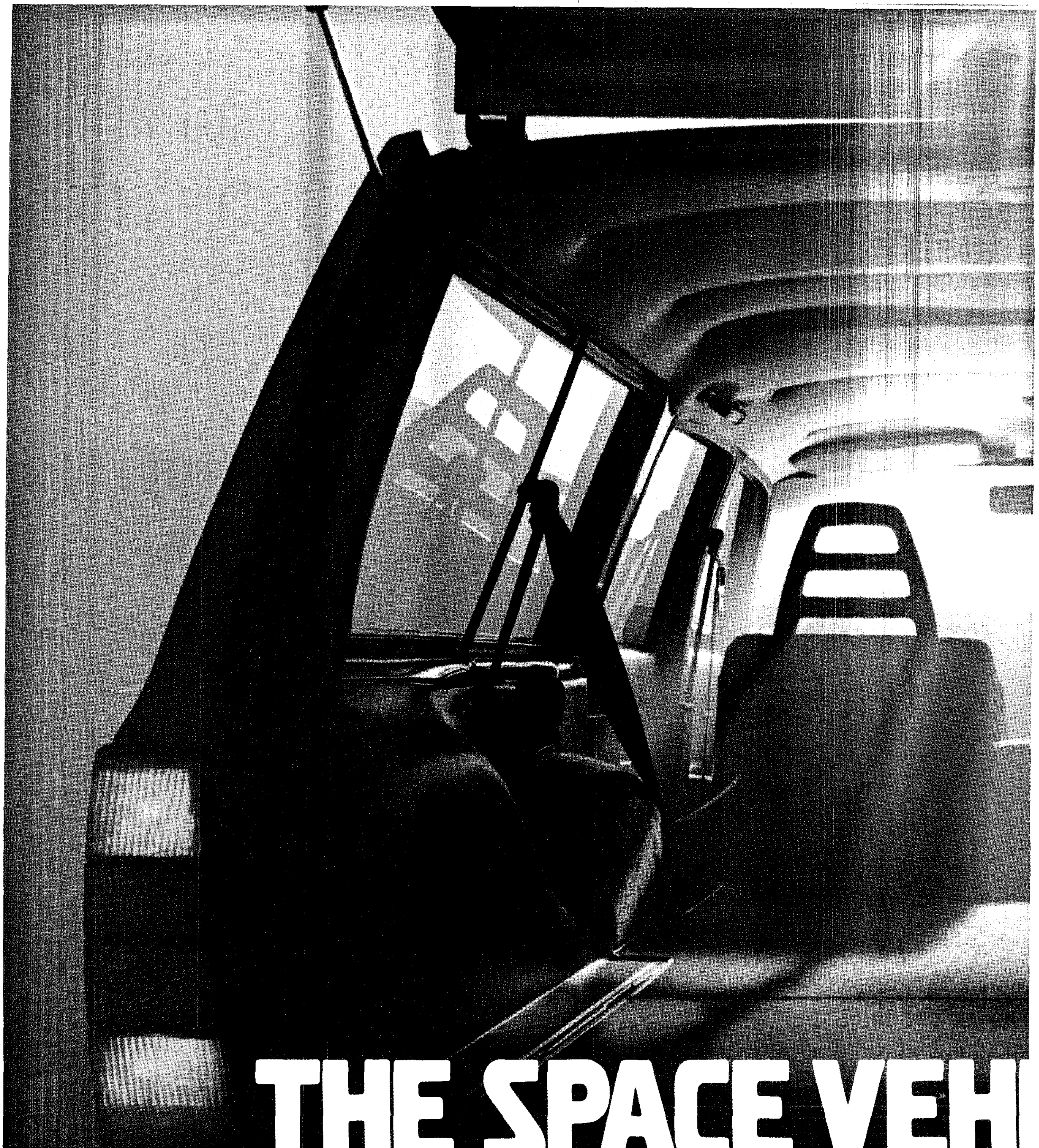

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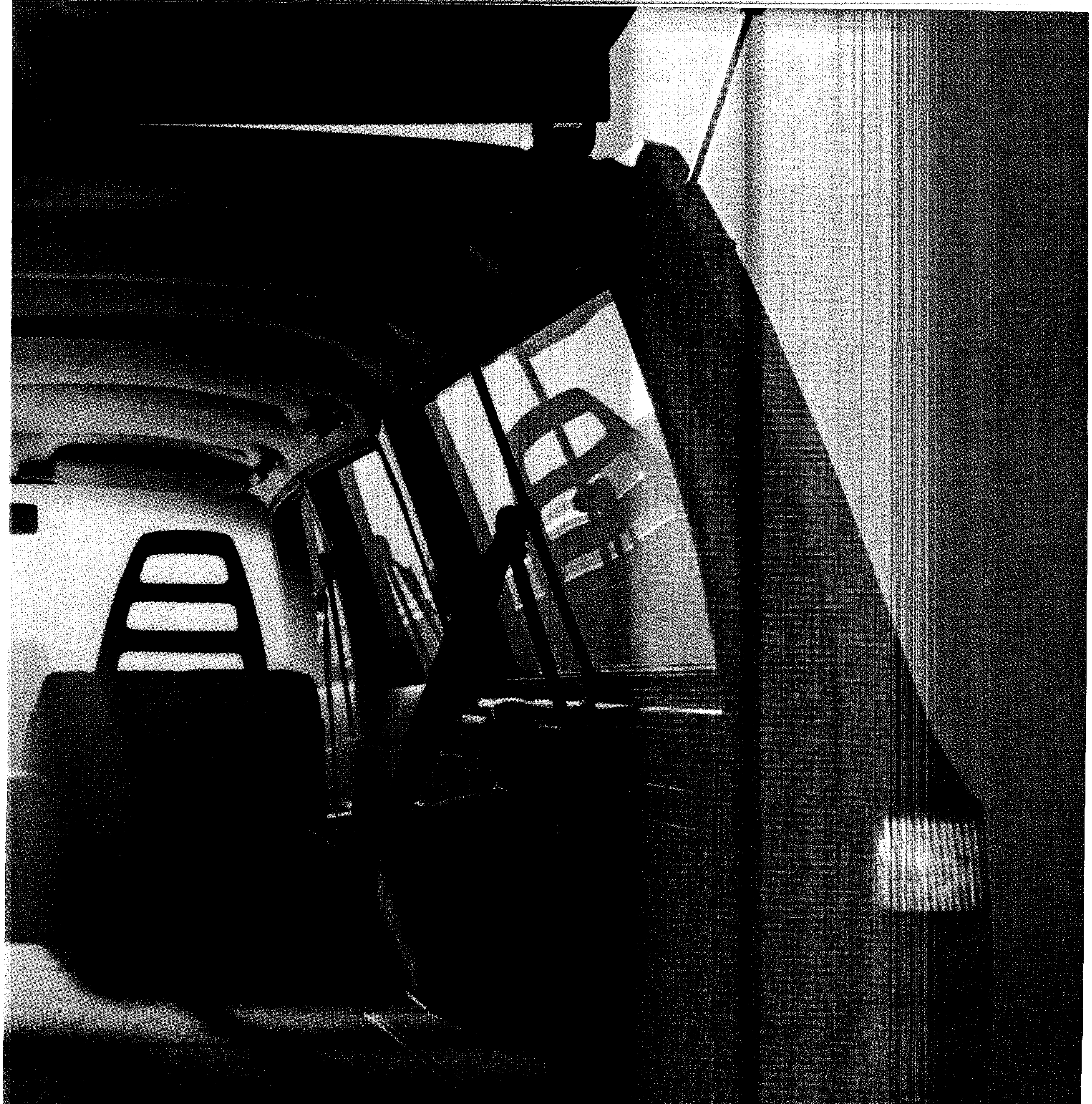

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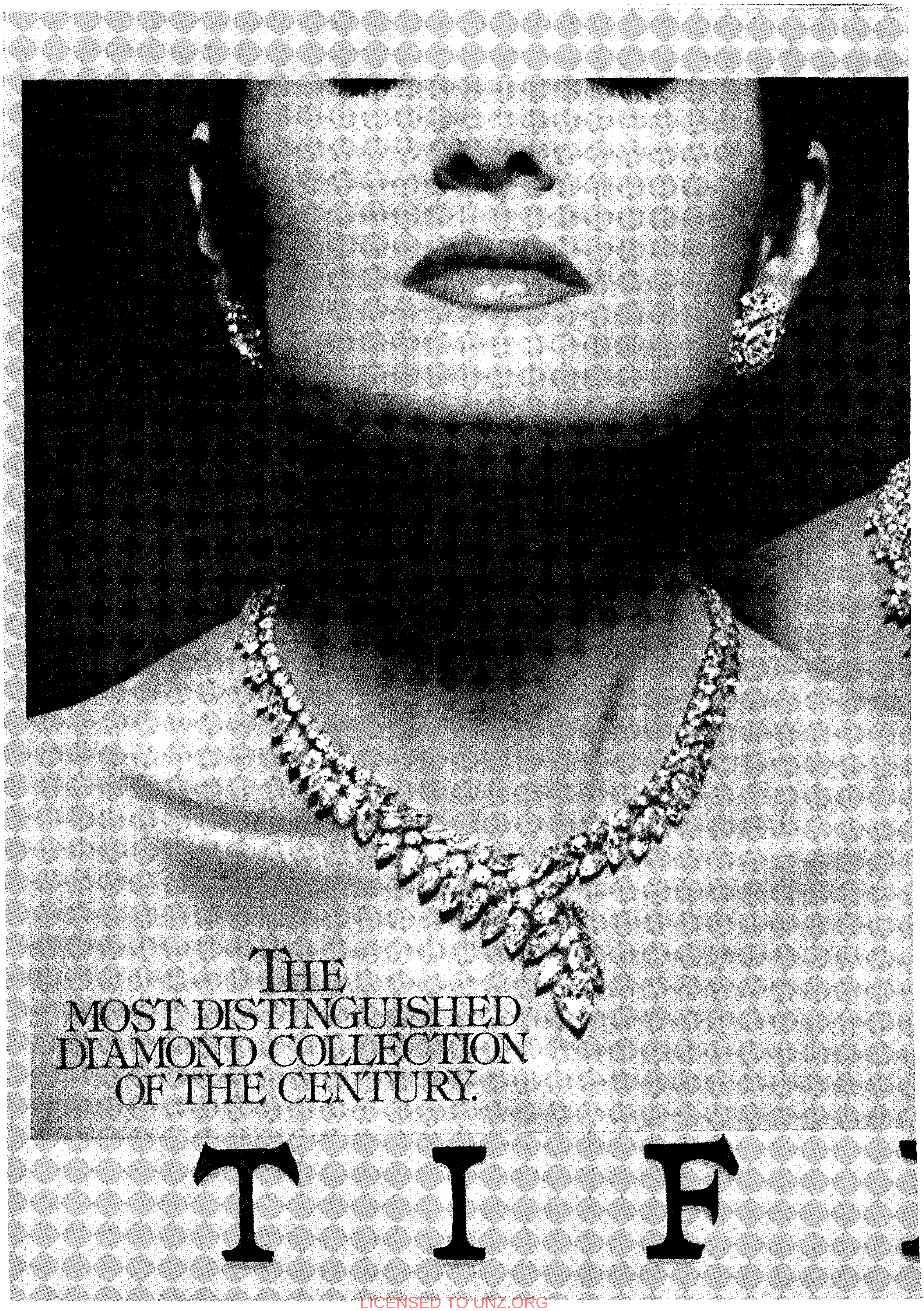
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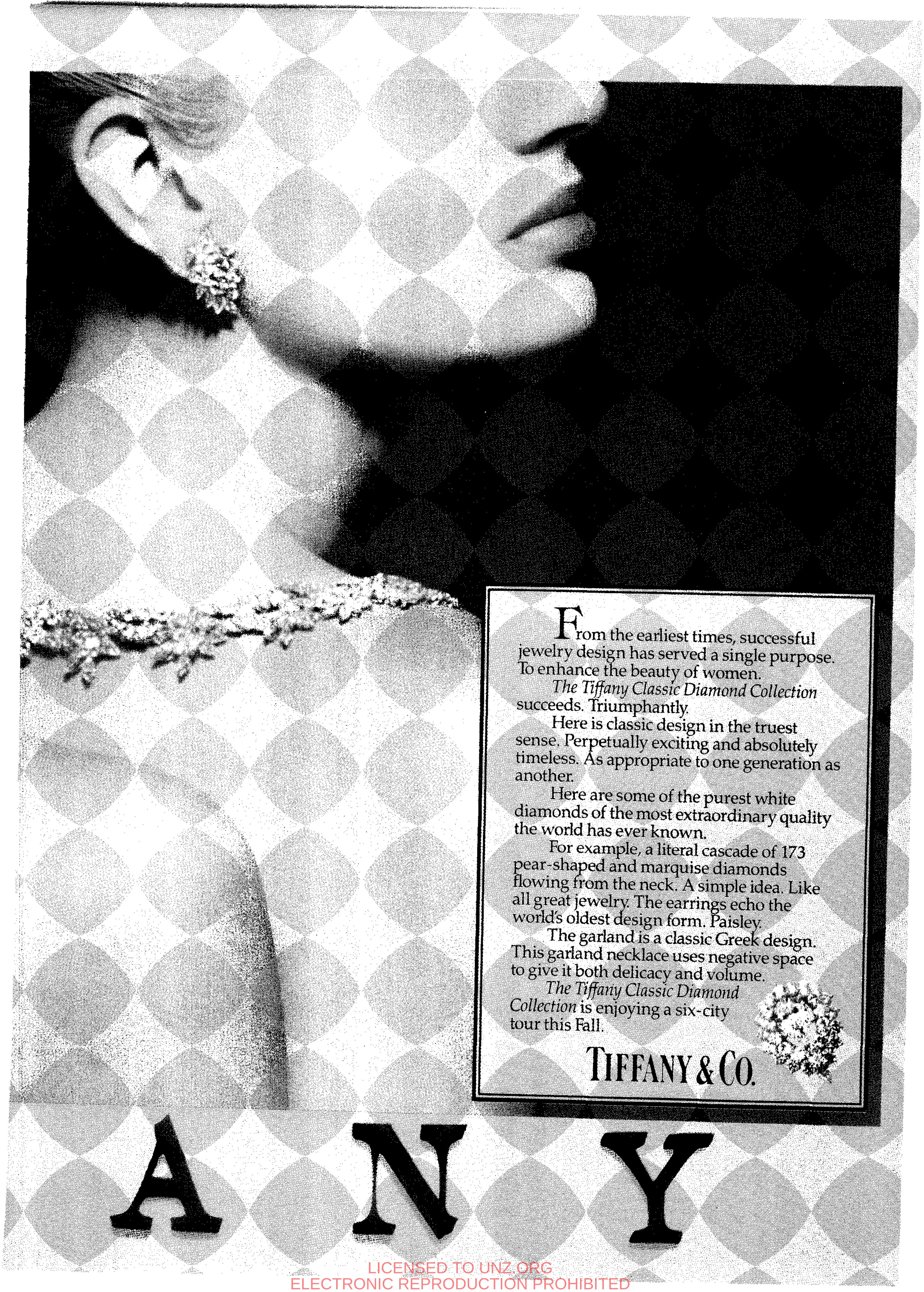

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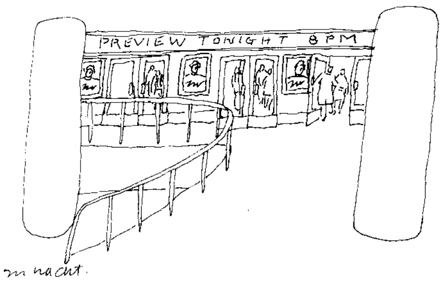

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Dec. 6: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.
From Dec. 7: "Oedipus Rex" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 29: "All of Me" (†); and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 6: "Places in the Heart" (†).
From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 29: "A Christmas Story" (1983; Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Nov. 30: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Amadeus" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Body Double" (†). From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "A Christmas Story" (1983; Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. Nov. 30-Dec. 6: To be announced. From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"All of Me" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (Roland Joffé), with Sam Waterston and Haing S. Ngor.
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 29: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean. From Nov. 30: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Falling in Love" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 29: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Nov. 30: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Body Double" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 29: "Jungle Warriors." From Nov. 30: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller).
Theatre 2: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Case Is Closed" (1982; directed by Mrinal Sen; in Bengali).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (David Bradbury), a documentary. Nov. 30-Dec. 6: "Edvard Munch" (†). From Dec. 7: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian), with Ruggero Raimondi.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 29: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins. From Nov. 30: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: "Just the Way You Are" (Edouard Molinaro), with Kristy McNichol and Michael Ontkean.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Swann in Love" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Nov. 30: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller).
Theatre 3: "Metropolis" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Nov. 27: The final day in a festival of Jean-Pierre Melville films.
Nov. 28-Dec. 4: A week-long festival of Jean-Louis Trintignant films.
From Dec. 5: A week-long festival of Michel Piccoli films.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Falling in Love" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Swann in Love" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 3: "Supergirl", (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 29: "A Christmas Story" (1983; Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Nov. 30: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 29: "Metropolis" (†). From Nov. 30: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou; and "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 29: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris. From Nov. 30: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller).
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Oh, God! You Devil" (directed by Paul Bogart), with George Burns.
Theatre 2: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 6: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams. From Dec. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 6: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†). From Dec. 7: "Don't Open 'til Christmas."
Theatre 5: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.
Theatre 6: "All of Me" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day

Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 29: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney. From Nov. 30: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Purple Rain" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 29: "A Christmas Story" (1983; Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. From Nov. 30: "Ski Country" (Warren Miller).
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Jungle Warriors."
Theatre 2: "Hot Moves" (Jim Sotos).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
Theatre 2: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 29: A festival of Wim Wenders films.
Nov. 30-Dec. 6: "L'Âge d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French); and "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. From Dec. 7: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, *7th Ave. at 57th. (757-*2131)
Through Nov. 29: "Eréndira" (1983; directed by Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas and Claudia Ohana.
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 29: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
Dec. 2-4: "Annie Hall" (†); and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Dec. 5-6: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.
From Dec. 7: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

8th St. Playhouse, *52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mon-*days through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Nov. 28: "Mondo Trasho" (1970; John Waters); and "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters).
Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.
Dec. 2-3: "Under the Volcano" (1984; John Huston), with Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, and Anthony Andrews; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.
Dec. 4-5: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Rip*ploh; in German); and "Abuse" (1983;* Arthur Bressan).
Dec. 6-8: "Love and Death" (1975), "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), and "Sleeper" (1973), all three films directed by Woody Allen.

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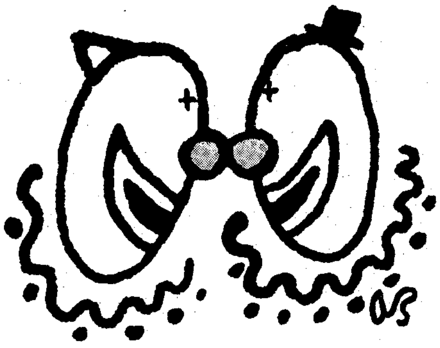
Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 29: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984; Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest; and "Purple Rain" (†).
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
Dec. 2: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "To Have and Have Not" (†).
Dec. 3-4: "Eréndira" (1983; Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas and Claudia Ohana; and "Edith and Marcel" (1983; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Evelyne Bouix and Marcel Cerdan, Jr.
Dec. 5-6: "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe; and "The Stone Boy" (1984; Christopher Cain), with Robert Duvall and Frederic Forrest.
Dec. 7-8: "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "Live and Let Die" (1973; Guy Hamilton), with Roger Moore as Bond.

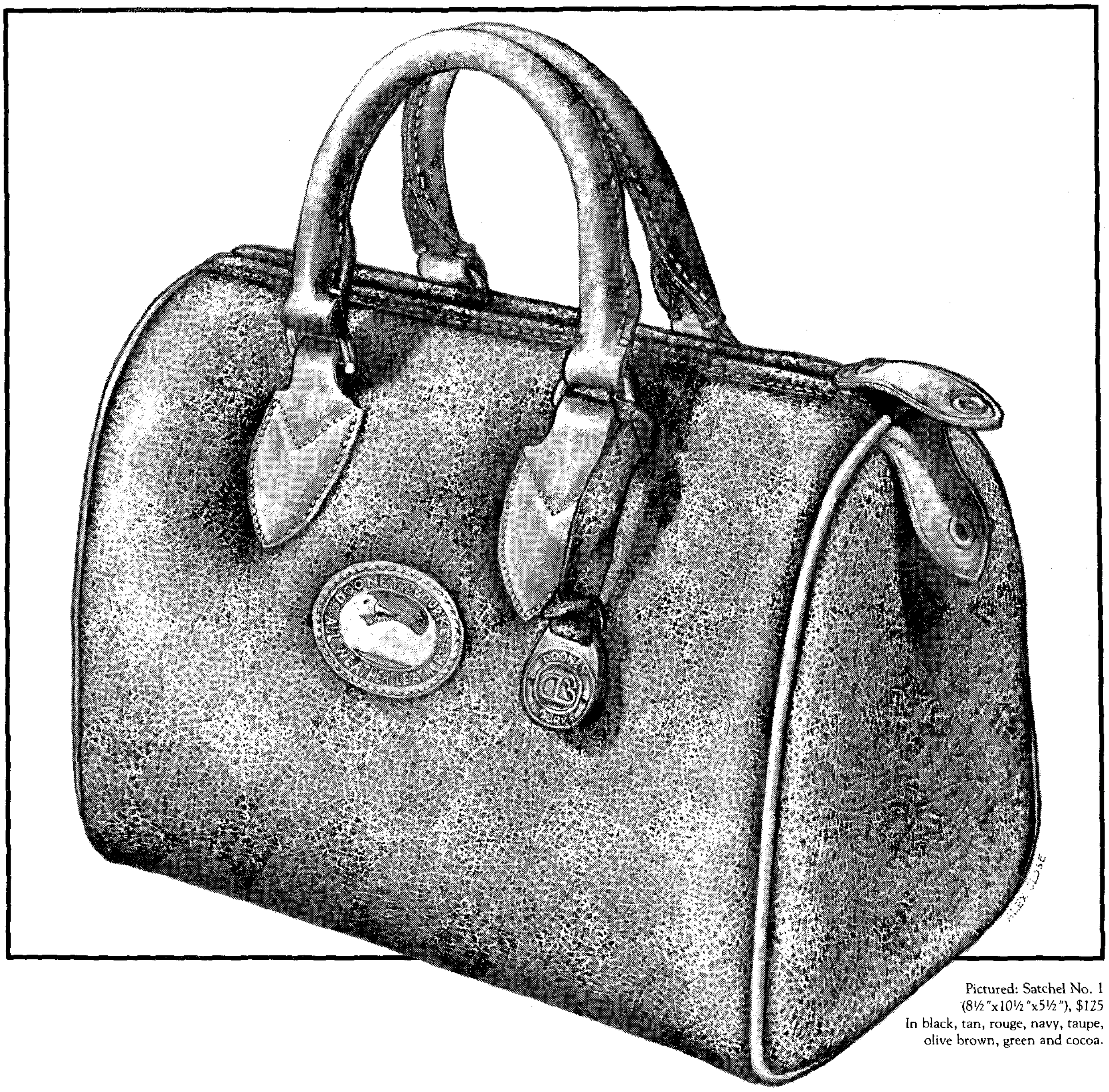
Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Nov. 28: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French), with Pierre Blaise; and "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Nov. 29: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.
Nov. 30: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "My Dinner with André" (1981; Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and André Gregory.
Dec. 1: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.
Dec. 2: "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers; and "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers.
Dec. 3: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.
Dec. 4: "Sixteen Candles" (1984; John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley; and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Dec. 5: "Phantom India" (1972; Louis Malle). Parts 1 through 4 will be shown.
Dec. 6: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.
Dec. 7: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984; Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest; and "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles.
Dec. 8: "Apocalypse Now" (†); and "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978; Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty.



Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 28: "For Pete's Sake" (1974; Peter Yates), with Barbra Streisand, Michael Sarrazin, and Molly Picon; and "The Way We Were" (1973; Sydney Pollack), with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.
Dec. 2-3: "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe" (1945; George Seaton), with Betty Grable, William Gaxton, and Dick Haymes; and "On the Avenue" (†).
Dec. 4-5: "The Last Tycoon" (†); and "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.
Dec. 6-8: "Sweet Smell of Success" (†) and "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 28: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West.
Nov. 29: "Gun Crazy" (1949; Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins; "The Big Combo" (1955; Joseph H. Lewis), with Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace, Richard Conte, and Brian Donlevy; and "Armored Car Robbery" (1950; Richard Fleischer), with Charles McGraw and Adele Jergens.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "China 9, Liberty 37" (1978; Monte Hellman), with Warren Oates; and "Two-Lane Blacktop" (1971; Monte Hellman), with James Taylor and Warren Oates.
Dec. 2: "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish); and "The Deserters and the Nomads" (1969; Juraj Jakubisko; in Czech).
Dec. 3: "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.
Dec. 4: Three films featuring black musical performers.
Dec. 5: "Ramparts of Clay" (†) and "China Is Near" (†).
Dec. 6: "On Approval" (1943; Clive Brook), with Beatrice Lillie and Brook; and "Design for Living" (†).
Dec. 7: "Heartland" (†); and "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley.
Dec. 8: "Wizards" (†); and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 28: "Dead Men Tell" (1941; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Charlie Chan in Shanghai"



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(1935; James Tinling), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Nov. 29: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935; Jack Conway), with Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Elizabeth Allan; and "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1937; John Cromwell), with Madeleine Carroll and Ronald Colman.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

Dec. 2: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.

Dec. 3: "General della Rovere" (†); and "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.

Dec. 4: "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Dec. 5: "The Harder They Fall" (†); and "Dead Reckoning" (1947; John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott.

Dec. 6: "Life with Father" (†) and "Our Town" (†).

From Dec. 7: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, and Virginia Dale.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing).

Theatre 1: Nov. 29 at 2:30: "The Clairvoyant" (1935; directed by Lothar Mendes), with Claude Rains and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6: "The Man Who Changed His Mind" (1936; Robert Stevenson), with Boris Karloff, Anna Lee, and John Loder. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Seven Sinners" (1936; Albert de Courville), with Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "The Clairvoyant." . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: "Cheer Boys Cheer" (1939; Walter Forde), with Nova Pilbeam and Edmund Gwenn. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5: "Seven Sinners." . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "A Yank at Oxford" (1938; Jack Conway), with Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, and Vivien Leigh. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5 and Dec. 3 at 2:30: "King Solomon's Mines" (1937; Robert Stevenson), with Roland Young, Cedric Hardwicke, and Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "Cheer Boys Cheer." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2:30: "A Yank at Oxford." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6 and Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Ware Case" (1938; Robert Stevenson), with Clive Brook and Jane Baxter. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6 and Dec. 7 at 2:30: "The Gaunt Stranger" (1938; Walter Forde), with Sonnie Hale, Wilfrid Lawson, and Alexander Knox. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6: "Young Man's Fancy" (1939; Robert Stevenson), with Griffith Jones and Anna Lee. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2: "The Proud Valley" (1940; Pen Tennyson), with Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5: "There Ain't No Justice" (1939; Pen Tennyson), with Jimmy Hanley and Phyllis Stanley.

Theatre 2: Nov. 29 at 3 and 6:30: "Paul Cadmus: Enfant Terrible at 80" (David Sutherland). Mr. Sutherland will be present at both showings. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3: "Lovers and Lollipops" (1956; Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin), with Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin, and Cathy Dunn. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6:30 and Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Little Fugitive" (1953; Ray Ashley, Morris Engel, and Ruth Orkin), with Richie Andrusco. Mr. Engel and Miss Orkin will be present on Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5:30: "Lovers and Lollipops." . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "In Ya Blood" (1971; Herb E. Smith), "The Struggle of Coon Branch Mountain" (1972; Mimi Pickering), and "The Big Lever" (1982; Frances Morton). . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5:30: "The Buffalo Creek Flood: An Act of Man" (1975; Mimi Pickering) and "Coalmining Women" (1982; Elizabeth Barret). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 3: "In Ya Blood," "The Struggle of Coon Branch Mountain," and "The Big Lever." . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6:30: A program of films by Hunter Yoder, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 3 and 6: "Strangers and Kin" (1984; Herb E. Smith) and "Sunny Side of Life" (1984; Scott Faulkner, Jack Wright, and Anthony Sloane), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 3: "The Buffalo Creek Flood: An Act of Man" and "Coalmining Women." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6:30 and Dec. 7 at 3: A program of five award-winning student films. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 6:30: "The Trouble with Love" (1984; Helke Sander; in German, with English subtitles), with Sander, Lou Castel, and Rebecca Pauly. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "The Laughing Star" (1983; Werner Schroeter; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5:30: "Ten Days in Calcutta: A Portrait of Mrinal Sen" (1984; Reinhard Hauff; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 2: "Machinery for the Re-education of a Delinquent Dictator," an installation by Doug Hall. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (D. W. Griffith, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Sutton, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Nov. 30.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Cinema Village; Dec. 2-4.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Martin Sheen, Marlon Brando, and Robert Duvall. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 8.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Body Double—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (86th St. East, Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Dec. 6.)

China Is Near (1968)—A witty, subtly freakish modern comedy about sex and politics, directed by the prodigiously talented twenty-seven-year-old Marco Bellocchio in a fluid style that is full of surprises. Bellocchio's characters are as much a private zoo as Buñuel's; the five principals, who are so awful they're funny, use one another in every way they can, with the film structured like a classic comic opera. (It has the intricacy and the boudoir complications.) The camera glides in and out and around the action; it moves as simply and with as much apparent ease as if it were attached to the director's forehead. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 5.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Beekman.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht. Though Hecht swore that he had deleted all but one of Coward's actual lines, the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is not right for Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness. (Thalia; Dec. 6.)

Edvard Munch (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Film Forum; Nov. 30-Dec. 6.)

General della Rovere (1959)—Vittorio De Sica has perhaps his greatest role in this otherwise mediocre film, directed by Roberto Rossellini. It is set in 1943. De Sica is a small-time swindler and the Germans induce him to impersonate a resistance general whom they have inadvertently shot, and send him to a political prison, where he is supposed to ferret out information for them. But the petty, self-loathing crook, experiencing for the first time the respect and admiration—even the awe—of other men, becomes as courageous as the man he impersonates. De Sica is superb; we watch his evolution from worm to Il Generale with utter astonishment and delight. But this film, made on a slender budget and shot and edited in six weeks, is—surprising-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly—too long; the director and the writers seem not to have discovered their best material until it was too late to pull the story together. The faces are actorish; the sets are obviously sets. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy.)

The Harder They Fall (1956)—Humphrey Bogart is an unemployed sportswriter who belies his nature by joining a racketeer (Rod Steiger) in promoting a witless seven-foot Argentinian who can't fight at all. It's hard to tell whether the character Bogey plays is more disgusted by the puppet's ineptitude at boxing, or by the Rod Steiger character's morals, or by his own participation in it all: no one on screen ever expressed such a scorching lack of affection for himself as Bogey did. The movie is to be seen, though the script is pretty on-the-nose stuff, and Mark Robson's direction is foursquare. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 5.)

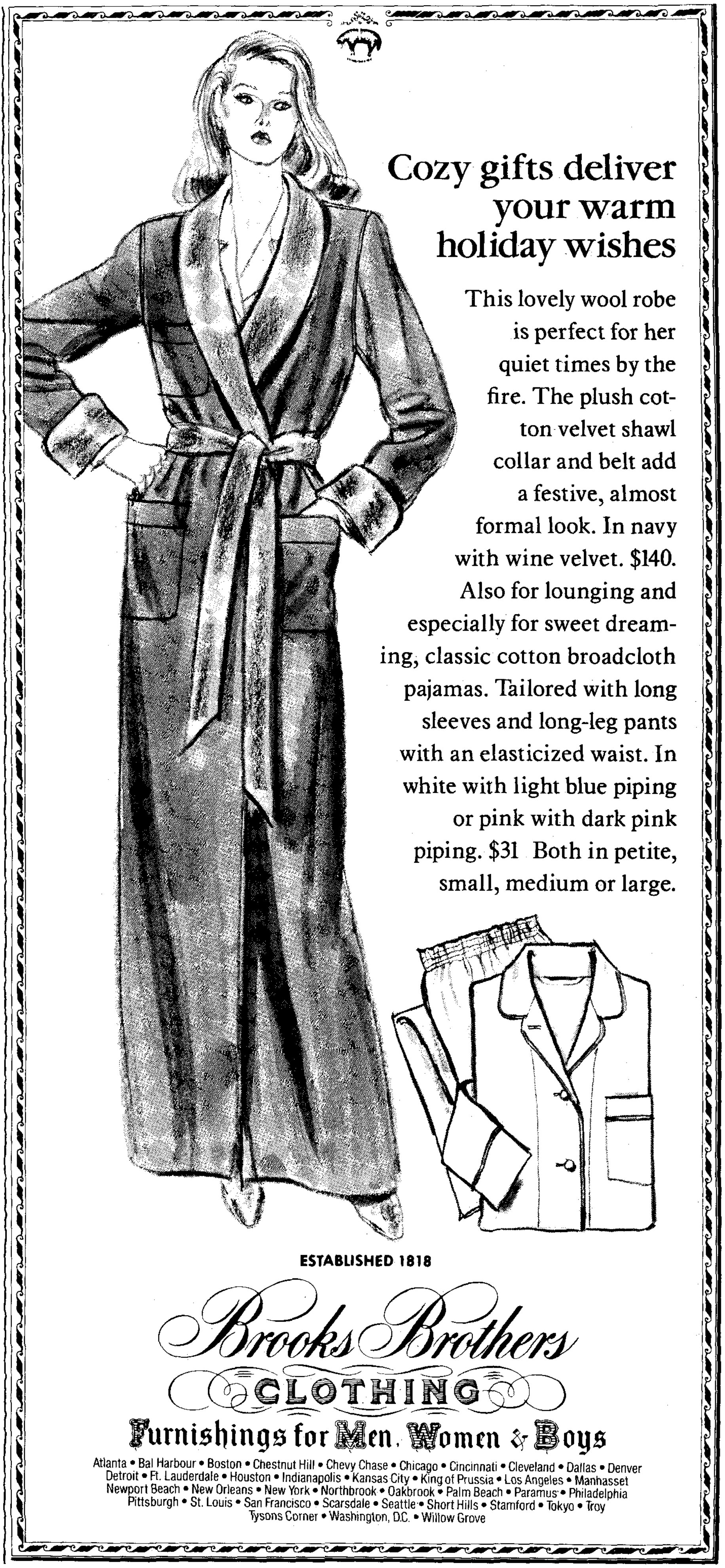
Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (Thalia; Dec. 7.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—Steven Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. The plot involves the hero (Harrison Ford), his child sidekick (Ke Huy Quan), and the gold-digger heroine (Kate Capshaw) with a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. (6/11/84) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Last Tycoon (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which stars Robert De Niro as the artist-businessman Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. De Niro gives an authentic interpretation of a New York-Jewish Hollywood intellectual giant of the thirties, but he might be acting under a blanket. Probably the first mistake was to approach the book cap in hand, and the next was to hire Pinter; the film needed a writer who would fill in what's missing—Pinter's art is the art of taking away. With Jack Nicholson, Robert Mitchum, Ingrid Boulting, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, Theresa Russell, Dana Andrews, and Tony Curtis—the only one who shows any vitality. (Regency; Dec. 4-5.)

The Legend of Lylah Clare (1968)—Heavy-handed camp about Hollywood—an attempt to fuse "Sunset Boulevard," "Vertigo," "The Barefoot Contessa," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" Peter Finch plays a Svengali-like movie director. His great star, the glamorous foreigner Lylah Clare, died mysteriously a few hours after marrying him, and now he is turning a young American actress (Kim Novak) into Lylah. Maybe a halfway amusing macabre pastiche could have been made of it if the director, Robert Aldrich, hadn't been so clumsy; it's a static piece of filmmaking. With Coral Browne, Valentina Cortese, Michael Murphy, George Kennedy, and Ernest Borgnine, who has rarely been worse—he demonstrates his shouting range. (Regency; Dec. 6-8.)

Life with Father (1947)—The director, Michael Curtiz, seems to be totally out of his element in this careful, deadly version of the celebrated, long-running Broadway comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, based on Clarence Day's stories. William Powell plays



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the crotchety head of a large, tumultuous upper-middle-class New York household in the eighteen-eighties; Powell's timing (usually impeccable) is way off, and the comic expressions freeze on his face. Everybody seems to be trying too hard. With Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, Jimmy Lydon, Martin Milner, and ZaSu Pitts. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

The Little Drummer Girl—George Roy Hill's film centers on Charlie (Diane Keaton), an American actress working in a third-rate repertory company in England; a left-wing pro-Palestinian, she is recruited by an Israeli intelligence unit that turns her thinking around and uses her to infiltrate the Palestinians and trap their chief terrorist (Sami Frey, who gives the film a bit of bravura). Charlie is an actress looking for a role to play that will make her feel "real." But Keaton takes this cliché so far that she gives it a painful, shrill validity; initially off-putting, she leaps right over likability and crowd-pleasing—she's out there all alone doing something daring. It's maddening that this performance can't carry the dead weight put on it. With Klaus Kinski, Yorgo Voyagis, Moti Shirin, and Michael Cristofer. (11/12/84) (Cinema II, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 6.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Nov. 29.)

On the Avenue (1937)—One of the best of the 20th Century-Fox musicals of the thirties, despite its unevenness and lack of sophistication. If it had nothing else, it might still be worth seeing for Alice Faye singing the memorable "This Year's Kisses," and it has a lot more: Dick Powell in ebullient voice, the Ritz Brothers doing a parody number, and a first-rate Irving Berlin score that includes "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm." The love interest involves ever beautiful, ever coy Madeleine Carroll, who gurgles when she means to talk, but the director, Roy Del Ruth, doesn't linger on her. He does, blessedly, linger on Harry Ritz, and when this great manic vaudevillian puts on drag and does an imitation of Alice Faye, or when he exercises his eyeballs, you can just barely gasp "dada." (Regency; Dec. 2-3.)

Our Town (1940)—Despite all one's conscious objections—the sentiment, the stagy techniques that don't really work on film—this movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats her stage performance; she never took the camera well, and her readings here are a little too arch and finished. Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. Sam Wood, who did another view of smalltown life in "Kings Row," directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Gemini, Loews 83rd Quad, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Dec. 6.)

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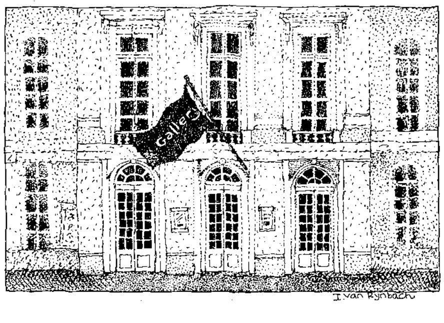
Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through Nov. 29.)

Ramparts of Clay (1971)—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (Thalia; Dec. 5.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster, Sergeant Waters (played, in flashbacks, by Adolph Caesar), has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller (who did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play") uses the structure of a whodunit for an inquiry into the psychological dynamics of racism, and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is overexplicit; it's like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace, and brought out all the humor he can find. Since Captain Davenport is one-on-one with the people he questions, a number of actors get to dominate the screen for a scene or two. The standouts are Denzel Washington (as the best educated of the black soldiers), Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, and David Harris and, among the white officers, Dennis Lipscomb. The cinematographer, Russell Boyd, knows how to photograph black men: their skins seem iridescent, and Rollins has a heroic, sculptural presence. (11/26/84) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Guild.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment (three screens used for backlit slide projections); there's no glitter, no sleaze. The sound seems better than live sound; it *is* better—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. The movie was shot during three performances at the Hollywood Pantages Theatre, in December, 1983; the cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)



Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (for laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In French. (10/1/84) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—The movie is a sweet slice of perversity—a study of dollar and power worship, with Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist and Tony Curtis as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent. Clifford Odets never came through more pungently as a screenwriter; his distinctively idiomatic dialogue is harshly expressive and taut. The director, Alexander Mackendrick, has a crisp *film-noir* style: the production is shaped by a zest for the corrupt milieu, the pulsating big-city life (what used to be called "the symphony of a city")—the streets, the night clubs, the cynical types, the noise and desperation. The melodrama is somewhat synthetic and is pitched very high, but the film has body and flavor. With Martin Milner, Susan Harrison, Barbara Nichols, Sam Levene, and Emile Meyer. (Regency; Dec. 6-8.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—In this picture, Humphrey Bogart, the greatest cynical hero of them all, found himself in Martinique, where a beautiful big cat of a girl named Lauren Bacall slouched across the screen for the first time and managed to make the question "Anybody got a match?" sound like the most insolent and insinuating of demands. Howard Hawks directed this slickly professional, thoroughly enjoyable Second World War melodrama, which was taken from what Warner Brothers advertised as Ernest Hemingway's novel, with William Faulkner listed as co-author of the screenplay—making this the only movie on record with two Nobel Prize-winning authors. Don't be misled: it's the Warners mixture as before—sex and politics—but better this time. Hoagy Carmichael provides the music and accompaniment for Bacall's facial exercises; the singing voice is that of Andy Williams, and it never sounded sexier than when coming out of her. With Walter Brennan, Dolores Moran, Sheldon Leonard, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymour (literally the heavy). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 2.)

Wizards (1977)—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. One misses Bakshi's former pungent sense of the crude beauty of Manhattan; instead, we see a master craftsman making cartoon armies rush around like charges of cavalry in "War and Peace." (Thalia; Dec. 8.)

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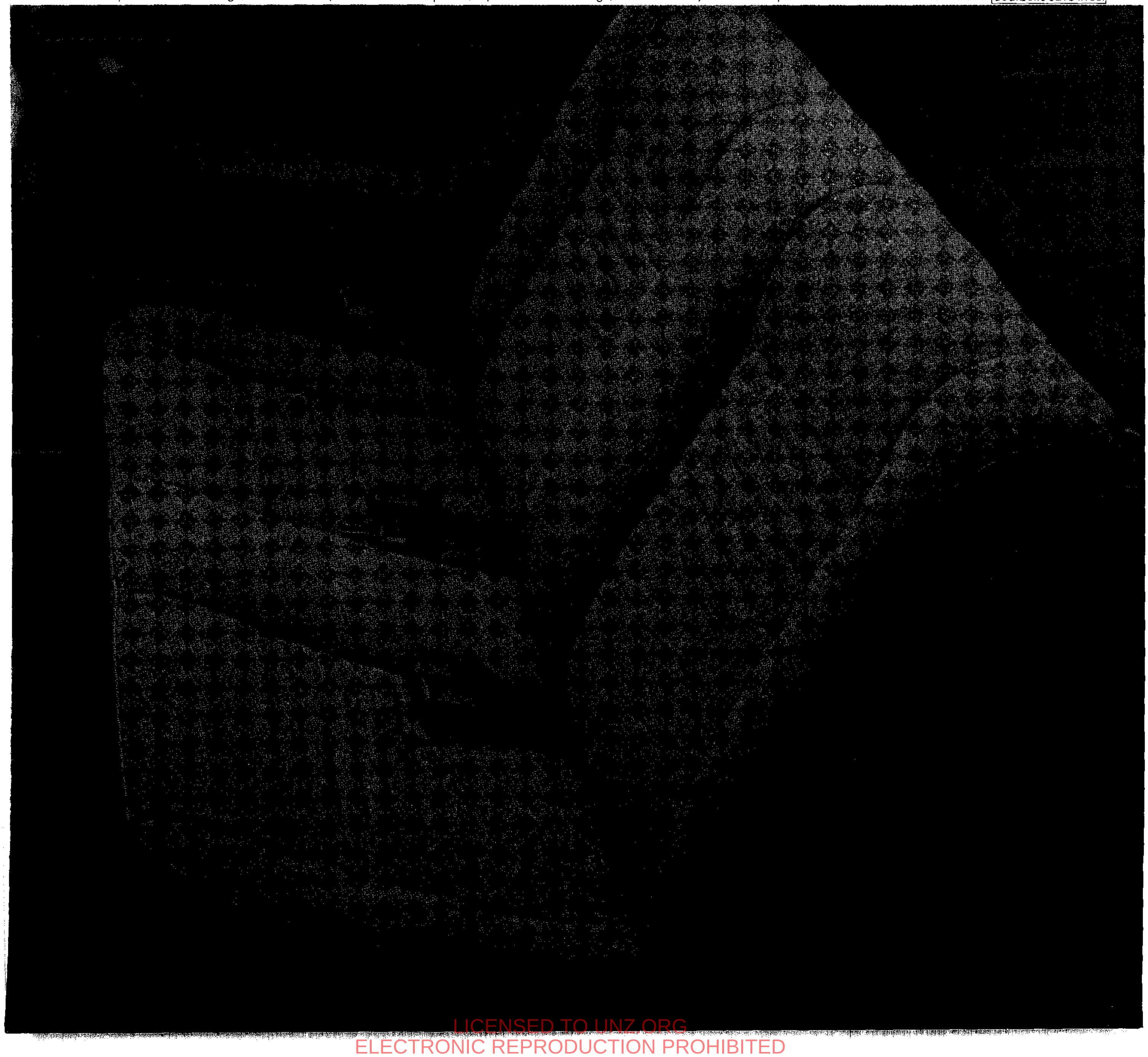

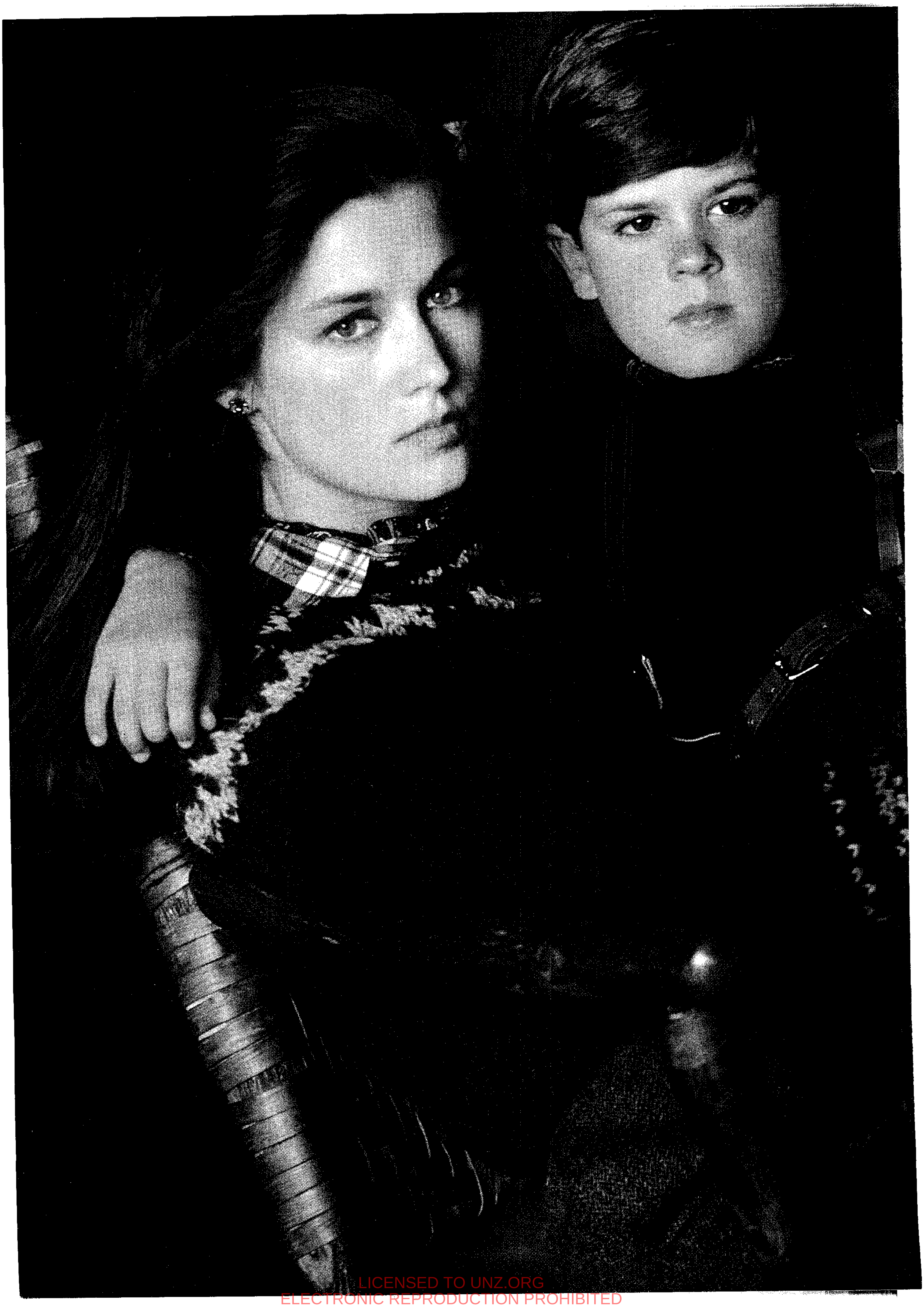

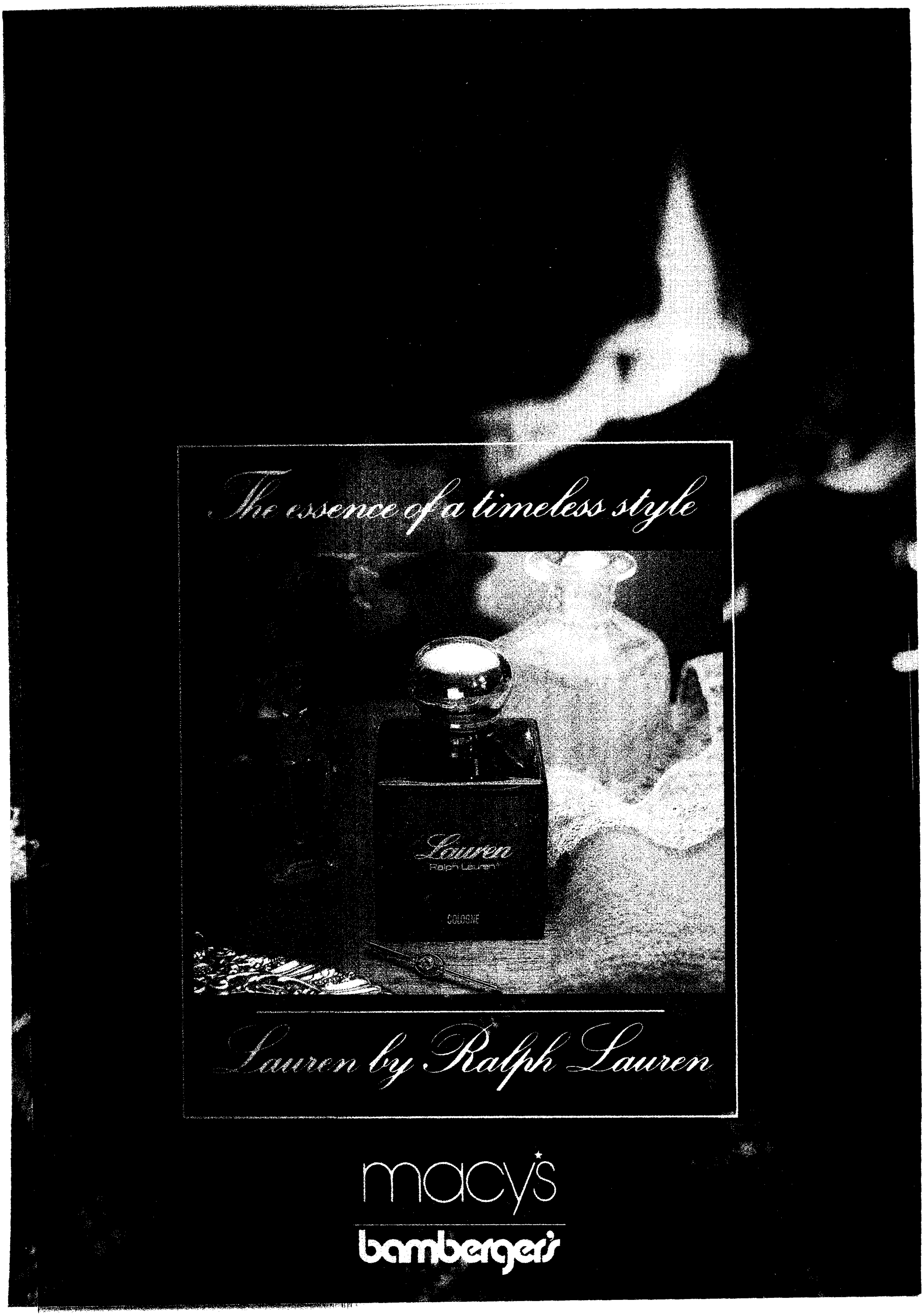
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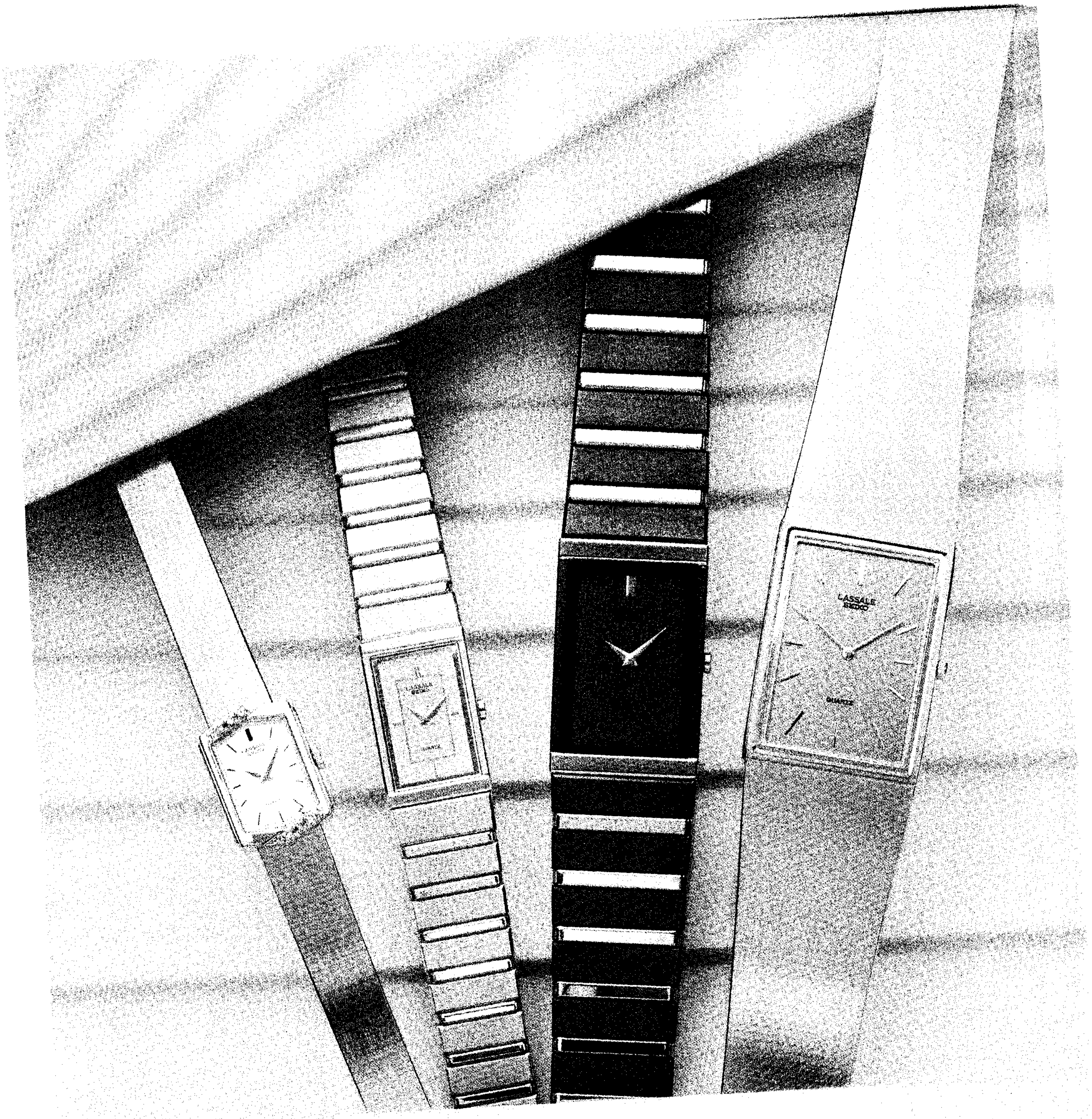

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MAN we know writes:

My friend Richard Brautigan, the writer, who recently died, had a penchant for absurdity akin to the jolly-serious outrages cooked up by the young Dadaists of Paris in the early nineteen-twenties. He was a tall, baroquely mustachioed man with a strangely swanlike gait, whose celebrity, odd hats, and denim foppery kept him a focus of street attention in San Francisco's North Beach, his urban habitat.

At Enrico's sidewalk café there, after a long, vinous lunch, he was staring at something with such gravity that I thought it must be an extraordinary woman. When I checked, it was a chocolate cake on the dessert cart.

"Let's get out of here," said Richard, as if he smelled smoke.

"What's the matter?" I inquired as he rose into a loping stride.

He pointed an accusatory finger at the cake. "Thought you'd get me, didn't you!" he shouted at the pastry. His enunciation was very careful as he admonished the cake, as if he knew that cakes had no more intelligence than small children or beasts.

Another day, at my small digs in Pixley Alley, Richard, his handsome Japanese wife at the time, Akiko, and I were having a spaghetti dinner on big white plates that Akiko admired. Blaring and giggling from wine again, Richard fell into a bet with me. I was sure, and so was he. He pulled out a hundred dollars. I didn't have any money. What could I put up? He pointed to the plates. I lost. After dinner, Richard rose with Akiko and stacked the spaghetti-smirched dinner plates and left carrying them. Maybe it was that scalloping walk of his, or maybe his giraffelike height, compared with Akiko's, or maybe just the pair of them, he in his deer-hunting hat and denim, she in something from Paris, carrying stacks of dirty dishes through the throngs of pedestrians on a public street, that made me laugh so very hard.

Food figures in stories of people risen from poverty. Insecurity defies financial security. Fame scares selfhood. At a party in a mansion, Richard tapped me on the shoulder and gestured toward a back stairway. I walked over with him. Some kind of joke was up. He grabbed my arm, not allowing out the laughter welling in him, and pointed up the dark staircase.

"Hear it?" he asked.

"What?" I said.

"Hear it? Listen, it's just starting. It's for you this time. It's going to come down those stairs— Jesus, it's so big we better be careful we're not hurt."

"Hear what?"

"Money," he said, now unable to keep from laughing. "All the money in the world, and fame, and everything! It's coming down those stairs—and it's going to *bury* you!"

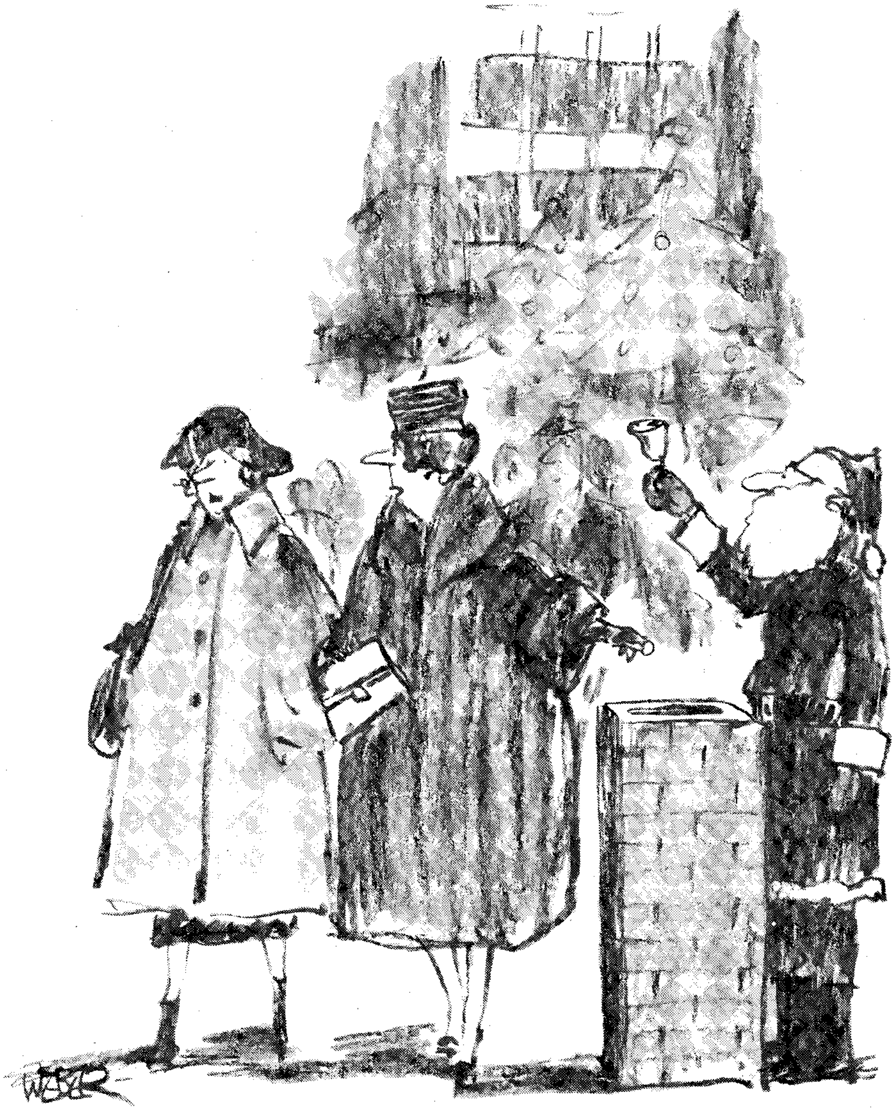
• •

Eagles

EVERY fall in recent years, the densest concentration of bald eagles in the lower forty-eight states has been found by the banks of McDonald Creek, near the village of Apgar, in Glacier National Park, Montana. Not long ago, so were we. New weather from the Gulf of Alaska had moved in the night before we got there, and the sky was soaped over with clouds, like the windows of a drive-in closed for the season. U.S. Highway 2 along the southern edge of the park was bare and wet between mounds of snow beginning their six-month residence. The bar signs were turned on by one-thirty in the afternoon. In the parking lot of a bar called Packers Roost was a pickup truck that had a flashlight, a Montana license plate, a tobacco pouch, a plastic bag of seeds, and a book titled "The Pope Plot" on the dashboard and a pair of handcuffs hanging from the rearview mirror. A sign on the left rear bumper said "I Brake for the Hell of It." Within ten feet of the paved trail leading from Apgar to the bridge over the creek are ground-squirrel holes that a local restaurant is suspected of having used a while back to dispose of cooking grease. Last fall, a grizzly bear discovered the holes and spent several days digging up what was in them and eating it. The park rangers let him alone, and this year he's back to eating Kokanee salmon in the creek. Anywhere from thirty thousand to over a hundred thousand salmon come up the creek to spawn and die, starting in mid-September. The salmon draw the eagles, and the eagles draw more than two thousand people on a nice day. Via the people, all kinds of precision optics from Europe and Japan make their own migration to the bridge.

From far away, you can see the white heads of eagles in the tops of some Engelmann spruce. From the bridge railing, you can see eagles wading in the creek and perched on drift stumps and walking on the reddish pebbles. Eagles are placed symmetrically on alternate branches of a western larch downstream. The slim trunk of a dead lodgepole pine arching over a pool seems to have at least two eagles on it through early December. Some eagles hold fish in their talons, tearing off long strips with their bright-yellow beaks and then swallowing in a way that makes you hungry. They usually don't bother to eat the heads. Ring-billed gulls, California gulls, herring gulls, and Bonaparte's gulls get the scraps. In the shallow water, goldeneye ducks dive for salmon eggs. Mergansers—ducks that appear to fly underwater—chase salmon and catch them. A kingfisher arrows past, with his ratchety call. The creek gurgles, the gulls shriek, wind whistles through the primary feathers of mallard, widgeon, redhead, and bufflehead ducks banking in for a landing, automatic film-winders purr, and the salmon, the caterers of the whole affair, hold in tight pods in the greenish water and hit the surface in occasional splashes for no reason biologists can name. Then one of the eagles on the dead lodgepole stoops to the pool. Smaller birds depart in every direction; the eagle's talons swing down, cut the surface, come up empty. The eagle flaps a circuit back to his perch, and when he alights the other eagles bounce. They flap their wings to keep their balance and make a cry that echoes like the sound effects in jungle movies.

Sometimes Riley McClelland, a Glacier National Park research biologist, comes to the bridge, and people ask him questions. Riley McClelland has been studying eagles in Glacier for almost twenty years. He has tracked eagles over the Western states and the Northwest Territories of Canada, written reports on eagles, photographed eagles, trapped eagles in foam-rubber-padded leg traps, been bitten by eagles, taken sick eagles to the vet, and counted eagles. He speaks with an observer's quiet, like a person announcing a golf match. Today, he says, "Kokanee salmon are a landlocked form of Pacific sockeye salmon, and they've been spawning in this creek since the nineteen-thirties. They didn't exist in this watershed before the Montana Fish and Game Department brought them in, in 1916. The eagles started showing up in 1939, and we've been counting them since 1965. In our most recent census, we came up with four hundred and eighty-seven bald eagles in the area. There may be as many as two thousand eagles passing through here most years. Bald eagles are opportunists—they eat whatever flesh is easiest to get. Most of these eagles come from the Mackenzie River system, in northern Canada, where they eat winter-killed caribou, crippled waterfowl, fish, and dead bison—which they find only in Canada's Wood Buffalo Park. From here, some go as far west as the Klamath Basin, in Oregon, or as far east as Colorado. The largest number of them will winter in semidesert country—particularly in the Rush Valley, in Utah. There they eat mainly jackrabbits that people have run over or shot for target practice."

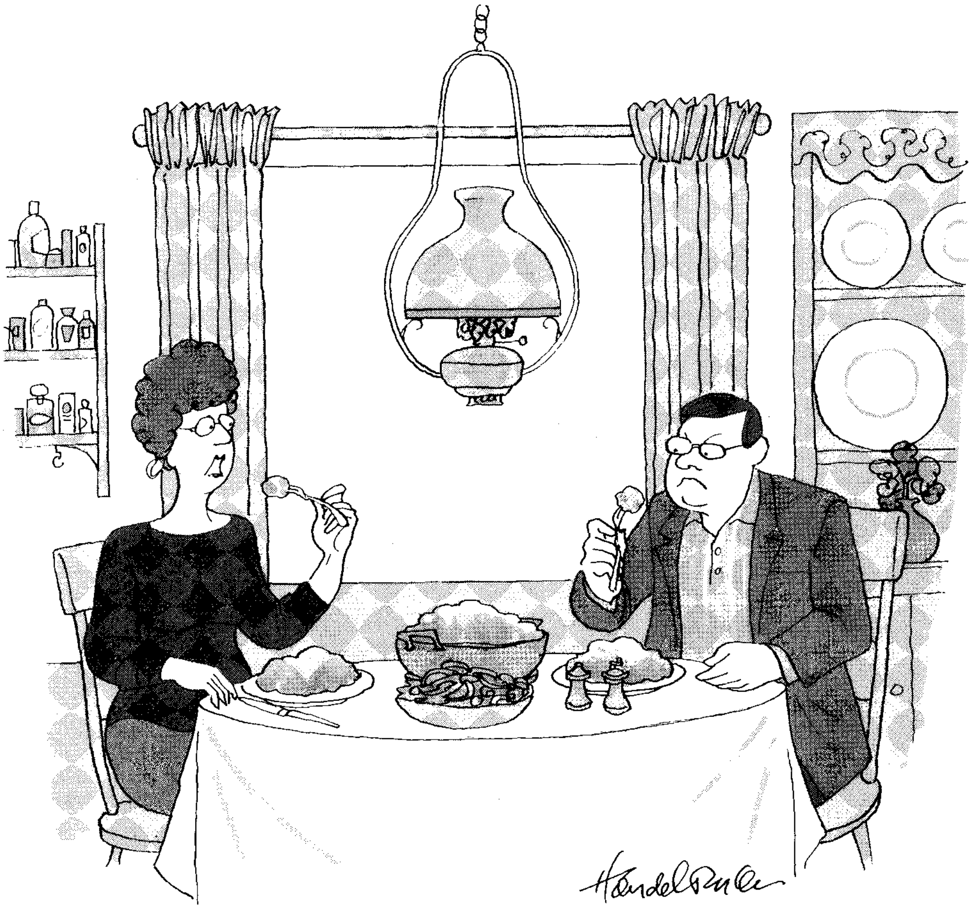


"I'm a victim of my own generosity."

A boy with an apostrophe of hair sticking out of the hole in the back of his adjustable baseball cap starts to shout at the eagle who just missed the fish, "Go for it again! Go for it!" A woman says, "Travis, *sh-h-h!* You'll disturb the birds!" Actually, the eagles don't pay much attention to the people, but then a light-green Park Service truck comes by, and a little way up the road it backfires. In an instant, the eagles demonstrate that they are not an assembly but a condensation. With unanimity, they rise, and in another minute they are nothing but scattered specks wheeling in the clouds to the north and west above Apgar Mountain. For a while, the air above the creek still holds the memory of all the big wings unfurling. The people on the bridge are motionless, breathing that air.

Fo on Broadway

"IF they weren't so late, we might have been able to get in ten, maybe a dozen," the producer Bernard Gersten was telling us the other Saturday afternoon as he checked his pocket watch nervously—its digital face was switching over to two-twenty-seven. "As it is, we'll be lucky to catch six." Broadway shows, that is—in two hours. We were standing in Shubert Alley waiting for Dario Fo, the noted Italian playwright, whose farce "Accidental Death of an Anarchist," adapted by Richard Nelson, was in previews down Forty-fourth Street, at the Belasco Theatre. Fo and his wife and frequent collaborator, the actress Franca Rame, were apparently still at lunch, but the fact that they were in New York at all was something of a breathless, last-minute plot twist. "For several years now," Gersten explained, "Fo had been denied a visa to come to this country." Fo and Rame are two of several dozen world figures who have run afoul of a vaguely worded but vigorously enforced subsection of the 1952 McCarran-Walter Act which gives the State Department wide latitude in prohibiting entry into the United States of foreigners whose visits might be deemed detrimental, in principle, to the mental well-being of the nation (or, in practice, to the political well-being of whichever Administration happened to be in charge at the moment). There has been a good deal of activity lately aimed at getting the provision repealed—notably an October conference in Washington on Free Trade in Ideas—but Gersten told us that his own recent appeals to the State Department in the specific case of Dario Fo were more commercial than broadly idealistic. "Forget the free trade in ideas," he told us. "We appealed on the basis of free trade, period. You see, we knew that Fo had been denied a visa twice in the last four years. So, when we applied earlier this fall for permission to bring Fo here to assist in the rehearsals for our Broadway production of 'Accidental Death,' we appealed as businessmen: my associates Alexander Cohen and Hildy Parks and I insisted on behalf of our backers, who were bankrolling 'Accidental Death' with a six-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar capital investment, that, even though this might seem a paltry sum by the government's standards, we were claiming the same rights to pursue our business—unrestrained by unwarranted, arbitrary government interference—that are enjoyed by international bankers, arms brokers, or any other buccaneers. After all, living playwrights are almost always present during the early stages of major productions of their plays, and their contributions are invariably vital to the eventual success of the production. For example, last year Arthur Miller travelled to Peking to participate in the Chinese première of his 'Death of a Salesman,' and that government let him in. The Czech playwright Vaclav Havel recently tried to come to New York to assist in an Off Broadway production of one of his plays—it turned out he wasn't able to, though, because the Prague dictatorship wouldn't let him leave Czechoslovakia. But here we were dealing with a case where the block was coming from our own supposedly democratic government, and this was seriously jeopardizing our investment." Gersten's supply-side logic apparently worked, because early last month Dario Fo was granted a one-time visa to assist in rehearsals of his play. But now he was almost fifty minutes late for Gersten's Broadway jaunt. "Dario and Franca are only able to stay here for five days this time—the visas came so suddenly that they couldn't arrange for more time off from rehearsals of their current production back in Italy—but, as theatre people, they were eager to see other Broadway productions. There's no guarantee whatsoever that they'll ever be allowed in again, so this seemed the best way of exposing them to the whole range of Broadway." Once again, Gersten anxiously checked his pocket watch.



"Julia Child says it's delicious, James Beard loves it, Craig Claiborne is crazy about it, but Stanley J. Tischler, Jr., hates it."

Finally, a taxi pulled up to the curb, and Fo, Rame, and two interpreters poured out. "*Scusi*," Fo said, approaching. "*Mi dispiace. Mangiavo.*" He is a solidly built gentleman in his late fifties, with a peculiarly malleable face: when dour, he can affect the *dignitas* of a Roman imperial marble bust (high forehead, jowly cheeks), but this countenance is continually melting into antic, goofy clownishness. Rame, for her part, both projects and consciously parodies the manner—swept hair, elaborate glasses, wicked heels—of a grand Italian starlet. Gersten quickly explained the ground rules of the jaunt, and by two-fifty-nine we were all striding toward the Broadhurst Theatre, with its marquee beckoning us to "Death of a Salesman." "Ah," crooned Rame. "Dusteen Hoffmannn! Oh, la!"

Inside, the theatre was dark and the audience hushed. Willy Loman was exhorting Biff, "Go to Slattery's, Boston. Call out the name Willy Loman and see what happens." "All right, Pop." The ensemble was meshing like jewelled clockwork. "You know sporting goods better than Spalding," Loman was insisting. "Ask for fifteen. . . . And don't say 'Gee.'

‘Gee’ is a boy’s word.” None of which Fo understood (his English is at best rudimentary), and yet he stood there, the light playing across his intent face, his volubility stilled: he was totally *in the play*. After a few minutes, Gersten walked over, gently tapped him, breaking the trance, and gathered up the rest of us, and then we were back on the street, quickly heading around the block toward the Booth Theatre.

On the way, Rame was explaining to us, with the aid of her interpreter, that she is by nature “a shy and insecure person” but that the State Department’s repeated visa denials had made her feel “more secure, stronger.” She went on to say, “The fact that such a powerful country was scared of me made me feel better, in a way—better about my work and efforts.” Her work with Fo, principally on behalf of Italian prisoners—dealing with questions of their legal representation and the conditions of their incarceration—which the two have undertaken in conjunction with an organization that is roughly the Italian equivalent of the American Civil Liberties Union, appears to have been the cause of their visa troubles in the United States. Rame was just starting to describe Italian prison conditions as we strode through the doors at the Booth—all of us fell silent—and into “Sunday in the Park with George.” George, at work behind a painted scrim, was at the same time trying to persuade a dubious colleague to lobby his “Grande Jatte” into the next big exhibition. The colleague presently departed, and George’s mistress entered stage right, pregnant and perturbed. She warned him that she was about to go to America. “You are complete, George,” she sang, “you are alone. . . . Tell me not to go.” But it was we who left at that point, hurried along by Gersten. “This is fun!” Fo exclaimed as we headed for the Golden Theatre, down the street. “Like changing channels on TV.”

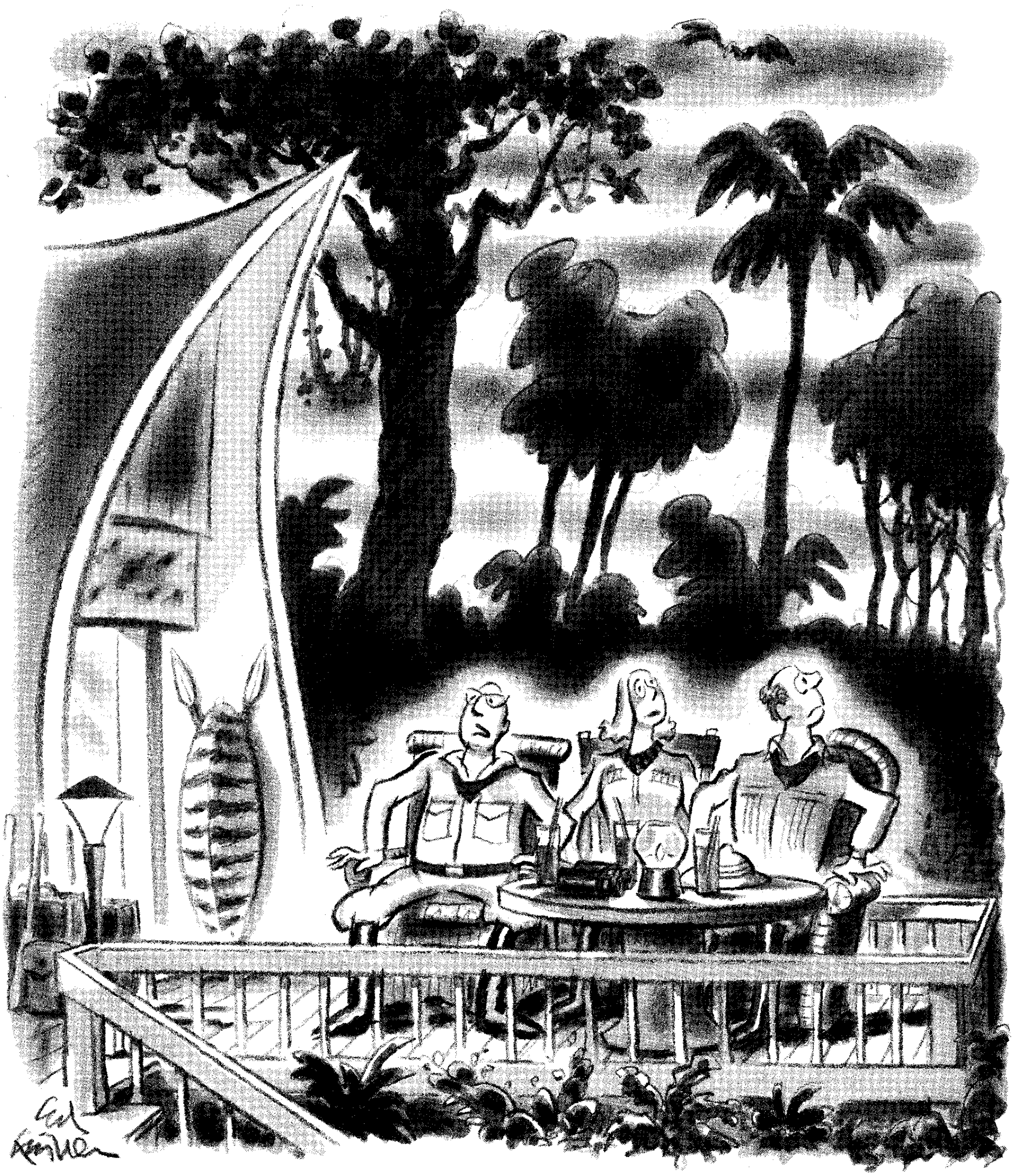
Inside the Golden, the cast of David Mamet’s “Glengarry Glen Ross” was embroiled in high dramatics and gutter slurs: What are the police doing here? Slight burglary last night. Your check was cashed yesterday afternoon. Cashed? Yesterday afternoon? You stupid (a flood of expletives), you just cost me six thousand dollars and a Cadillac. Here, again, the audience seemed completely engrossed. The jaunt was getting to be like walking in on the middle of other people’s dreams: the vividness of their experience, the raptness of their attention—a veritable monadology of reverie. We were once more out on the street.

Three-thirty-eight. Intermission was just concluding across the way at Michael Bennett’s “Dreamgirls,” and we joined the late stragglers as they drifted back into the Imperial Theatre. While we waited for the lights to dim, we asked Fo whether the Italians ever denied entry visas to American writers—and, for that matter, whether in Italy the concept of “un-Italian” existed the way “un-American” does here, as a potent moving force.

“Ah, no,” Fo replied, through his interpreter, laughing. “You don’t understand. We are just the periphery, and the periphery cannot stay the desires of the Empire.” He continued, “Once, long ago, we were the capital of an empire. In the second century A.D., a poet from Syria named Luciano di Samosata came to live in Rome and started to complain about things. He had to be taken aside and informed, ‘Remember, you are in the heart of the Empire, and you will always be a poet of the periphery.’ In many ways, America today reminds me of Rome in the second century—its highest point of economic and territorial expansion but at the same time its highest point of cultural isolation. A curious combination.”

As if on cue, the theatre darkened and suddenly—*wham! bam!*—Las Vegas. Horn jabs, drum snares, the glitz and glitter of a lavish stage show: chorus boys and strutting women, sleek black figures swathed in sequins, entire staircases gliding silently by.

“Ah!” Fo exclaimed enthusiastically, back on the street a few minutes later, as Gersten rushed us along. “Such a high level of professionalism, the pacing so exact, everything so *clean!* Musicals hardly ever succeed in Italy, and it’s too bad. They’re wonderful.” Diagonally back across Forty-fifth Street, we barged into Tom Stoppard’s “The Real Thing.” Jeremy Irons was visiting his former wife: “What you should have said is, ‘Duragel; no wonder the bristles fell out of my toothbrush!’ ” “It’s no trick loving someone at their best, the trick is loving them at their worst.” Irons moved toward the door—Henry, you still have your virginity to lose—and exited stage right. And now the entire stage began to rotate counterclockwise on a huge hidden turntable, seamlessly revealing the set for the next episode—a process repeated a few moments later for another scene change. It occurred to us that Irons and company were going to have to be exceedingly careful backstage not to rotate themselves right into the last scenes of “Death of a Salesman,” which, we realized, were simultaneously being played just beyond the wall before us. Indeed, we had a sudden sense of the entire block between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth, Broadway and Eighth Avenue, with thousands of people divvied up into seven or eight discrete halls, in many cases facing each other—audiences separated by a thin double membrane of the sheerest contrivance. For a moment, we imagined some god coming down and simply filleting the block of this double spine: the audience at “Sunday” would be left staring at the group assembled for “Chorus Line;” the throng at “The Real Thing” would find itself gaping across the ravine at Willy Loman’s brood. But before we’d had time to play out this fantasy we were once again interrupted by Gersten. “It’s three-fifty-five,” he said. “We’ve only got a few minutes to make it to the finale of ‘Chorus Line.’ ” We veered around the corner, heading toward the Shubert, and then noticed that Dario Fo himself had disappeared. Gersten turned back in exasperation. What had happened? A few dozen yards away, Fo was surrounded by, of all things, autograph-seekers—bungling extras, loose cannons, as far as Gersten’s script was concerned. The producer rushed back, apologized to the fans, and retrieved his tardy ward. We all entered the Shubert just as one actress was kissing today goodbye and pointing herself toward tomorrow, and already the entire company was being lined up so that a magnified voice from the audience could single out the audition’s winners and losers. The audience was hushed as the choices were revealed: a tide of saddened disappointment, a counter-



"Those drums! Tap-tapping incessantly, with barely a change of timbre or rhythm! Do you suppose it could be something by Philip Glass?"

• •

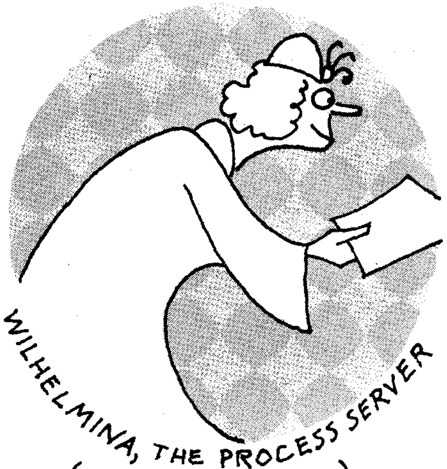
tide of excited satisfaction, and then—magic!—the entire company was back, transformed, all spangly and decked out, vaulting into the rousing finale. Fo and Rame soaked it in, smiling broadly. The curtain descended: four-eleven. The jaunt was finished.

"Marvellous!" Fo said, through his interpreter, when we reached the street. "So exciting. The most impressive thing about your theatre here is how it is rooted in reality, in the actual world of experience. This is something we often miss in Europe. I am a surrealist, but even the madcap must start out from the real."

We asked Fo whether this fast tour had whetted his appetite—whether he'd like to come back to New York someday, visa permitting, and see some of these plays all the way through.

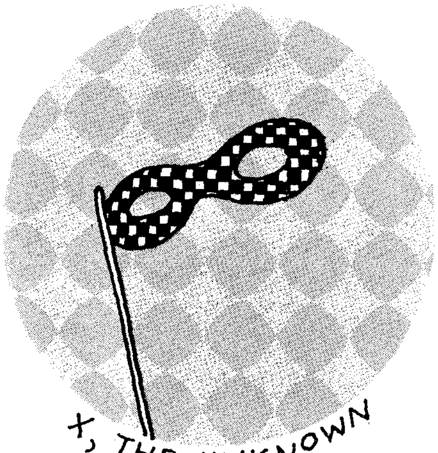
"Ah, sì," he exclaimed, not waiting for his interpreter. *"Sì, sì!"*

HOROSCOPES OF THE NEW ZODIAC



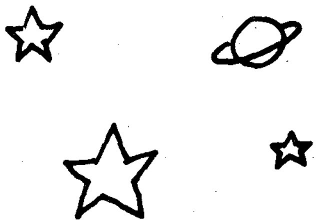
WILHELMINA, THE PROCESS SERVER
(MAR. 21 – APR. 19)

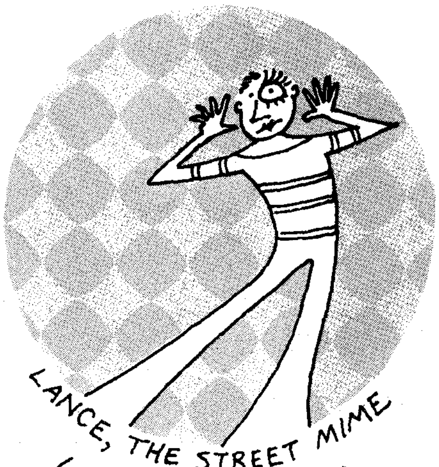
You will be handed a piece of paper and find yourself suddenly thrust into a large room filled with people. Eventually, it will cost you $1,200.



X, THE UNKNOWN
(FEB. 19 – MAR. 20)

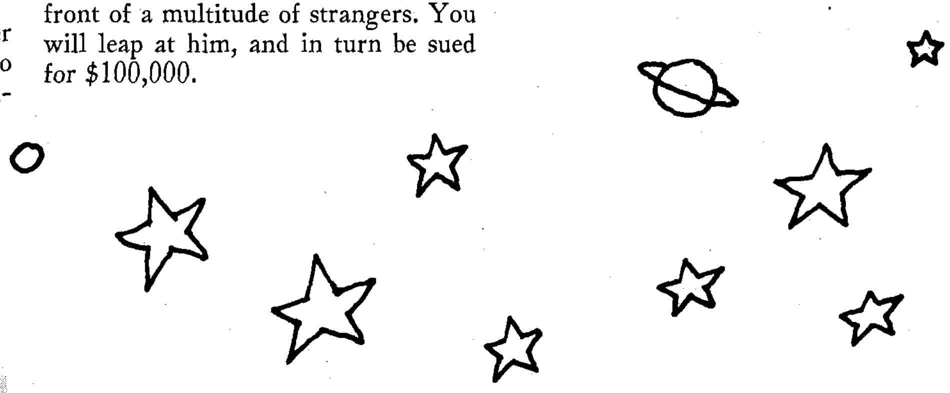
You will meet a person of the opposite sex with whom it turns out you have a lot in common. Romance will blossom, eventually leading to a $40,000,000 palimony suit. You will settle out of court for about half that amount.

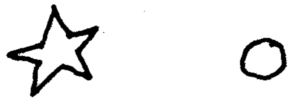


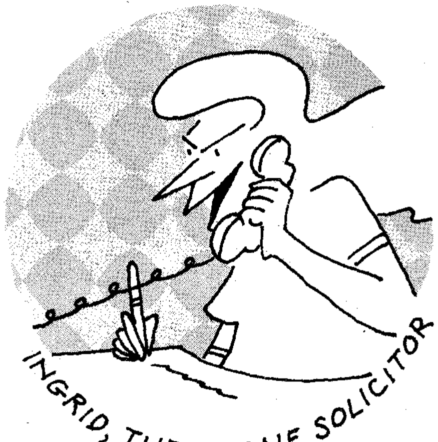


LANCE, THE STREET MIME
(APR. 20 – MAY 20)

A bizarre young man in garish white makeup will humiliate you in front of a multitude of strangers. You will leap at him, and in turn be sued for $100,000.

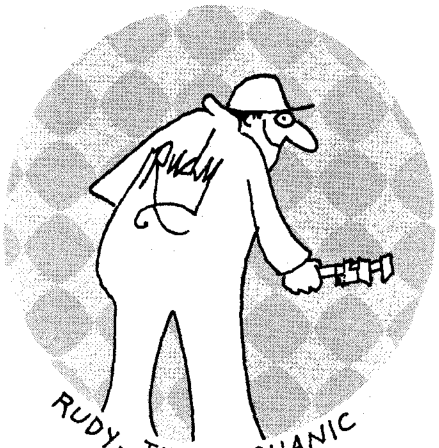






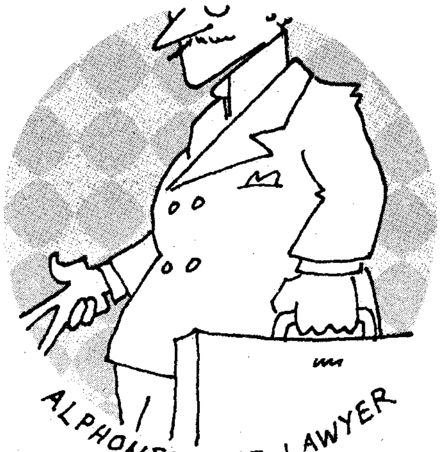
INGRID, THE PHONE SOLICITOR
(JAN. 20 – FEB. 18)

You will receive a phone call at three in the morning from the Save the Carpenter Ant Committee. Assuming that you are dreaming, you will pledge $3,000 and four hours a week of your time. Your nightmare will begin soon thereafter.



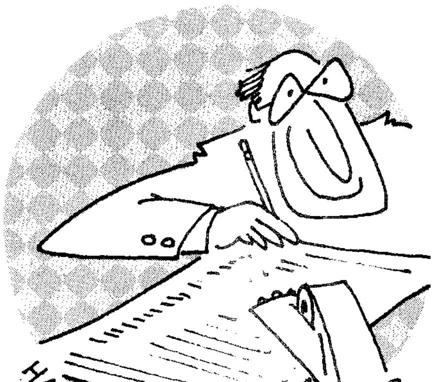
RUDY, THE MECHANIC
(MAY 21 – JUNE 21)

A simple front-wheel alignment will wind up costing you $1,955 and will take over eleven weeks to complete. Soon after this, your brakes will go.



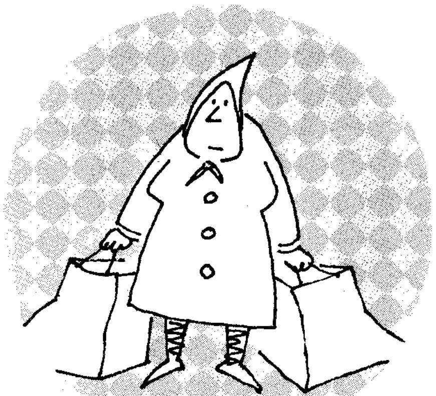
ALPHONSE, THE LAWYER
(DEC. 22 – JAN. 19)

A well-dressed acquaintance will insist that he has only your welfare in mind. You will spend $5,800 and never fully understand why.



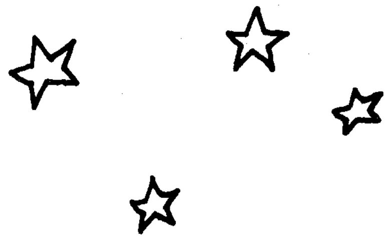
HARVEY, THE TAX AUDITOR
(JUNE 22–JULY 22)

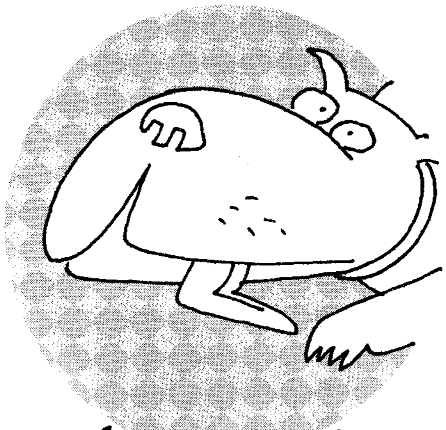
You will share your deepest personal secrets with a stranger. This will cost you $877.32, plus another $568.02 in interest and penalties.



IRMA, THE BAG LADY
(JULY 23–AUG. 22)

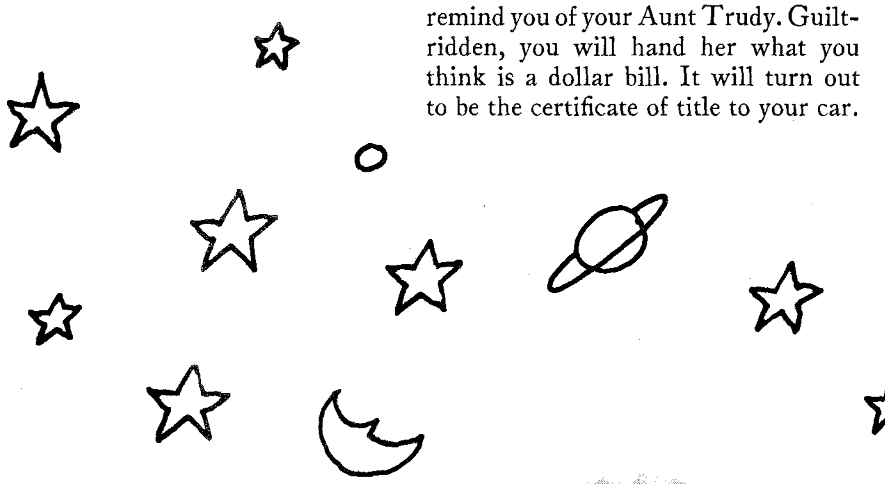
An exotic woman will approach you on the street and ask for a dime. She will remind you of your Aunt Trudy. Guilt-ridden, you will hand her what you think is a dollar bill. It will turn out to be the certificate of title to your car.

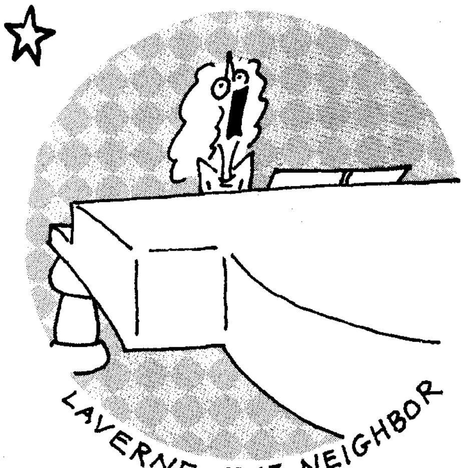




AMOS, THE DOG
(AUG. 23–SEPT. 22)

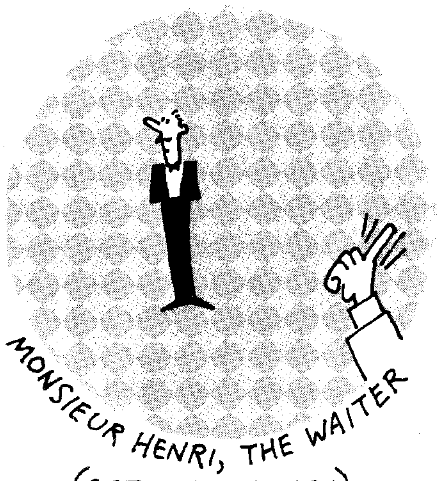
A large animal companion will eat your $97 pair of cordovans. He will be replaced by a $2 goldfish.





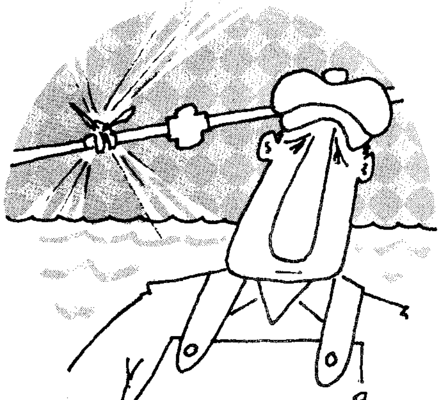
LAVERNE, THE NEIGHBOR
(SEPT. 23–OCT. 23)

Dissonant chords of music will gradually make themselves at home in your walls and will not go away until you have spent $937 on cork insulation.



MONSIEUR HENRI, THE WAITER
(OCT. 24–NOV. 21)

You will seek sustenance. It will be denied you at first, and then undercooked and then overcooked. You will be charged an extra $12.95 for a crabmeat quiche that you did not order.



MAX, THE PLUMBER
(NOV. 22–DEC. 21)

A taciturn man in overalls will hand you an estimate and then proceed to ignore it.

—JACK ZIEGLER

EDDIE MAC

NINETEEN twenty-four was the great year of St. Michael's football, and it was that same summer that Annie May Moran came to work for Mrs. Kirkwood. The team had reached the final of the Senior Cup for the second year running. Eddie Mac was their star, their finest forward. He worked for the Kirkwoods and lived in the three-room herdsman's cottage at the end of the yard, its galvanized roof sprayed the same shade of green as the stables. The two Kirkwoods, father and son, Old William and young Master William, went to Roscommon to watch the final. They barely understood the game and were not touched by the wild fever that emptied the countryside on that late-August Sunday. Old William was heard to say, "We went because Eddie was playing. His father would have enjoyed this day had he stayed."

Annie May helped Mrs. Kirkwood set the dinner table in the front room that afternoon while the game was being played. Mrs. Kirkwood went to particular care with the linen and silver, and the best set of bone china was on display. The Nutleys, of Oakport, the oldest and last of her local friends, were coming to dinner that evening. When she was satisfied with the arrangement of the room and had checked the food, she took her book and sat in the rocking chair in the library, where, looking out on the lawn and white paling and the winding avenue of copper and green beech, she rocked herself to sleep, as she did every day at this hour.

Exploding cans of carbide and random shouts and cheers and whistles as fires were lit on the hills and at every crossroads woke her early: St. Michael's had won the Senior Cup for the first time since its founding. Mrs. Kirkwood rose and came down to Annie May in the kitchen. "It's an unmitigated disaster," she confided to the servant girl. "It was bad enough last year, and they lost. What'll it be like now that they have won?"

"Eddie was the hero," William Kirkwood announced when he and his son returned from Roscommon. "The two goals he scored in the second half won the game—it broke the other team's heart. They carried him on their shoulders all around the field with the cup at the end." Annie May colored as he spoke. She was already in love with the young herdsman, who had yet to acknowledge her presence in the house.

A week later, the big silver cup arrived in the Kirkwoods' yard as it made its round of the parish, the red and green ribbons streaming from the handles. Again Eddie Mac was hoisted on shoulders, and he was carried aloft with the cup to his own door. Inside the small house the cup was filled to the brim with whiskey. Cheers rang out as each person drank from the cup. A large bonfire was set ablaze in the middle of the yard. A melodeon started to play.

"It's so childish," Mrs. Kirkwood complained in the big house. "We can abandon any hope of sleep tonight."

Wrongdoer

"They're entitled to the night," her husband argued. "It's a pity Eddie's father isn't around. He would have greatly enjoyed this night. They've had a famous victory."

"And they use it to get drunk! Is that a way to celebrate decently? Listen to them down in the yard."

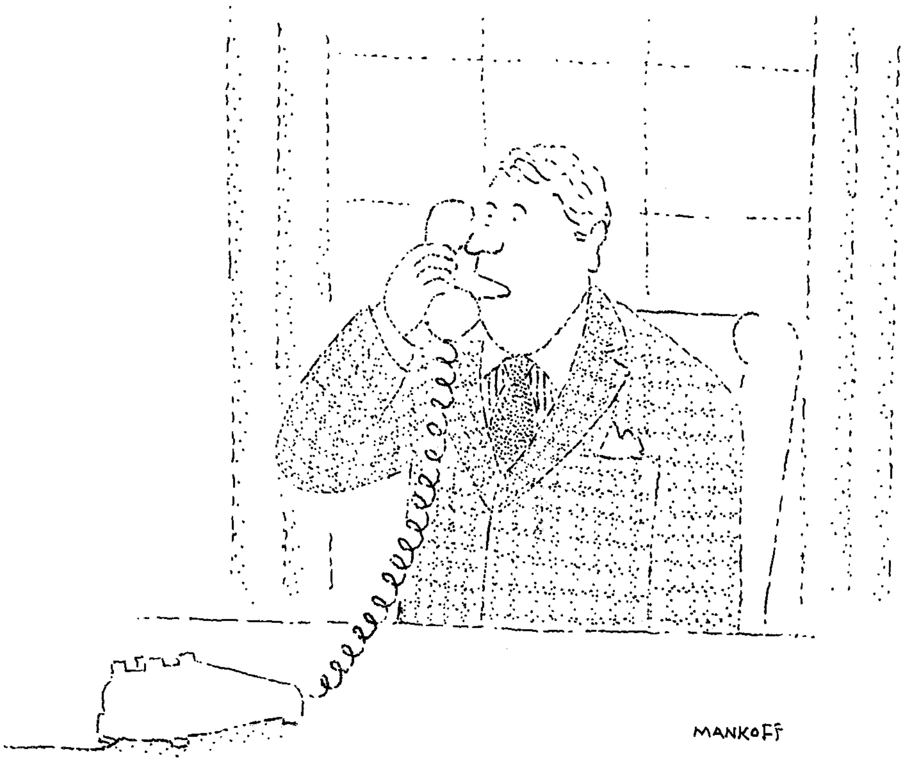
"I think you are too hard on them, Elisabeth," William Kirkwood said gently.

At that time, Annie May was too young to go to the dances and Eddie Mac had not yet the reputation of a womanizer. He went with the one girl, Kathleen Duignan. She was tall and dark, and they looked like brother and sister. As the Duignans owned land, they were a class above the Macs, and when Kathleen Duignan went to England at Christmas it was thought she had thrown Eddie over. He was never to go with another girl for so long.

A few months later, a torn knee in spring training ended his football glory. Without him the team struggled through the early rounds of the championship, and when he returned for the semifinal he played poorly. The injury did not affect his walk but showed as soon as he tried to sprint or leap that Sunday. His whole game was based on speed and anticipation. He had neither taste nor appetite for the rough-and-tumble. Now that his deadly grace was gone, his style of hanging back till the last moment looked like cowardice. As soon as it was plain that the cup was about to be lost, Eddie was taunted and jeered every time he went near the ball by the same people that had chaired him shoulder high from the field the year before. On the surface he showed no feeling and walked stone-faced from the field; but on the following Wednesday, the evening he walked every week to the village to collect his copy of the *Herald* and to buy a few groceries, he placed his studded boots, long socks, and bandages in his green-and-red jersey, and by drawing the sleeves round and knotting them tightly made it a secure bundle, which he dropped in the deepest arch as he crossed the bridge into the village, only waiting long enough after the splash to be certain it had sunk.

A gentle and even more final end came that September to Mrs. Kirkwood. She had gone with her book to sit in the rocking chair in front of the library window "in the one hour of the day selfishly my own." When she did not come down to the kitchen at her usual time, Annie May waited for half an hour before going up to the front room. The chair was almost imperceptibly rocking before the window, but the book had fallen, and when she called there was no answer. An intense stillness was in the room. Even the spaces between the beech trees down the rich avenue seemed to gaze back in their emptiness, and she ran shouting for help to the yard.

THE formal heart of the house, perhaps the heart itself, stopped with Mrs. Kirkwood. William Kirkwood and his son seemed only too glad not to have to go out to dinner anymore, and they no longer received people at the house. They took all their meals in the big kitchen and did not dress up even on Sunday. Old William's sole interest for years had been his bees. Now he was able to devote himself to them exclusively; and his son, who had lost money introducing a new strain of Cheviots to the farm and running it according to the tenets of his agricultural college, let the farm fall back into the hands of Eddie Mac, who ran it on the traditional lines of his father before him, not making much money but losing none. All Master William's time now was spent on astronomy, a boyhood fascination of his, and he pursued the stars with much the same gentle, singular dedication that his father accorded the bees, ordering books and instruments, entering into correspondence with other amateur astronomers. He spent most clear nights out in the fields examining the stars through a long telescope fixed on a tripod. Freed from Mrs. Kirkwood's disapproval of all that went on in the village, Annie May was now able to go to the dances. She was large and plain but had her admirers—young men off farms, and some young no longer but without any sense of their own aging, who judged cattle from the rear and preferred a good armful to any lustre of eye or line of cheekbone and throat. Her eyes were still only for Eddie Mac, but he did not even smile or nod to her in the hall. She would see him standing among the other men at the back, lazily smoking as his eyes went over the girls that danced past. Sometimes he just stood there for the whole night, not asking any girl out to dance, but when he did, almost always that girl went with him. If the girl turned him down, unlike the other men he never went in pursuit of another but quietly retraced his steps to the back of the hall, and soon afterward he would leave alone. In those years "Who will Eddie Mac try tonight?" was one of the excitements of the dance hall. He seldom went with the same girl twice.



"Miss Bremmer, get me whatever coast I'm not on."

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There was a later time, after it was clear that Annie May was likely to be running the big Georgian house for a very long time, when he would ask her to dance because it was politic. "As an oul neighbor with another oul neighbor," he would joke; but Annie May was cooking him his midday meal now, which he took with the Kirkwoods in the kitchen. He knew that he could have her whenever he wanted, but her ample, wholesome looks were too plain and they lived and worked too close.

Then came another time, when the nights Eddie Mac could dance with the one girl and expect her to go with him disappeared. Nights came that saw him take girl after girl out and none of them would have him. It was not so much that his dark good looks had coarsened but that he had become too well known over the years in this small place. And a night eventually found him dancing with Annie May, no longer as an "oul neighbor with another oul neighbor" but as man and woman. The air was thick with dust that had been carried in on shoes and beaten into a fine powder, the yellow light gentle from the tin reflectors behind the row of paraffin lamps around the walls. The coins had been already counted into a neat stack of blue paper bags on the card table at the door.

"I suppose I can hardly ask to leave you home, since we are going to the same old place anyhow," he proposed almost ruefully, and Annie May found herself blushing. It was what she had never dared to hope for all these years.

They passed together through the village, the music from the dance hall still following them; but then the national anthem beat stridently in the night air, and suddenly all was silent. Here and there cautious whispers of lovers drifted from the shelter of walls. The village was mostly sleeping. One thin line of yellow along the blind told that there was after-hours drinking at Charlie's. A man keeping a lookout for the law cast an exploratory cough in their direction at Shivnan's forge, but they went by in silence. As they crossed the stone bridge from the dance hall, they saw the lights of bicycles slowly scattering. Below them, the quiet river slid out in silence toward the level sedgelands and the wilder Shannon.

"Now that they've stood up like fools for the 'Soldier's Song,' they can all go home in peace," Eddie Mac remarked.

After a mile, they left the road and took the path through the fields to the house. It was a dark, windless night, without moon or star, but they could both walk this path in their sleep.

"One good thing about the night is that we're not likely to trip over Master William and his telescope," Eddie Mac said derisively.

"He's a very educated man," Annie May ventured.

"He's a fool. They're both fools," Eddie Mac said.

"Maybe it's that they are too educated for land," she continued, but he ignored what she said. Even though they were in the fields, he walked apart from her still, not admitting the bitter blow to his vanity that he had been forced to come down to a woman as plain as Annie May after all those years.

"It was different once," he said suddenly. "That was long before your time. I was only a boy when Mrs. Kirkwood first came to the house. She had been a Miss Darby, old Colonel Darby's daughter. It was an arranged match. The Kirkwoods were almost bankrupt at that time, too—they were never any good—and she had money. The house was done up before she came. It was one of the conditions of the match. The railings were painted, new curtains, everything made shining.

"As soon as they were married, the parties began—bridge parties, tea parties on the lawn. There was a big party every year when the strawberries were ripe. Every Sunday night there was either a dinner party in the house or they went out to some other house to dinner. I heard my father say that Old William hated nothing more than those dinners and parties. 'It'd make one want to go and live in a cave or under some stone,' he said to my father." Eddie Mac started to laugh. "All he ever wanted to be with was the bees. The Protestants have always been mad about bees, and there were bee societies at the time. He used to give lectures on bees to the societies. They say the lectures were Mrs. Kirkwood's idea. She used always to go with him to the meetings. It was a way of getting him out of the house. Old William never liked to be with people, but Mrs. Kirkwood believed in people. 'The only reason she goes to church is to meet people,' he told my father."

"Anyhow, he still has his bees," Annie May said gently.

"Always had, always will have, and now the son has gone the same way, except it's the stars in his case. The only thing you could be certain of is that no matter what he turned to it was bound to be something perfectly useless."

"The parties had stopped by the time I came," Annie May said. "Mrs. Kirkwood used to go to the Royal Hotel every Thursday to meet her friends."

"There weren't enough Protestants left by that time for parties. Once the church in Ardcarne had to be closed it was the beginning of the end. The money Mrs. Kirkwood brought was running out, too. If I owned their fields, I'd be rolling in money in a few years, and they can't even make ends meet. The whole thing would make a cat laugh."

"They've been very kind to me," Annie May said.

"What good did it do them? What good?" he said angrily. "They're there with one arm as long as the other. Useless to themselves or anybody else. They'll be on the road before long, mark my words, and we'll be with them if we're not careful."

They had come to the big iron gates of the yard. The gates were chained, and they crossed by the stone stile. The back of the huge house stood away to the left at the head of the yard, and in the darkness, all around them in the yard, were the old stone outhouses. The herdsman's house was some distance beyond the hay shed at the far end, toward the fields. They stood for a split moment apart on the yard's uneven surface. His natural cunning and vanity still held him back: it was too dangerous, she lived too close to his own doorstep, it could change his life—but his need was too strong.

AFTER that night, around nine, when Annie May had finished the chores and Old William was in bed and Master William reading in the library in the front of the house or out in the fields with his telescope, she would go to the herdsman's house. Too timid to knock, she would make a small scraping sound on the loose door, and sometimes she would have to call. They stayed within the house those first weeks, but after a while he seemed not to want her there. On fine nights, he would take her into the fields. "We have our own telescope!" And when it rained he still preferred to have her out of the house, though she would have loved to sit with him in the darkness listening to the rain beat on the iron. He would take her across to the dry stone barn where the fruit was stored, the air sickly sweet with the odor of fermenting apples.

"We can listen to the rain far better here. There's less roof," he said. He kept an old, heavy blanket there above the apple shelves, and he could end the

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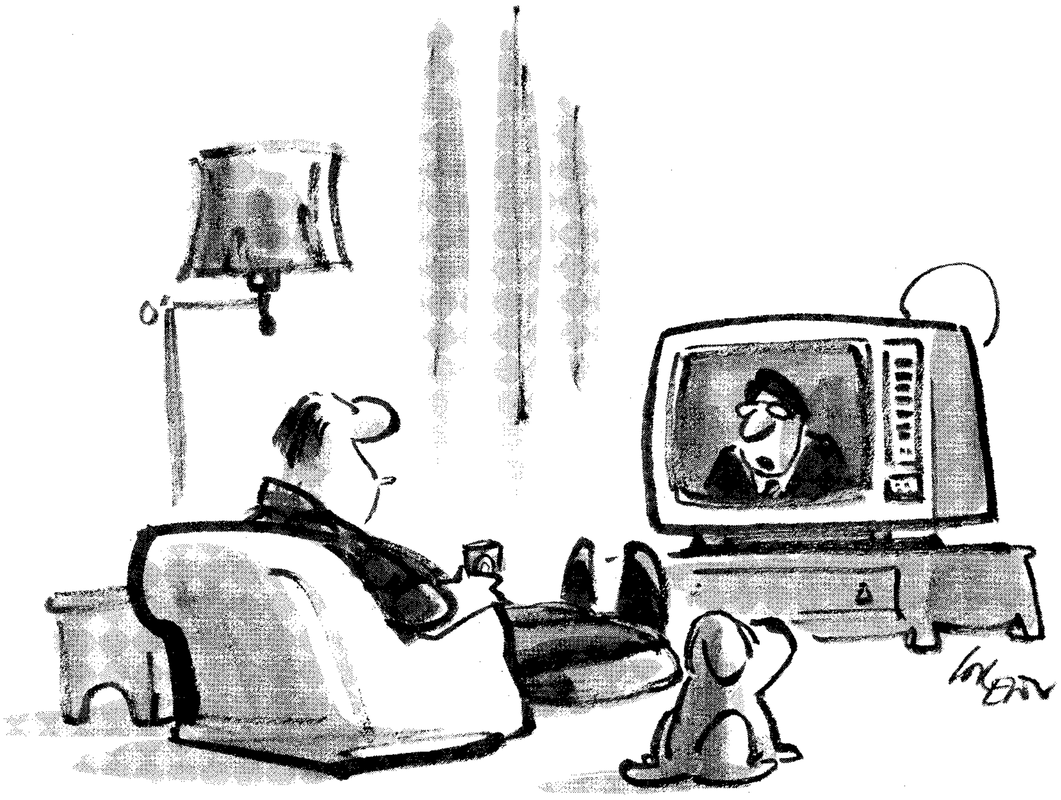
ALONG THE BANKS OF THE DON

Life seems so simpleminded without God. The Don flows
And people are controlled by class and sex. It's scary.
I read the whole rainy day long. The snow's
Slick ice. Unwalkable. My daughter's reading, too. She varies
Her position on the couch. In the evening we have dinner guests.
Our friends' two sons. And one of them brings his girl.
We talk about college, summer jobs, and the threat
Of nuclear accident. Whenever it's quiet I hurl
Another question. Or my sister tells them about Turkey.
How people bring sheep home in taxis to slaughter for the holidays.
Our friends are getting divorced. I notice pain lurking
In the older son's eyes. Later, my sister says
She thinks unfaithfulness is normal. I'm a throwback.
A believer in a world that won't come back.

—ALAN FELDMAN

evening whenever he wished. He could not get her out of his own house as easily. The old laws of hospitality were too strong for even him. When he wanted to be rid of her from this neutral storehouse, he could walk her to the corner of the yard across from the big house. Sometimes it seemed to her that the evenings were ending now almost before they began, but she was too ill with desire and fear to complain. A hot Sunday in the middle of June she made her one faint plea for openness or decency.



"The following program has been judged likely to erode the national will."

"Wouldn't it be a good day to take the boat and go on the river?" she asked. She was amazed by her own effrontery as soon as the words were spoken. The Kirkwoods had a boathouse and a solid rowboat that was kept in repair but seldom used. To go together on the river would be to bring what had been furtive and hidden into some small light. It would show that he was not ashamed of her. All courting couples went on Sundays to the river in this kind of weather. Even those who couldn't get boats strolled the bank toward the Oakport Woods. Some of her early admirers had been proud to take her. There were soft bluebells there under the trees, a hidden spring with water so pure it made the teeth chatter even in this heat, and she had drunk it laughing through a stem.

"No. Not today," he answered slowly, looking down. A yellow dandelion was growing between the yard stones. He kept moving it forward and back with his boot.

"Wouldn't it make a change?"

"Not today." He was still searching for the cover of an acceptable lie. "There's an animal sick. I wouldn't like to be caught that far from the house if it took a turn for the worse. Anyhow, aren't we as well off round the house here? Maybe later we can ramble down the orchard. It'll be as cool there as on any river."

At midday she made a meal that was much liked in this weather—smoked haddock in a cream sauce, with cauliflower and young peas and small early potatoes. It must have been all of fourteen years since Mrs. Kirkwood had taught her how to bring the sauce to a light consistency, to flavor it with chives and parsley. If Mrs. Kirkwood were here on this hot Sunday, William and her son would not be dining with Eddie Mac in the kitchen. The linen and silver would be set in the front room, the front door open, the faded canvas deck chairs stretched under the walnut tree on the front lawn for coffee and newspapers.

The big kitchen, though, was pleasant enough—a fresh coolness from the brown flagstones she had washed in the morning, the door open on the steps down to the yard, a shimmer of heat above the iron roofs, and the dark green of the trees beyond. The house was too big for all of them. The men did not speak as they ate, and she winced as she listened to the thin clink of knife and fork on the bone china.

"I have to say that was a superb meal, Annie," Old William volunteered as they rose.

"I can heartily second that," his son added.

"I'll be around the yard today," Eddie Mac said to Master William as he lifted his cap. "I don't like the look of the blue heifer."

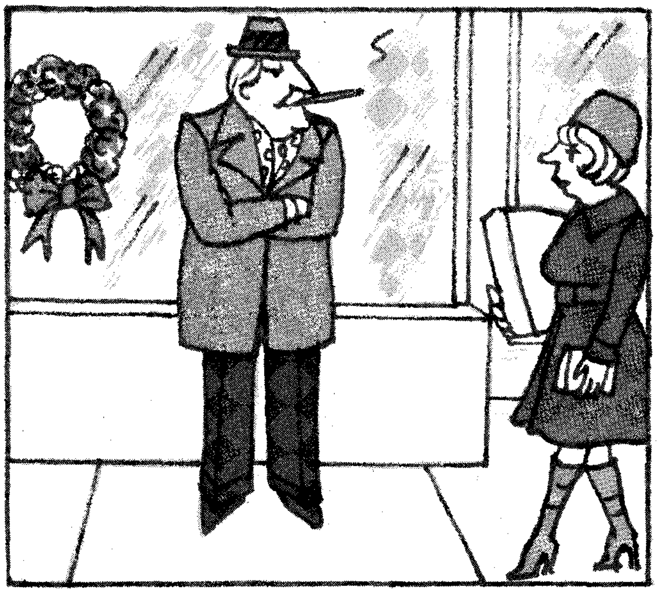
"If you need help, you'll find me in the library," Master William said.

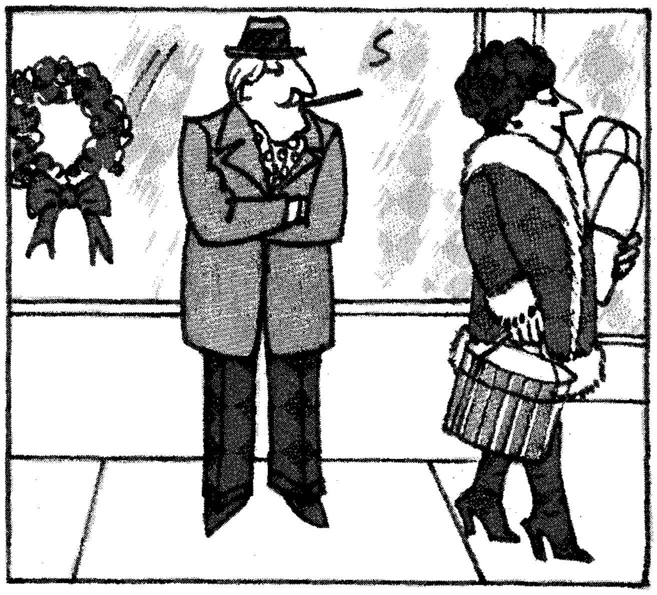
Annie May had not eaten, but even after she had cleared the table and washed and put away the dishes she still had little appetite. She drank a mug of coffee with a slice of fruitcake as she stared out at the empty yard. It was already late in the afternoon when she rose, washed the mug, closed the door, and went heavily down the steps into the dull heat of the yard.

She found him at the corner of the stables, waiting with an eagerness he hadn't shown for weeks, a blue cloth coat he sometimes wore to the fair on his arm. They went silently into the orchard, picking a place in the high grass away from the beaten path that ran from the gate to the pale row of beehives facing south under the far, ivy-covered wall. A clump of wild raspberries that had spread right up to the outer branches of the russet trees gave added cover, though no one in the world would find them there this blessed day.

"You see, it's washed," he said, offering her the blue coat to feel, with about as much tenderness as it was ever possible for him to show, before he spread it on the ground.

"It's as cool here as on any river," he said as he reached for her. "As cool





as on any river. They can have the fields and anything they want. This is happiness," he said in a heavy, hoarsely rhythmic tone as he moved above her. "This is the center, center of everything; they can have all else they want."

"Then I must be part of that center, too," she said quietly out of the same dull defeat she had felt alone in the big kitchen, not caring about the words she had said.

He stopped in pure amazement. He could not have looked more taken aback if the deep earth itself had stirred and spoken. For a moment, she thought he was about to strike her, but all he did was quickly straighten his clothes and turn his back to her in the long grass. The oppressive silence was at length broken by the sound of the small orchard gate being opened and closed. Old William came slowly down the worn path between the trees. He was going to the hives, dressed all in white, his white beard tucked beneath the suit, the frame of the veil resting on an old straw hat, the long gloves tied with twine below the elbow. He carried a yellow hive tool and smoker, pausing now and then to fan the smoker as he walked slowly along.

From the shelter of the grass and wild canes they watched him go through the hives. His slow care somehow took away some of the oppression. Each time he lifted a roof, a thin stream of bees would move toward the veil. He paid them no attention, working methodically through the hives, sometimes having to use the yellow lever to prize the frames apart, now and again turning his back to the sun to hold up the frames to the light. When he had gone through all the hives, and the bees were quietly working again, he lifted an old wooden chair out of the grass and sat to one side, staring directly into the flight path, the way people lean on bridges to watch water flow below.

"What's he doing?" she asked.

"Nothing. Just watching. He could sit that way for hours. Once I asked him what they were doing. 'They're killing off the drones today, Edward,' he said. You'd think he was talking about the weather."

"Still, he sells part of the honey to Sloans," she said. "They buy some of his sections every year."

"For what? For pennies. Mostly he has to feed it back to the bloody bees. Or give it away. The only certain thing about anything the Kirkwoods ever turn their hand to is that it is guaranteed to be perfectly useless." They watched Old William rise from the chair, remove the hat and veil, freeing a few bees caught in the mesh with his fine, long fingers. He turned the chair upside down again in the grass and came slowly up the orchard. The sun had already gone down behind the walls. They, too, soon rose, smoothed the leaves and bits of grass from their clothes, and left in opposite directions. Annie May had changed much from the night she had come with Eddie Mac from the dance, but she still held to a dull hope, and she was beginning to fear that she was with child.

SOON Annie May was certain, and yet she put off telling Eddie. They hired four casual yardmen for the harvest. All her time seemed to go in preparing meals, and serving them in the kitchen and dining room. There was a time when Eddie would flirt with her in front of the workmen, but now he just ate morosely and silently.

One day she was coming through the yard with a hurriedly gathered bag of green cooking apples for the men's dessert when she heard cheering from the cattle pen. Eddie Mac was in the center of the pen, his arm round the neck of a young black bull, his free hand gripping its nostrils, the delicate membrane between finger and thumb. The cheering of the men around the pen rose as he slowly forced the struggling animal to its knees, but then suddenly, either through loss of footing or the terrified animal's gathering all its strength into one last surge, he was thrown violently against the steel bars, and the bull broke loose. He wasn't hurt. He rose at once to race after the bull, to rain kicks at its mouth and throat, the cornered animal bellowing for the rest of the herd as it tried to lift its head away from the blows.

She grew so afraid that she found herself shaking. The fear stayed with her all through the day as she cooked and served and washed, and it was to try to lose the fear that she told him in the evening what she had been putting off for weeks.

He did not look at her as she spoke. He had known from that first night he took her that it would end with his being driven out. He had been expecting it from the very beginning. His only surprise was that it had taken so long. "How much time is there?" he asked.

• •

"Four months. Maybe a little more." It was such a relief to her that he had listened so quietly. Then she found herself pressing for a wild, common happiness. "We could do up the small house. Families were brought up in it before. It'd need very little change. I could go on working in the big house. They'd probably be only glad of it. It'd mean the two of us were settled."

"Don't worry—everything will work itself out," he said, and she began to cry.

"We'll have to think things out. It'll take time," he said.

"Time?"

"We have to see the priest if we're to be settled. Banns will have to be read, certificates got, a lot of things. The harvest business will be all over here in a few days. The yardmen will be let go at the end of the week. Then we can start to think."

"Everything will be all right, then." She could hardly believe her own happiness.

"You don't have to worry about a single thing. Once this week is over everything will be taken care of."

"I was afraid," she said. "Now I can't believe that everything is going to turn out so good."

HE had been through this before. There was only one difference between this time and the other times. All the other times it was the girls that had to stir themselves and make for England. This time he would have to disappear into England.

That night, after she had gone, he lay for a long time fully clothed on the iron bed in the bare three-room house, smoking cigarette after cigarette, though he usually smoked but little, staring up at the tongued boards of the ceiling. As a boy he had tried to count right across the ceiling, often by the leaping firelight on a winter's night, but he had never managed to complete a single count, always losing his way among the maze of boards at the center. Tonight he had no need to count so far. Today had been Monday, the second of the month. Tomorrow: Tuesday. Then Wednesday. The fair of Boyle was held on the first Thursday of every month. That was three days away.

The evening before the fair he picked six of the finest black two-year-olds from the fields, the prize cattle of the farm, and penned them by the road, a rough pen he and his father had put together years before with old

ROSE

Glass flowers in a long vitrine
whose labels scan
Rosaceae—the single scion
of that tree
whose sky-lit branching candelabrum
limns a science
natural as history
the room rekindles,
here, in glass; each hand-blown lens
uncurls its bloom
of colored flame into the fanlight
of Linnaean
family names, illuminating
so, in sequence,
apples—roses!—everywhere,
with *lady's-mantle*,
silverweed, with *plum* and *quince*
and *cinquefoil*, *pear*
and *dropwort*, *trailing tormentil*
and *sloe* and *rowan*,
dewberry and *cloudberry*
and *bramble*, plucked
and filed for us in perfect windrows,
aisle by aisle.
Inside, the yellow cardboard placards
curl; the winter's
frost of dust on violet
tube-light and lacquered
cold frames drifts and streaks; each *rose*
a scentless phial
of air, a breath, an antique locket-
piece, unclosed:
here leaf veins—latticinio cobwebs
fixed in resins,
anthers—delicate electrodes,
pollen-swept
and glowing in their inflorescent
globes. . . . So relict
forms remain, unchanged. They've kept,
through winterkill
and drought; and still, as closed and fresh-cut
flowers blaze
indoors, in time, who knows, the cold
and imbricate
blue earth itself in frozen space
might so unfold
its continents into the broken
vacuum case—
a lovely specimen unfurling,
pome and thorn. . . .
What breath expelled in glass, misplaced
in time, is *cinquefoil*,
apple, *rose*? Who knows what wind-borne
seed, what heart-
heat's held inside the stone vitrine,
unchanged, in store—
a star trapped in an artificial
window's shell; green
life inside the rattle gourd;
the glass rose, fresh
and melting in the missile's spire,
whose charged spore
may drift the generations, crèche
by crèche, to fire
in time some cold reactor core—
and so Creation
goes; so *blackthorn*, *apple*, *briar*
recur in Latin
analogues. Who knows what ancient
branches bore
in earth, in time—what seeds unlit,
or let alone
what future perfect orreries
we may suppose
implicit in the planet's stone—
what strange and rare
and unnamed orreries of *rose*
remain unblown,
time out of mind, in mind, in air?

—Richard Kenney

• •

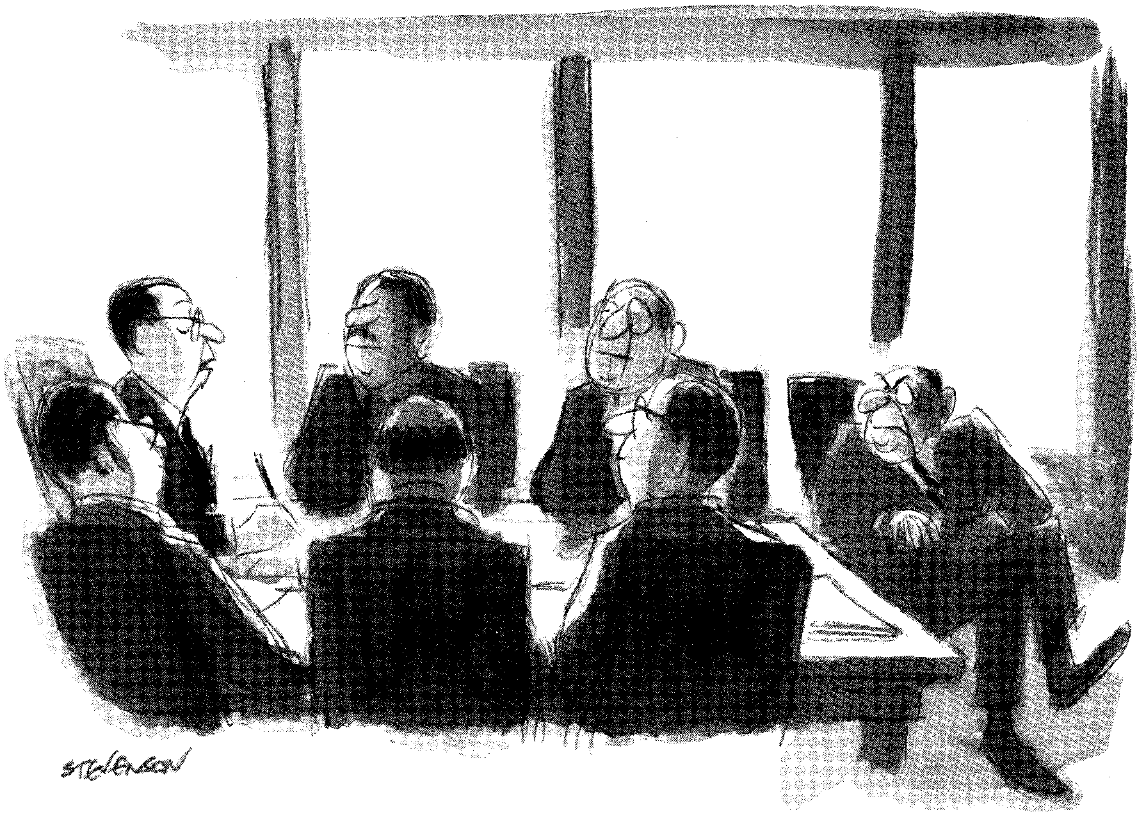
railway sleepers. After he closed the pen, he threw hay in a corner so that the cattle would stay quiet through the night. He had been given such a free hand running the land for so long that no one questioned him about the cattle. When he came in, it was already dark, and rain had started to fall. He found Annie May ahead of him in the house. Though no lamp was lit, she had stirred the fire and a kettle was boiling. The little table that hung on iron trestles from the wall had been lifted down. Cups and plates were set. She had brought food from the big house.

"As there was no answer, I let myself in," she apologized.

"You were as well," he said.

When that night she said to him, "You might get finer women, but you'll never find another who'll love you as much as I'll love you," he knew it to be true in some far-off sense of goodness; but it was not his truth. He saw the child at her breast, the faltering years ahead with the Kirkwoods. He shut it out of his mind.

It was still dark and raining heavily when he put the cattle on the road in the morning. All he had with him was a stick and small bundle. The first miles were the worst. Several times he had to cross into the fields and run alongside the cattle where the walls were broken, their hooves sliding on the road as they raced and checked. It was much easier once they tired and it started to get light. The tanglers looking to buy the cattle cheap before they reached the fair tried to halt him on the outskirts of the town, but with a curse he brushed past them toward the green. People had put tables and ladders out all along the street to the green to protect doors and windows. He found a corner along the wall at the very top of the green. All he had to do now was wait, his clothes stuck to his back with perspiration and rain. As



"That's six affirmatives and one balderdash."

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the cattle quieted after their long, hard run, their hooves sore and bleeding, they started to reach up and pluck at the ivy on the wall.

He had to hang around until noon to get the cattle's true price. Though the attempts at bargaining attracted onlookers and attention, to sell the cattle quickly and cheaply would have been even more dangerous still, and it was not his way.

"Do you have any more where those came from?" a big Northern dealer in red cattle boots asked finally as he counted out the notes in a bar off the green.

"No. Those don't come often," Eddie Mac replied, and he peeled a single note from the wad and handed the note back. The whiskey that sealed the bargain he knocked quickly back. The train was due at three.

AFTERWARD no one remembered seeing him at the station. He had waited outside among the cars until the train pulled in and then walked straight on. Each time the tickets were being checked he went to the W.C., but he would have paid quietly if challenged. He had more money in his inside pocket than he had ever had in his whole life before.

From Westland Row he walked to the B.I. terminal on the river and bought a single ticket to Liverpool a few minutes before the boat was due to sail. When the boat was about an hour out to sea, he began to feel cold with the day's tiredness and went to the bar and ordered whiskey. Warmed by the whiskey, he could see as simply back as forward.

The whole place would be ablaze with talk once it got out about the cattle. The Kirkwoods alone would remain quiet. "His poor father worked here. He was a boy here, grew up here. How could he go and do what he has done?" Old William would say. He had nothing against the Kirkwoods, but they were fools. The old lady was the only one with a bit of iron. When Annie May had to tell them the business, they'd no more think of putting her out on the road than they'd be able to put a dog or a cat out. He could even see them start to get fond of the child by the time it started to wander round the big stone house, Old William taking it down by the hand to look at the bees.

"Nursing the hard stuff?" a man next to him at the bar inquired.

"That's right." He didn't want to be drawn into any talk. "Nursing it well."

The boat would get into Liverpool in the morning. Though it would take them days yet to figure out what had happened, he would travel on to Manchester before getting a haircut and change of clothes. From Manchester the teeming cities of the North stretched out: Leeds, Newcastle upon Tyne, Glasgow. He would get work. He had no need to work for a long time, but he would still get work. Those not in need always got work before the people who needed it most.

The Sergeant and Guard Deasy would call at the big stone house. They would write down dates and information in a notebook and they would search through the herdsman's house. They would find nothing. A notice would be circulated for him, with a photo. All the photos they would find would be old, taken in his footballing days. They would never find him. Who was ever found out of England! That circular they would put out would be about as useful as hope in Hell.

Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle upon Tyne, Glasgow—they were like cards spread out on a table. His only regret was that he hadn't lit out for one of them years before. He would miss nothing. If he missed anything, it would probably be the tongued boards of the ceiling that he had never managed to count. In those cities a man could stay lost forever and victory could still be found.

—JOHN MCGAHERN

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MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA
Oceanfront rentals. Special rates for teachers and non-teachers.—*Adv. in the Co-Op City Times.*

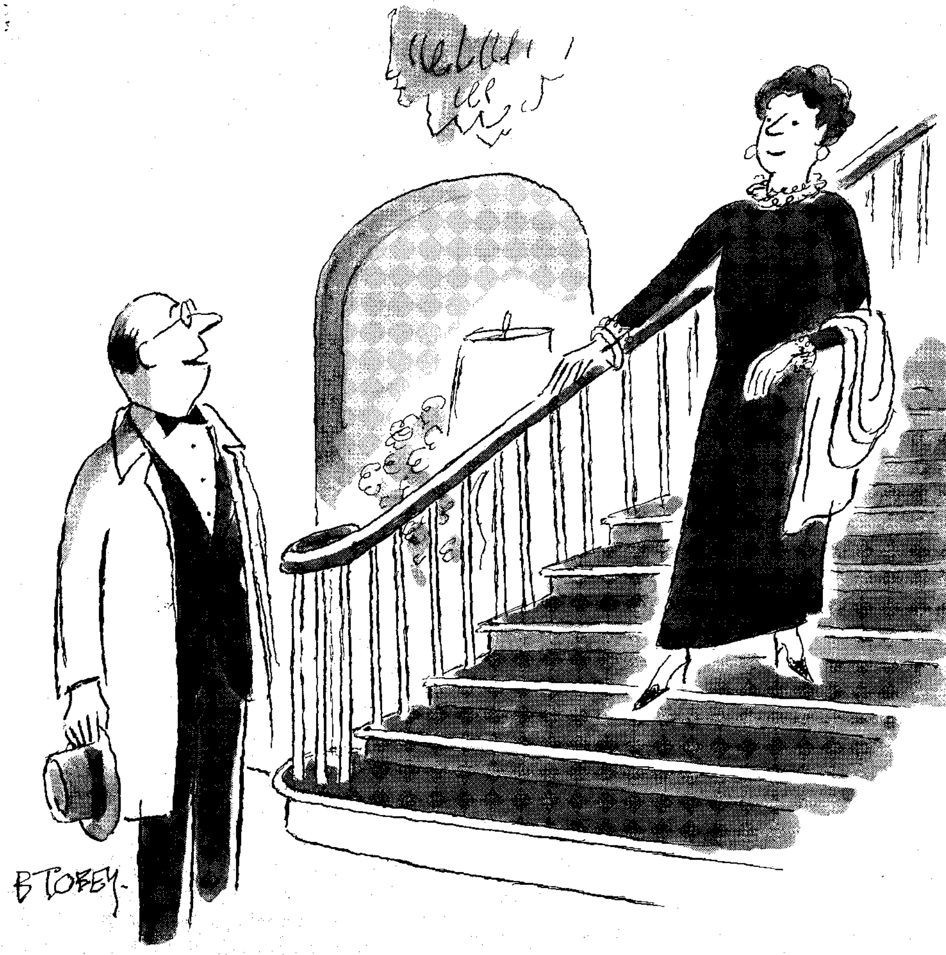
Have we left anybody out?

THE SPORTING SCENE

TIGER, TIGER

BASEBALL is well into its wingless, or black-tie, dormant phase, and the only sound from within the cocoon is the customary late-autumn murmuration of rumors and awards, plus a steady low whine of complaint about the season just past. Not a good year, I keep hearing. Not much of a World Series, was it? And what in God's name happened to those Padre starting pitchers? Oh, if only the Cubs had won their playoffs—what a Series *that* would have been! And, listen, why couldn't we have a decent pennant race somewhere, for a change, with maybe the Dodgers and somebody fighting it out on the last weekend, the way they always used to, and could you *believe* that American League West, with the Twins and all those losers still in it there at the end? I mean, it was great, in a way, but what the hell happened to the White Sox, and what happened to the Orioles and the Phillies—and what *did* happen to the Dodgers, do you think? And, sure, it was great the way the Tigers ran away from everybody back in the spring—nothing like it, out of sight—but even when the Red Sox and the Yankees, with those nobodies, got so good there in the second half it was never really close, you know, and, sure, there were the Mets, but even when they were so hot there in July I never exactly believed they'd do it—not me, not with those kids and that lineup—but that Gooden's *unreal*, you know, and, sure, if you look at the Tigers you have to say they're great, they can kill you on the bases and the other way, too, with that batting order, and I'm happy for Sparky, because he's an old name, like I was even happy for Reggie when he finally did it, you know what I mean, and—oh, yes, Dave Kingman! I mean, *Dave Kingman!* But why couldn't the Cubs've won that last game out there in San Diego, for God's sake, with Sutcliffe going, and all, and that way we'd've had Wrigley Field again, and some terrific games in the wind there, and something to talk about when it was over, you know?

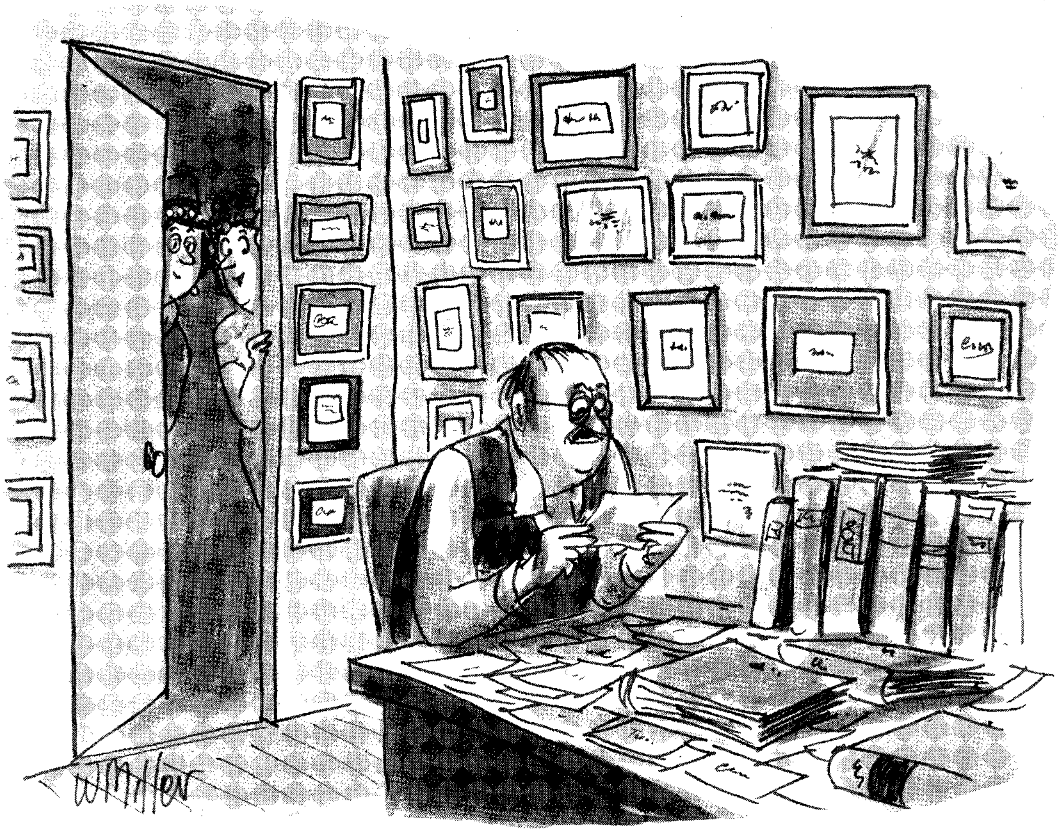
Only full-bore fans will recognize every note of these stridulations—it is mostly their voice we are hearing—and a brief refresher gloss may be helpful. The Detroit Tigers won the recent World Series, of course, knocking off the San Diego Padres in five games, one over par for the distance; several Tiger luminaries distinguished themselves during the classic, which we will return to in due course, while the Padres, in departing, left some bloody footprints across the record books. Their four starting pitchers in the five games survived for a total of ten and one-third innings, during which span they gave up sixteen runs, twenty-five hits, and eight walks, good for an earned-run average of 13.94; in the unmemorable third game, the Padre pitchers walked the ballpark, handing out eleven bases on balls. The Tigers, by the way, scored almost instantly in each of the games, bringing the initial runs home in either the first or the second inning, thereby providing a dazzling paradigmatic reminder of their regular season, in which they won thirty-five of their first forty games (they were 9–0, 16–1, and 26–4 along the way), for the fastest start in baseball history. Only six other teams have ever led their leagues or divisions wire-to-wire, the most recent of which was the lordly Yankee club of 1927. Jack Morris, the Tigers' right-handed ace, set the tone for their year when he threw a no-hitter against the White Sox in his second start, but Detroit's bolt from the blocks was a true team effort; nine different Tiger pitchers came up winners in the first fifteen games. The team, moreover, did not simply cruise home after its opening burst, as other clubs (the 1977 Dodgers and the 1981 Oakland A's, for instance) had been known to do, but actually increased its lead over the second-place Toronto Blue Jays from seven games at the midseason All-Star Game break to fifteen games at the close (the champions wound up at 104–58), which is a much better indication of their pride and deep talent, given the quality of the opposition



"*Very* Republican. I love it."

in that extremely difficult division.

Three of the four divisions, in fact, sorted out their eventual winners by the first week in August, a full two months too soon, while the fourth, the American League West (the "Mild West," it was sometimes called, or the "American League Worst"), produced a pennant winner of sorts in the final week, when the Kansas City Royals fell fainting across the finish line, with the only above-.500 record in their sector. The Padres, in the National League West, profited from a similar fatuousness in their opponents, since their nearest pursuers, the Braves and the Astros, wound up in a tie, twelve games back and two below the waterline. The Cubs, who overtook the surprising Mets at the beginning of August and whomped them regularly thereafter (they won eight of the nine games against New York at Wrigley Field), were easily the most popular winners of the year, thanks to their antiquity (Tinker to Evers to Ernie Banks et al.); their charming vine-covered and sunlit (there are no lights, no night games) neighborhood ballpark; their long and frightful predisposition to defeat (they led and lost a World Series in 1945 and horribly blew a sure pennant in 1969); and their mighty electronic audience, which tunes in the Cubbies by television in forty-nine states and five foreign countries, via cable station WGN. Suddenly, even the most casual, late-summer sports bystanders perked up at the possibility of a sonorous and perhaps epochal World Series between two famous clubs—the Cubs and the Tigers—played on grass in venerable city enclosures where teams and heroes were playing baseball when each of us, no matter what our age, first became aware of the game. The Tigers took care of their part of the date by brushing aside the Royals in three quick meetings in the American League championship series, but the Cubs, after administering a pair of quick, wonderfully appreciated drubbings to the Padres at Wrigley Field, went west to finish the job and there fell into a well, or a hot tub, losing by 7–1, 7–5 (an extraordinary game, an all-timer), and 6–3, after leading in each game. *Eheu*, as Mike Royko did not write, *fugaces*.

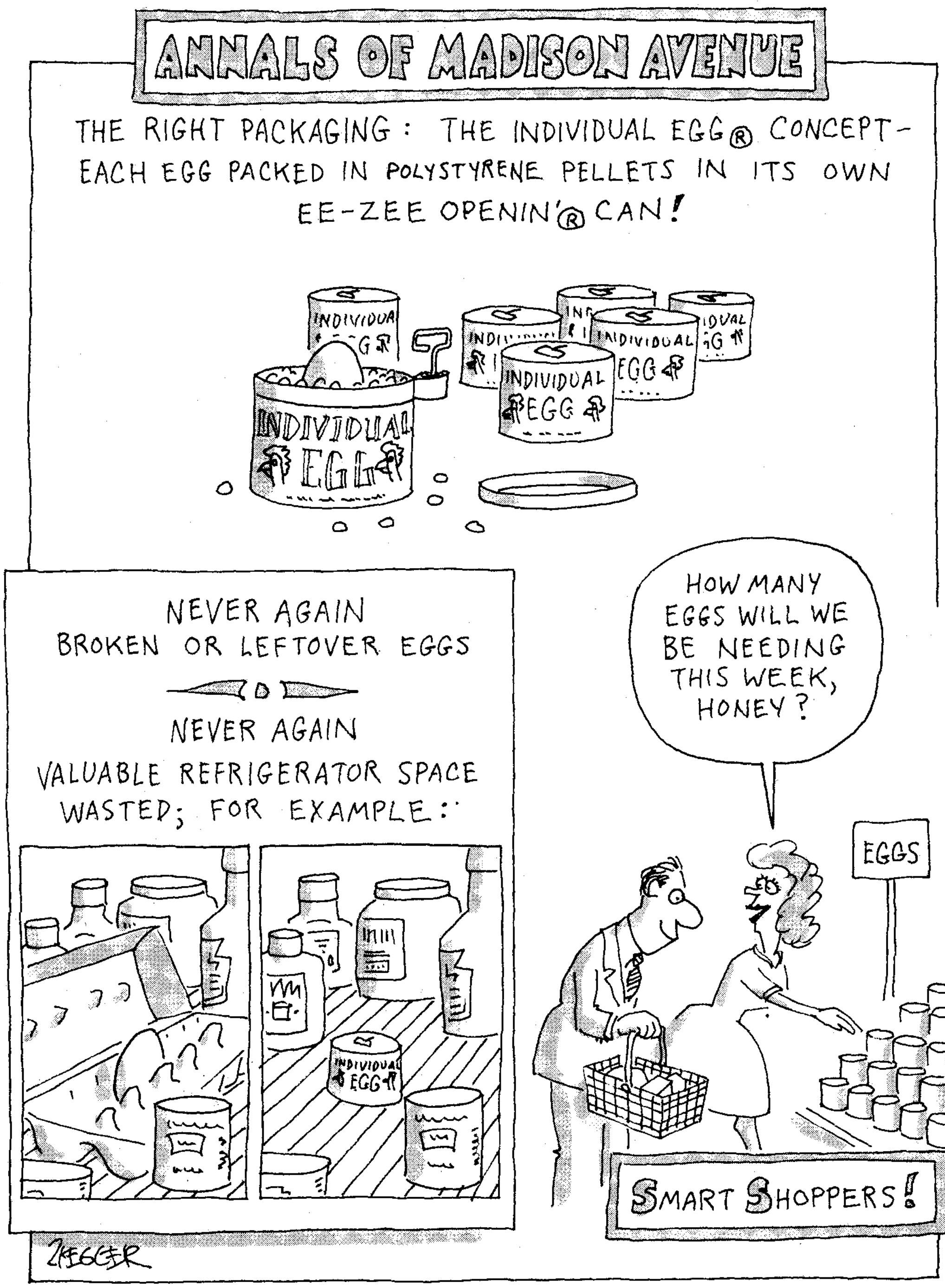


"His birthday is coming up.
I'm going to try to get him Donald Trump's autograph."

• •

The sense of unsatisfaction, of diminished expectation and lowered reward, that attached itself to the latter stages of the 1984 season may not be wholly attributable to the one-sided World Series or to the sad and shocking expunging of the Cubs. I think we should remind ourselves that not one of the four teams involved in the league playoffs this year was a finalist in the 1983 playoffs, in which the Phillies defeated the Dodgers, and the Orioles (who went on to win the World Series) eliminated the White Sox, and that not one of *those* four teams had won its division the previous year, 1982, when we saw the Cardinals and the Braves in one playoff and the Brewers and the Angels in the other, with the Cardinals overcoming the Brewers in a seven-game Series. Team inconsistency, a lack of continuity and pattern, has become a pattern all its own in recent years. In the past six full seasons—1979 through 1984—eight different American League clubs have filled the twelve playoff slots, with the Royals, the Orioles, the Angels, and the Yankees making two appearances each; while ten different National League clubs have qualified for post-season play, with only the Phillies and the Dodgers repeating. In all, eighteen of the twenty-six clubs that make up the major leagues have appeared in post-season play in the past six Octobers, and ten different teams have played in the World Series; none has repeated as World Champions.

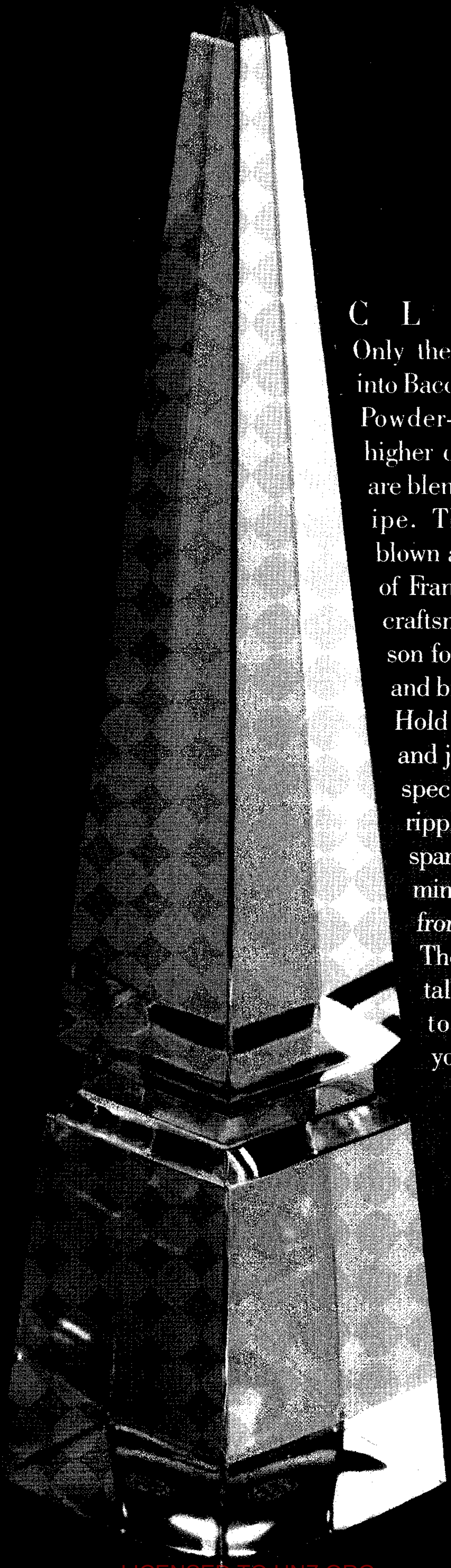
Some of the reasons for this instability are broadly understood, since they arise, in one form or another, from the central alterations to the game brought about by free agency and salary arbitration: enormous payrolls (averaging in the neighborhood of eight million dollars per club) and the consequent shifting, by trades or by loss to the free-agent market, of older, more expensive players from one club to another, with a resultant smudging of team identity from one season to the


ANNALS OF MADISON AVENUE
THE RIGHT PACKAGING: THE INDIVIDUAL EGG® CONCEPT— EACH EGG PACKED IN POLYSTYRENE PELLETS IN ITS OWN EE-ZEE OPENIN'® CAN!
INDIVIDUAL EGG
NEVER AGAIN BROKEN OR LEFTOVER EGGS
NEVER AGAIN VALUABLE REFRIGERATOR SPACE WASTED; FOR EXAMPLE:
HOW MANY EGGS WILL WE BE NEEDING THIS WEEK, HONEY?
EGGS
SMART SHOPPERS!
ZIEGLER

next. I don't propose to examine this phenomenon in depth here, since the responses to high salaries and limited-year contracts would require us to explore a very wide range of club philosophies, resources, needs, and plans. To illustrate just a bit, though, a team with a limited audience and small immediate prospects (the Indians, let's say) will often try to trade off a star player near the end of his contract, since it may be unwilling to offer him big enough fresh sums to keep him out of the free-agent market; in return, it will look for some first-class rookie prospects from the other club involved in the trade, thus saving itself the long-range cost of maintaining a full-scale scouting and farm system. Another team (try the Padres or the Angels) will habitually seek to pick up established older players, at whatever price, to fill precise needs in a roster that seems close to becoming a genuine pennant contender. Elsewhere, a change of ownership can inspire a depressed, fiscally cautious club (yes, the Cubs) to plunge headlong into the trading place with fistfuls of dollars and players, while, for its part, a wealthy, conservative franchise with a high record of success may begin to unload some famous but aging regulars in order to make room for shining rookies whom its field personnel now consider to be ready for daily play: the Phillies and the Dodgers both recently embarked on such a course, with unhappy results so far.

A glance through the lineups of some of this year's divisional winners offers useful lessons and variations on these themes. First baseman Steve Garvey, who is thirty-five, joined the Padres two years ago as a free agent at $1.3 million per year, and third baseman Graig Nettles and the famous short reliever Goose Gossage (they are forty and thirty-three years old, respectively) came over in a trade with the Yankees last spring, adding some $2.7 million per year to the San Diego payroll. The 1984 Cubs are virtually a short-order team, grabbed up over the past two years, mostly via the trade route, by their vigorous general manager, Dallas Green, who has put twenty-two new players in place on the club since his arrival in 1981, the year that the team was bought by the Chicago *Tribune's* parent corporation. Six of Green's regulars, including the entire starting outfield, played for him on his former club, the Phillies. Three fixtures in his 1984 lineup—third baseman Ron Cey, shortstop Larry Bowa, and left fielder Gary Matthews—are in their mid-thirties, and achieved their high reputations and high salaries (they all earn a base pay in excess of six hundred thousand dollars per year, with considerable increments in the form of bonuses and deferred payments) while playing for other clubs that have appeared in the fall championships within the last four years—Cey with the Dodgers, Bowa and Matthews on the Phillies. Dallas Green's most brilliant acquisition for the Cubs has been their youthful second baseman, Ryne Sandberg, this year's Most Valuable Player in the National League, who was virtually a throw-in in a trade of shortstops that brought Bowa from Philadelphia in

IT TAKES TIME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT TOOK TIME TO CREATE



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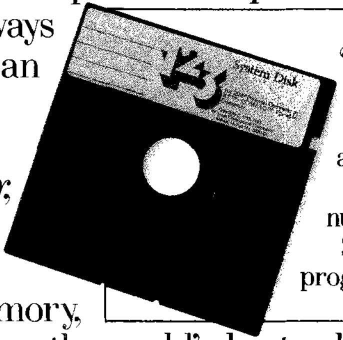

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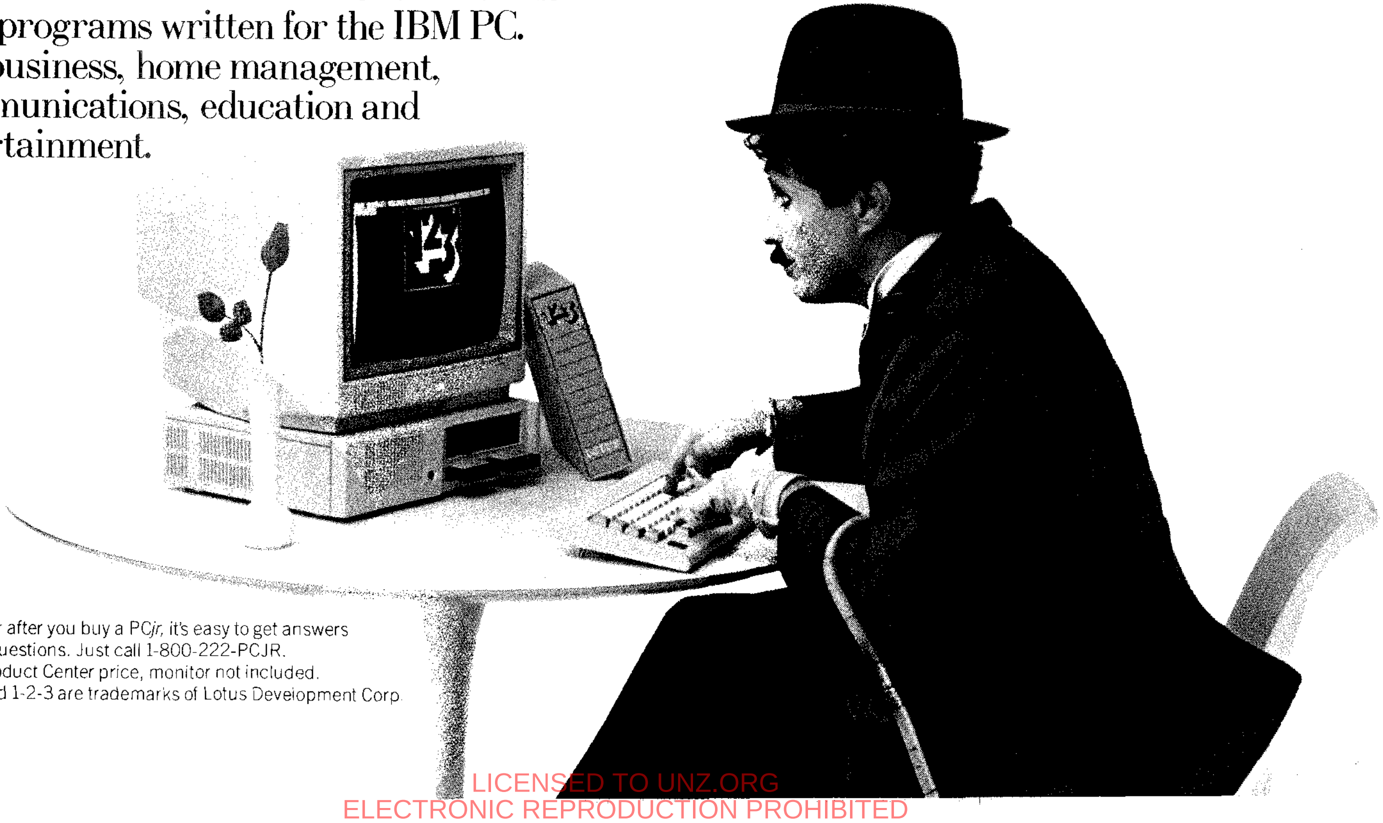

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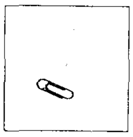
1982, but the deal that won the division was the Cubs' acquisition of pitcher Rick Sutcliffe, who came over from the Indians on June 13th in a multi-player swap; he won sixteen of seventeen decisions for Chicago over the remainder of the summer, and captured the Cy Young Award as the league's best pitcher. An established, dominant right-handed starter, Sutcliffe was playing out the final months of a contract that released him as a free agent a couple of weeks ago, and at this writing it is not at all certain that the Cubs will decide to bid against the eight clubs that have obtained negotiating rights to him and are expected to drive his salary up to or over the one-and-a-half-million-dollar level. He may even sign with the Padres. The Cubs' No. 2 starter, Steve Trout, is also a free agent, and so are Dennis Eckersley and reliever Tim Stoddard—which suggests that the Chicago pitching staff may have a very different look and capability come Opening Day next spring. And so it goes. The newly crowned Tigers are a stable, mostly homegrown team, as such matters are measured nowadays, but *their* key addition in 1984 was the left-handed short reliever Willie Hernandez, who was successful in thirty-two out of the thirty-three late-inning game-saving situations in which he worked for Detroit, and thereby emerged at the top of the balloting for both the Cy Young and the M.V.P. awards in the American League. Hernandez is not a free agent, but the rules permit him to renegotiate his contract, and he may demand to go elsewhere unless the club meets his considerable expectations, which are said to be on the order of a million dollars per year for the next four years. Last season, Hernandez pitched for the Phillies; the year before that, he was with the Cubs.

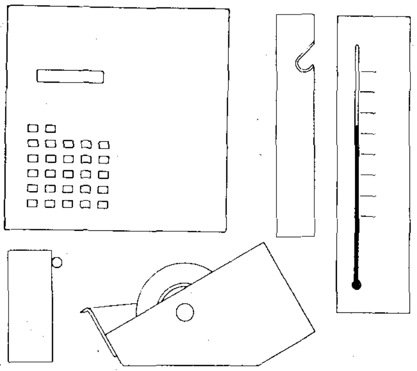
I should add that there are some front-office people and managers and coaches (and baseball writers, too) who see a different cause for the pattern of vapid play by contemporary pennant-winning clubs in the years just subsequent to their championships. Last year's World Series contestants—the Orioles and the Phillies—finished nineteen games and fifteen and a half games, respectively, behind their divisional leaders this year; the 1982 pennant winners—the Cardinals and the Brewers—wound up twelve and a half and thirty-six and a half games to the bad this year. The baseball thinkers I have mentioned find all this attributable much less to the shifting of personnel from one club to another than to a smugness and a waning of desire among players who have been very highly rewarded at the pay windows as a result of their October triumphs. The notion is certainly arguable, and if I resist it to some degree it is because it is so often put forward by some of the arch-conservatives of the game, including the Tigers' manager, Sparky Anderson. I will follow Sparky all the way, however, when he says (as he did in the Tiger dugout before the third Series game this year) that what the sport now badly wants is a consistent winner—a dynasty, if you will. "It's fine for the fans in all those different cities to have a different team in the playoffs each year," he said, "but you also need one *particular* team in there that half the people in the country love and half of them hate: the Yankees, the great Oakland club back in the seventies, the Cincinnati team we had"—Anderson managed the Big Red Machine that appeared in five playoffs and four World Series between 1970 and 1976—"which used to break all those attendance records wherever we played. There should be a club like that in the World Series about half the time. What baseball needs right now is a Muhammad Ali."

Anderson delivered all this in cheerfully matter-of-fact tones (he also insisted he did not blame the players for taking the loot that has been coming their way), and I wish I could persuade some of my friends who are part-time baseball followers to adopt a similarly calm and unpetulant view of money and trades and baseball as a business. It's my impression that it is the late-summer soldiers—the fans who don't pay much attention until the campaigns slip into mid-September, and "magic numbers" and M.V.P. talk begin to turn up in the sports pages—who are most upset by the ironies and realities of contemporary baseball. They are probably the ones who most want an imperial and dynastic old club in the Series every October, for that will add a morality-play savor to their tube-watching for a couple of weeks, and will also seem to confirm that nothing much has changed in the old game, which is a lie. For my part, I will happily welcome a defending champion in the October games when one turns up, but I don't think that a brusque, rather slovenly World Series or three flattish pennant races are much cause for gloom. One should not go thirsty at dinner for want of a Château Margaux, and the happier fans, I think, are the ones who find time actually to go to games every so often throughout the season. This summer, I kept leaving baseball and then coming back to it—dropping in on the game, so to speak—and I had as much fun, from first to last, as I ever did. The sport didn't seem particularly Homeric this year—no epochal, clanging swordplay in the dust under ancient walls—but more resembled a collage, a ragbag, or perhaps a meadow: bits and swatches jumbled together for our pleasure, and color everywhere.

THE closest meadow for me was Shea Stadium, of course, and I dropped in on the Mets again and again—not just for those enormous games with the Cubs in midseason but earlier, when the team's repeated successes were still so new and refreshing that a sudden Mets rally to retake the lead or a dandy double play that began with still another elegant move or unlikely stop by Keith Hernandez from deep behind first base would be greeted not only by roars and cheers and applause but by great bursts of delighted laughter all around the stands. Following the Mets back then was like watching a child of yours suddenly being good in a school play or a junior tennis tournament: you didn't know he had it in him. I was at Shea in the middle of June when the Metsies beat the Phillies and slipped past them into first place in the National League East—a ridiculous, obstreperous game in which the Mets led by 6–1, then trailed by 7–6 (the clubs took turns batting around, and there were thirty hits for the afternoon), and finally prevailed by 10–7. I was back again the next night, when the young Dwight Gooden struck out eleven Montreal batters but lost by 2–1 to the young Bill Gullickson; and I was there (along with fifty-one thousand and nine others) to celebrate the Glorious Fourth with fireworks and maybe first place again, huzzah!—except that the visiting Astros put a damper on the party by bonking out seven hits (bloops and nubbers, for the most part), good for five runs, in the very first inning, and took it by 10–5. A couple of nights later, the Mets swept a doubleheader from the Reds, with Ron Darling knocking off his seventh straight win with a 1–0 shutout in the opener (he had a most disappointing second half of the season, mostly because the club scored so few runs behind him, and wound up at 12–9 for the year), and the next night it was Gooden again and first place regained, in a great gala, as the Mets hitters dealt most severely with the formidable Mario Soto, battering him for eight runs in four innings, with homers by Mookie Wilson and Darryl Strawberry, and with the firecrackers going off in the upper deck again, and the non-stop cheering, and the banner wavers and sign carriers at work, just like the grand old days of 1969 and 1973. In the stands, the new Gooden strikeout tabulators kept busy, hanging up their big red-on-white "K" placards, one after another, on the front-row railing of the top left-field deck, and I noticed that the custom had spread around the park, with folks waving "K"s scrawled on newspapers and paper napkins and scorecards. I spotted a kid, down a couple of rows from me in the stands, who would write a "K" in ballpoint on one of his fingertips whenever Dwight struck out another batter, and then waggle his hands in the air for us to see. Then, out on the right-field side, two men put up a huge black "K" done on cardboard—as big as a garage siding, by the look of it—and held it swayingly aloft. As it happened, this wasn't a particularly brilliant outing for Dwight, and he was allowed to sit down after the sixth, by which point he was ahead by 12–2 in the game, with eight "K"s up on the rails. It turned out to be Mookie Wilson's night—four hits and four R.B.I.s, with that homer and a stolen base thrown in—and he got the best sign, too: a couple of kids strolling the lower-deck main aisle and holding up "PARTY AT MOOKIE'S!"

The Mets' season, as we know, did not end quite so happily, but Dwight Gooden never stopped. He wound up the year at 17–9 (third best in the league), with an earned-run average of 2.60 (second best), and two hundred and seventy-six strikeouts—the most in baseball this year and the most by a rookie pitcher ever. He pitched two innings in the All-Star Game (he struck out the side in the first one), and finished his season in awesome fashion, winning eight of his last nine decisions and posting a 1.07 earned-run average for that span, with a one-hitter and two sixteen-strikeout games along the way. The most frequent baseball question I hear is "Is he *really* that good?" Yes, he is. Most major-league scouts and managers I have consulted state without hesitation that Gooden is the best young pitcher they have ever seen at a comparable stage—better than Tom Seaver, better than Bob Gibson, better than Herb Score, better than Bob Feller. He is the most vivid first-year hurler *I* can bring to mind since Vida Blue set the American League afire with his twenty-four victories and 1.82 earned-run mark for the Oakland A's, back in 1971, but Blue was twenty-two years





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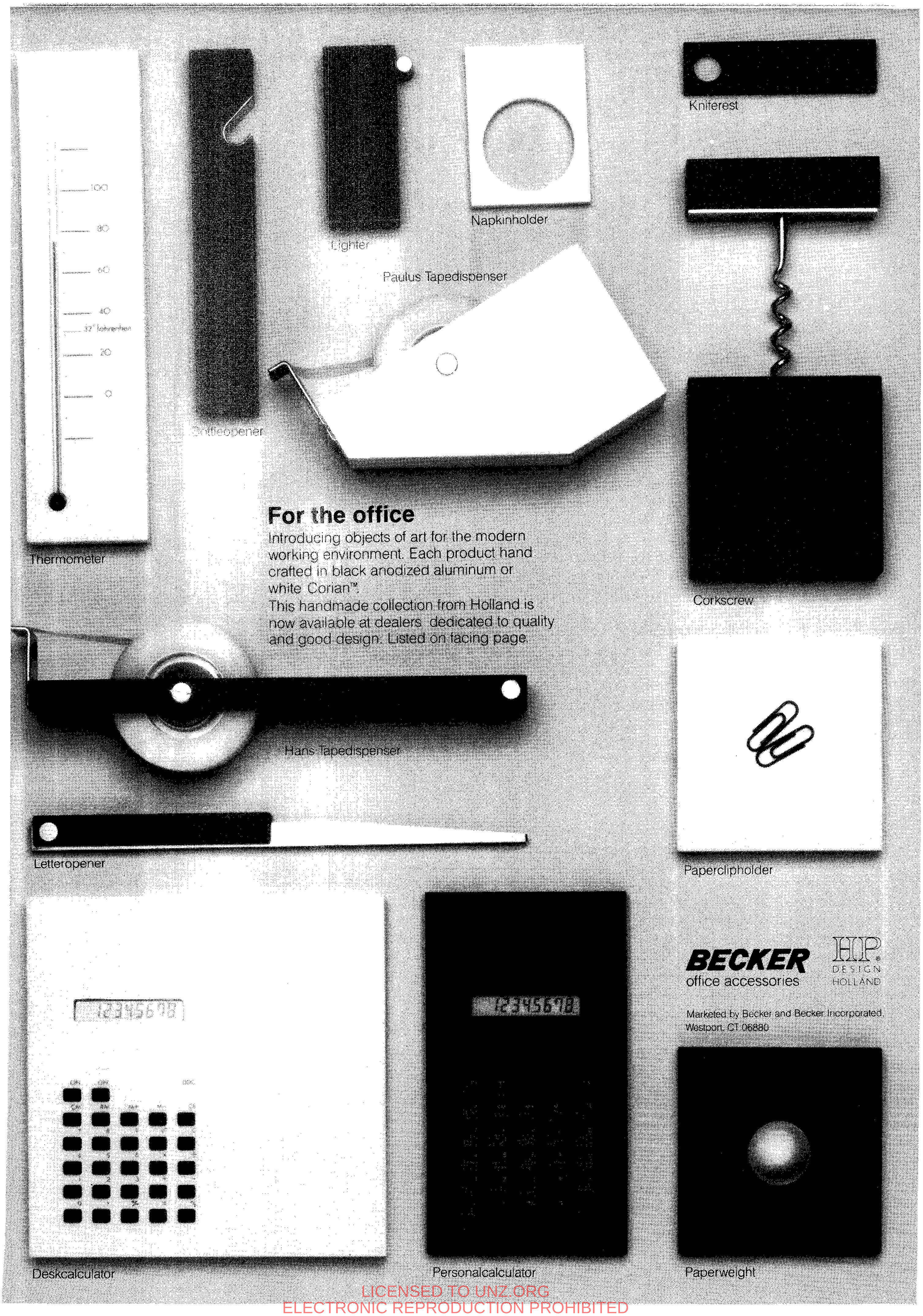
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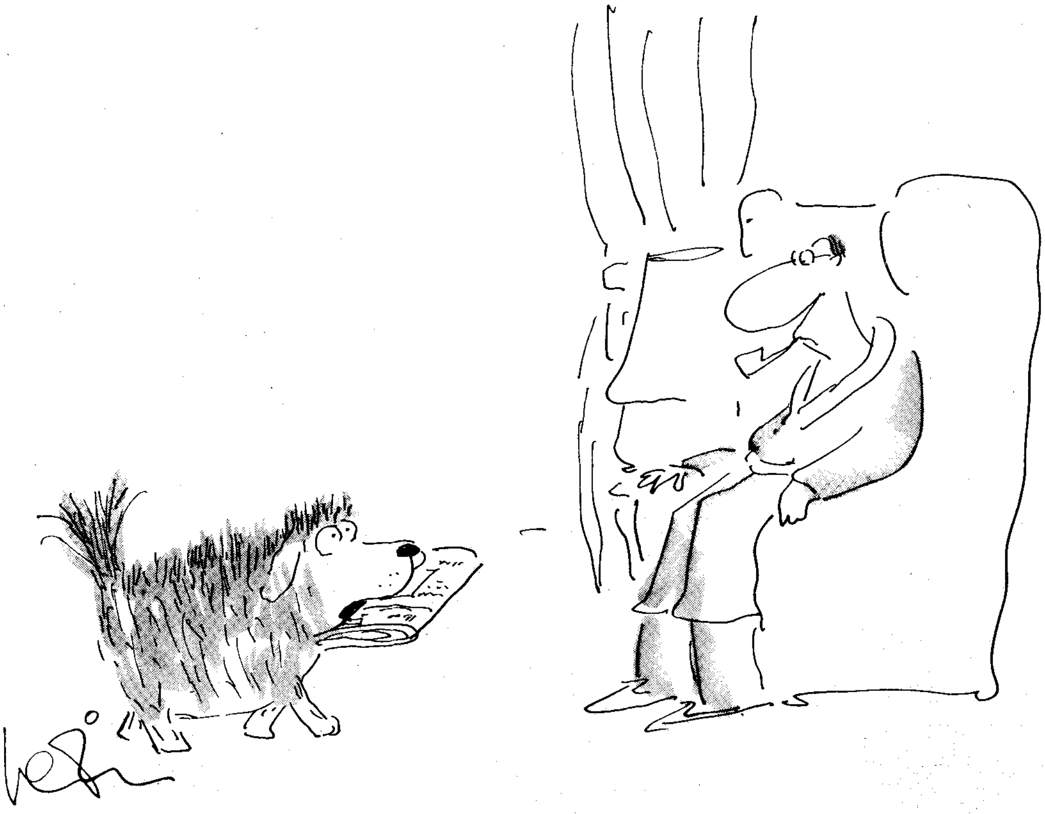
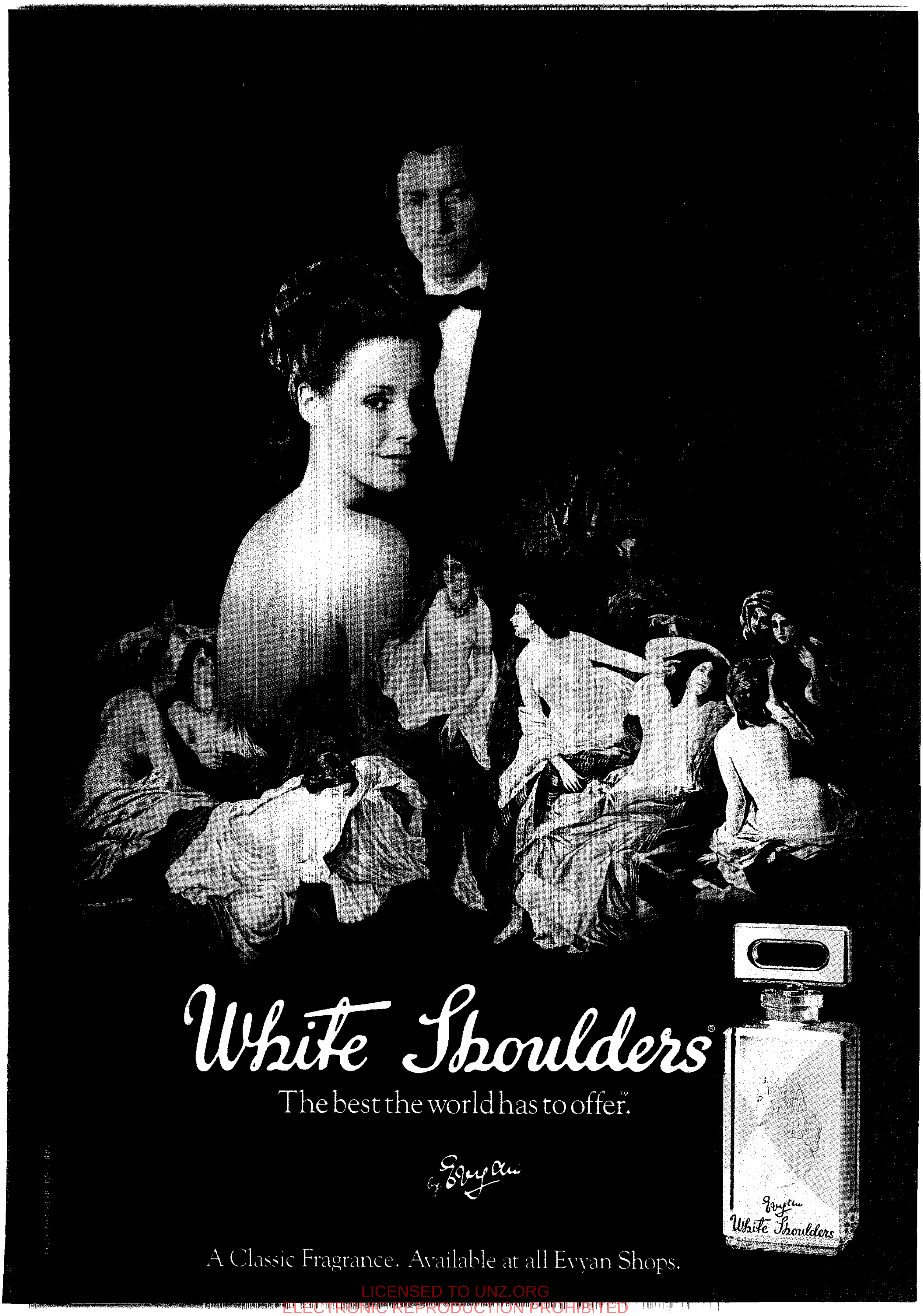


old (and technically past his rookie status) and, as I recall, did not quite have the command of his pitches that Gooden has. The Gooden fastball is the genuine article, regularly up in the 92-to-96-m.p.h. range, and delivered with a tight spin that makes the ball look smaller and quicker as it bites through the strike zone; his curve breaks late and sharply downward; and he has a first-class changeup, which he can also deliver for strikes, to the deep discouragement of the hitters. I remember a 2–0 shutout he pitched against the Dodgers in Los Angeles early in May (I was watching on television), which he concluded by fanning the side in the ninth, with a changeup in there that Pedro Guerrero swung at and missed by— Well, he would have missed it with a canoe paddle. I almost prefer watching Gooden over the tube, for the replay camera gives a longer view of his remarkable physiognomy and delivery. He is six feet three and about two hundred pounds, with amazingly long legs, arms, hands, and fingers. His motion begins with an exaggerated leg-lift, which brings his knee up higher than his front-side elbow, but everything about the launching is nonetheless balanced, smooth, unforced, and pleasing. It requires some concentration before you begin to pick up his gargantuan opening stride on the mound and the abrupt downward tilt of the left shoulder which inaugurates the mostly over-the-top (about NNW, I make it) delivery, and also pulls his whole body swoopingly to his left just as the ball is released.

For all these elegant kinesthetics, I think I most admire Gooden's thoughtful and untroubled attitude while he is working—the absence of gesture or mannerism on the mound (now and then he flicks the sweat from his face with a downward swipe of his right palm), and his ability to adjust and improve his performance on a given day as the game progresses. Often this past summer, I saw him struggle and sometimes begin to overthrow in the middle innings of a tough game, and I would nod wisely to myself and think, Well, not much longer for you this time, kid, only to watch him recapture his poise and rhythm within a batter or two and resume the little string of "K"s on my scorecard. His notable weakness so far is his inability to hold runners on first (forty-seven out of forty-nine would-be base stealers were successful against him), but the Met coaches are convinced that a slight tinkering with his delivery in the Instructional League during the off-season will clear up the problem. Davey Johnson, the Mets manager, spoke often and warmly about the youngster's maturity and his continuing eagerness to learn as the season went along. Gooden is reserved and quiet in the clubhouse, and a bit shy with reporters and TV crews, and there is no suggestion that further fame and a great deal more money down the line will much alter him. He is in the habit of calling his father, down home in Tampa, after each game he has pitched. He is nineteen years old, and this was his second full season in professional ball. He will be better next year.

Another manager—Jim Frey, of the Cubs—was being asked about Gooden one July afternoon in the dugout at Shea, after Gooden had shut down his club by 2–1, on four hits, the previous evening. Frey, who was a coach with the Mets last season, was complimentary about the phenom, but when most of the reporters had gone away he sighed and spat and murmured, "If there's one thing I get tired of, it's all these questions about Dwight Gooden's poise. Anybody who can throw the ball across the plate at ninety-five miles an hour up *here* and then comes back with a breaking ball that drops a foot and still comes over down *there* for a strike—why, damn, that man doesn't need *poise!* But if you ask me about a pitcher who's just been taken to the back of the bullpen twice in the same inning, then I'll show you a man who needs *poise!*"

WHAT is wanted just here is a visiting associate professor of sociology, or perhaps a behavioral psychologist, to enlighten us about two aberrant phenomena of the summer of 1984—fights and the Wave. I don't have a clue. I first saw the Wave—clots of fans rising quickly in unison, section by section around the park, as they hoist their arms and yell—three years ago, out at Oakland Coliseum, where the maneuver was organized and orchestrated by a hired cheerleader called Krazy George. It was fine with me—a distinguishing local extroversion along the lines of the Orioles' human-letter cheer. Since then, I have been told that the custom had previously turned up in baseball at Seattle's Kingdome, and that the Mariner fans probably first saw the thing among football crowds rooting for the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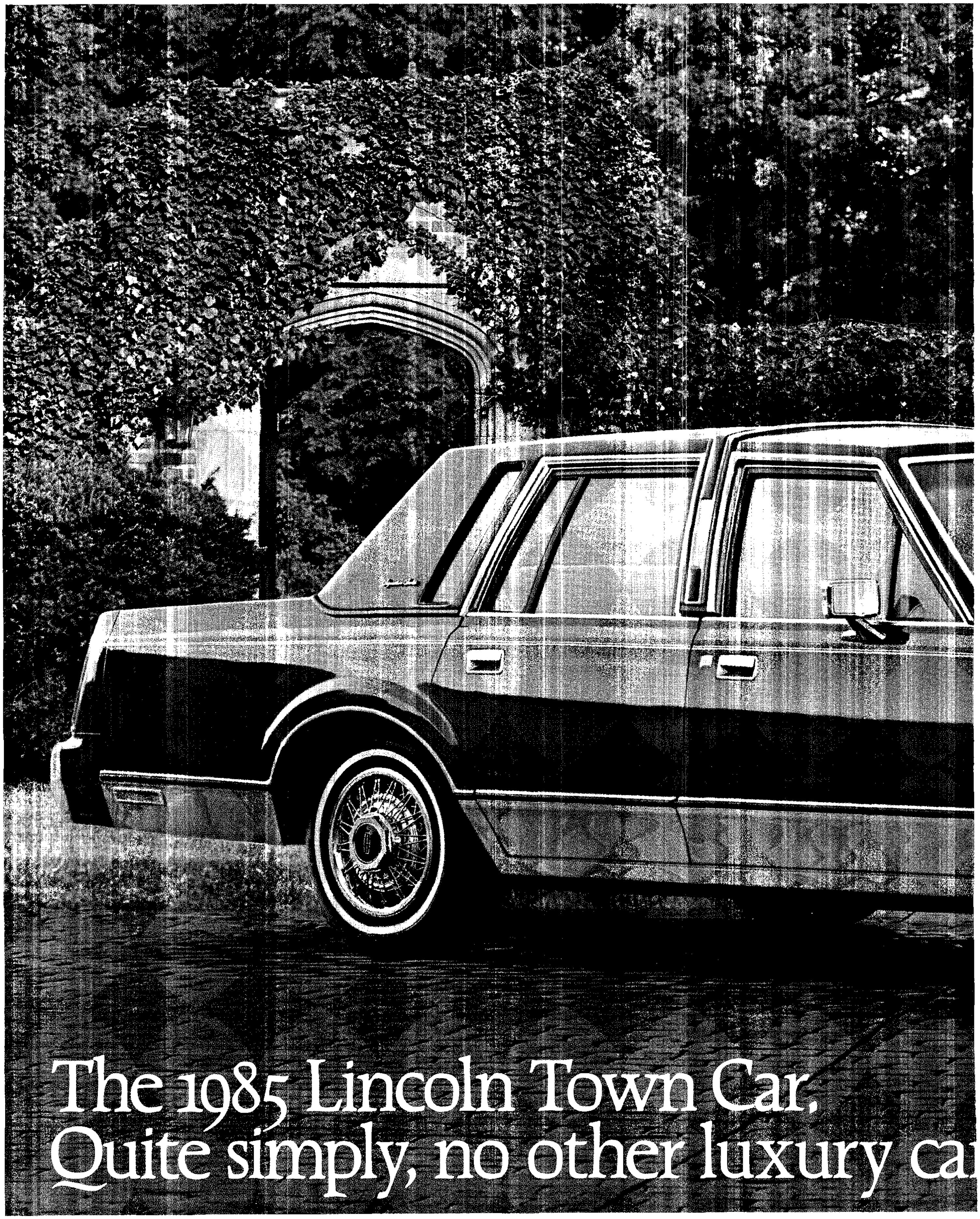

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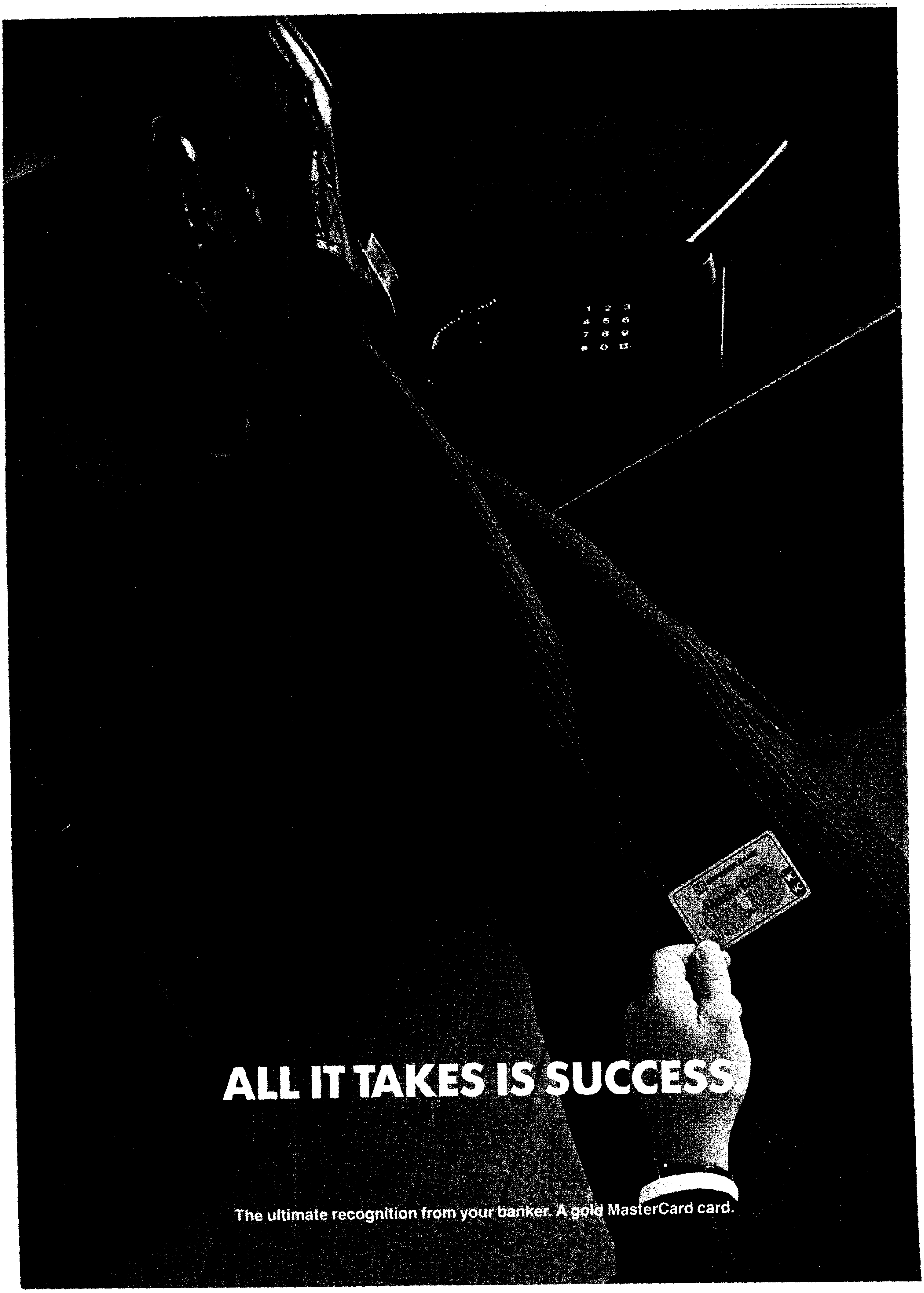
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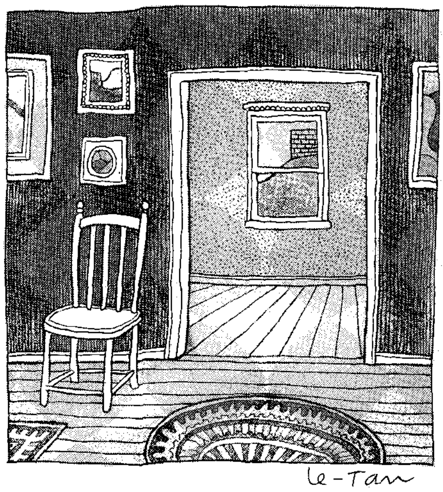
University of Washington's Huskies. How to give it back to football now is the more interesting question. For me, watching the Wave elicits much the same responses that a day at the beach does: initial euphoria, followed very quickly by mild pleasure, torpor, ennui, and sometimes inner gloom. The vision of the very first Wave is often delightful, but its successive, inexorably onrolling fellows—some larger and louder, some ill-formed and dying, some smooth and fully packed, some crashing, some plashing—do not vary sufficiently to separate themselves in memory; and in time, whether at Fenway or Gilgo or Big Sur or the Vet, one badly wants an "off" button. Children, I realize, are mad about the Wave, and ballparks are always best when they are stuffed with kids. I am a grumpy old fan, however, and for me the thing is more often a distraction from the game. It seems fine and fun during a great rallying home turn at bat, or when a visiting pitcher is having frightful troubles with his control, but there are more acute parts of games when one needs to watch undisturbed and to listen to the inner sounds of the pastime.

As it happened, I didn't see a major fight on the field this year, or many brushbacks or knockdown pitches of the kind that eventually empty the benches, but it was a testy, bad-tempered sort of season nevertheless—by mid-September, the National League counted twenty-six official warnings to pitchers and/or brawls, which was up by one-third from the total of the previous summer. News shows and editorials have gravely taken up the "beanball epidemic," which they seem to view as a true threat to the pastime, but I am less alarmed. For one thing, "beanball" is a misnomer: no, or very few, big-league pitchers aim for a batter's head (it is too dangerous to a fellow-professional, or, conversely, the head is too small a target if malice is actually intended). For another, the war between the pitcher and the batter for control of the plate (more precisely, for the outside three or four inches of the plate) is the true center of the game, and the pitcher's best weapon in that unending contest is a whistling fastball up and in, close to the body or under the chin, that will make the batsman give ground—in his mind or in the batter's box—when the next pitch arrives. "Show me a pitcher who can't pitch inside and I'll show you a loser," the sweet-mannered Sandy Koufax once said. Sometimes, given a certain pitcher and batter at a certain moment in the long, nerve-abrading season, the pitch is to the ribs or the knees, and the batter goes down. Retaliation is then in order, although the rules forbid it and umpires now have the power, as they did not up until seven years ago, to issue warnings to one side or both and to eject a pitcher or a manager for an ensuing provocation. Even this form of peacekeeping is not wholly endorsed by some classicists of the sport, who also dislike the American League's designated-hitter rule, because it exempts the pitcher from ever coming to bat, and thus makes him unavailable for direct retribution if he has plunked somebody. Don Drysdale, the dominating, Hall of Fame Dodger right-hander, believes that the d.h. and the umpires' new pitcher-banishment power have actually increased the chances of some batter's being seriously injured. He points out that more batters are digging in at the plate and that they are much more aggressive in attacking the outer sector of the plate —"diving at the ball," in the current phrase. Because they have forgotten about bailing out, he says, they are forever at risk against an inside fastball that gets away from the pitcher. Someone's going to get hurt.

The matter is usually less grave on the field, as the great Atlanta brawl of August 12th seems to illustrate. This Thermopylae began briskly when the Braves' Pascual Perez drilled the visiting Padres' lead-off hitter, Alan Wiggins, with the very first pitch of the game, and it extended itself lengthily, with many skirmishings and rasslings along the way—mostly because it took three San Diego pitchers four Perez at-bats to nail him in return, in the eighth. Then there was a counter-*counter* essay of honor in the ninth, when a Braves reliever, Donnie Moore, nicked the Padre third baseman, Graig Nettles, which again emptied the dugouts. By the time the firefight was over, sixteen team members, including both managers, had been officially excused for the day, and league president Chub Feeney eventually parcelled out eighteen fines and suspensions, including a ten-thousand-dollar fine and a ten-day suspension for Padre manager Dick Williams.



Stern stuff, but once again I sense a decline in the quality of hostilities in comparison with some earlier eras of the game—at the very least, a decline in the language of hard feelings. After the Atlanta fracas, Atlanta manager Joe Torre said that Dick Williams was "Hitler-like," and Williams, in riposte, referred to Torre as "Benito." A couple of weeks later, during an A's–White Sox game at Oakland, Dave Kingman was nailed by a pitch, with a brief ensuing flareup, apparently because somebody in the home dugout had called the White Sox pitcher a "jerk," and Chicago manager Tony LaRussa, swinging from the heels, retaliated by describing the A's as "pimps." Or consider, please, the horrid outbreak of rudeness between the Minnesota Twins and the California Angels, in which there were taunting references made to Angel catcher Bob Boone's celebrated wine collection, and Twins manager Billy Gardner stated flatly that there was enough cork in the bat of Angel third baseman Doug DeCinces to make a fishing bob. It's enough to make one long for the bad old days. The late Ray Scarborough, a redoubtable right-handed pitcher with the Senators and several other A.L. clubs in the nineteen-forties and fifties, once told me that when he was toiling for the Tigers against the Red Sox one afternoon his manager, Fred Hutchinson, was baited from the field by the flamboyant and somewhat unreliable Jimmy Piersall, then a Bosox outfielder. As it happened, Piersall was due to lead off the next half inning at bat, and when the sides changed and Scarborough started out of the dugout to take the field he muttered "I know, I know" to his skipper. Hutchinson, a famously dour and direct competitor, beckoned him back. "What you don't know," he said, "is that it will cost you a hundred if you don't hit him." This was a first, as far as Scarborough knew, but he went manfully at the job, only to find himself quickly behind in the count, by 3–0, when Piersall proved wonderfully quick and rabbitlike under fire. "I sure couldn't afford to walk him," Ray said to me, "so I bore down on the next two pitches, which were called strikes. Then I threw the next pitch behind his back, and Jimmy guessed wrong." He held up two fingers. "Two broken ribs," he announced.

SOME surprising names made their way onto the dean's list at the end of the term this year, including Tony Gwynn, of the Padres, and Don Mattingly, of the Yankees, who won the league batting titles with averages of .351 and .343, respectively. Mattingly, it will be recalled, pulled it off by rapping out four hits in the Yankees' very last game of the season, thereby nudging his way past his teammate Dave Winfield, who had begun the day two points ahead. There is no right way to hit, of course, and the two Yankees' month-long day-by-day pursuit of the title offered a wonderful contrast in styles—Mattingly always taking a level, thoughtful cut at the ball, with his arms beautifully extended at the point of contact (he bats from the left side, with his head tilted back oddly as he stares out at the pitcher), while Winfield, as always, looked lunging and prodigal up there, with the various parts of his gigantic six-foot-six frame seeming to depart the launching pad separately, starting with the shoulders, but then all somehow coming together again in the midst of his scary swing (sometimes when he misses a pitch he has to take a twisting leap in the air to keep his balance and comes down yards in front of the plate, like a broad jumper landing). To put it another way, I am always as surprised when Winfield bangs out a base hit as I am when Mattingly doesn't.

Tony Armas, of the Red Sox, led the American League with forty-three home runs, while Mike Schmidt, of the Phillies, and Dale Murphy, of the Braves, wound up together at the top of the N.L., with thirty-six homers apiece. (Murphy is in a rut; this was his third straight thirty-six-homer season.) The American League appears to be working up a monopoly in power hitters, with ten of its sluggers driving in a hundred runs or more during the summer, as against three in the National League; eight A.L. hitters weighed in with more than thirty homers, while only Schmidt and Murphy made the grade in the other league. Boston outfielders Armas, Jim Rice, and Dwight Evans each finished with more than a hundred runs batted in—the first time any outfield picket line had turned that trick since the Cubs' Hack Wilson, Kiki Cuyler, and Riggs Stephenson did it in 1929.

A new American League bopper was Dave Kingman, who joined the Oakland A's this spring after the Mets had given up on him because of his sulks and strikeouts (he batted .198 last year, with thirteen homers) and released him. Freed from New York and the New York writers, which he claimed to despise equally, Kingman came through with a ravishing year as a designated hitter: thirty-five home runs and a hundred and eighteen runs batted in. (He was also quite a bargain for the A's, who paid him only the major-league minimum salary of forty thousand dollars, while the Mets continued to mail him the installments due on the rest of his six-hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar unexpired annual contract.) Sky King has always been a famously streaky hitter, but his performance during a nine-game road trip in April must have been his best—a three-homer night in Seattle, two subsequent two-homer games, and eight home runs and nineteen runs batted in, over all. Some of the travelling A's on that trip —second baseman Joe Morgan and coaches Clete Boyer and Billy Williams—have watched a fair assortment of the game's best in action over the past twenty or thirty years, and all three said they'd never seen a hot spell to match it. Most of us probably remember Kingman for some enormous downtowner we once saw him smash, but I think we don't yet realize how many of these there have been over the years and how fast they have come. He has hit three hundred and seventy-seven homers in fourteen seasons—one for each 14.65 times at bat. This is the fourth-best ratio in the history of the game, putting him behind only Babe Ruth, Ralph Kiner, and Harmon Killebrew. He has some firsts as well. In May, he hit a stratospheric, straight-up fly ball that disappeared through a ventilating aperture in the tentlike roof of the Metrodome, in Minneapolis, and never came down: a sky-rule double.

DINE
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Joaquin Andujar, of the Cardinals, and Mike Boddicker, of the Orioles, were the only official twenty-game winners among all the pitchers (Boddicker was 20–11, and Andujar went 20–14, after a 6–16 season a year ago), but Rick Sutcliffe, it should be noted, did even better in his split season (which doesn't count in the record books): 4–5 with the Indians and then 16–1 with the Cubs. One might even claim that Bert Blyleven had the best totals of all—a 19–7 and 2.87 year, compiled while pitching, from start to finish, for the lowly Indians. Mike Witt, of the Angels, belongs on this honor roll as well, for the perfect game—no hits, nobody on base at all —that he threw against the Rangers on the very last day of the season. Dan Quisenberry had forty-four saves for the Royals, and Bruce Sutter forty-five (a new National League record) for the Cards: no surprise *there*, at least. The Pirates led the National League in team pitching and somehow also finished last in their division, while the Manager's Averted Eyes Award (given here for the very first time) went to Juan Samuel, the rookie second baseman with the Phillies, who had fifteen homers, nineteen triples, and seventy-two stolen bases (a major-league rookie record), but also struck out a hundred and sixty-eight times and committed thirty-three errors.

There has rarely been a better vintage of rookies and baseball Yuppies, with a minimal rundown requiring mention of the Mariners' Alvin Davis (twenty-seven homers, a hundred and sixteen R.B.I.s); center fielder Kirby Puckett, of the

Twins; shortstops Jackie Gutierrez and Bobby Meacham (Red Sox and Yankees); second baseman Marty Barrett (also of the Bosox); and outfielders Dan Gladden (Giants) and Jeff Stone (Phillies), who batted .351 and .362, respectively, in less than full seasons. The new pitchers were almost better: the aforementioned Messrs. Gooden and Darling, of the Mets; Mark Langston, of the Mariners (17–10, with two hundred and four strikeouts); Roger Clemens, of the Red Sox; Orel Hershiser, of the Dodgers; and Bret Saberhagen and Mark Gubicza, of the Royals. (The funny-name team title went to the Cincinnati Reds, by the way, in a landslide: a roster that included the possible law firm of Knicely, Krenchicki, Bilardello, Esasky & Redus. A trade might even land them Doug Gwosdz—pronounced "Goosh"—of the Padres, who is known to his teammates as Eye-Chart.) And let us conclude our rosters by not naming the eleven managers who were released, or allowed to depart, during the season or just after it—a casualty (or scapegoat) list that inspired the ineffable George Steinbrenner (who has canned ten managers—but not ten *different* managers—in his twelve years with the Yankees) to remark, "It's getting so you can't make news anymore when you make a change. The lack of stability is alarming." Steinbrenner then gave his incumbent, Yogi Berra, a vote of confidence that reminded me of the three-finger handshake that W. C. Fields received from his boss in "The Bank Dick": "Yogi did a very creditable job."

A departing skipper who will be missed here is Ralph Houk, who retired (entirely of his own volition) at the age of sixty-five, at a moment when his patiently constructed Red Sox club seems capable of the heights. Houk never took on any of the various personae—cynic, good guy, grand old man, joker, hard rock—that other managers have chosen as a defense against the rigors and disappointments of the profession, and underneath the calm, unexcitable (except by umps) exterior you would find, in time, a great appreciator of the game and its best players. I always thought he had a most realistic perception of the limitations of the manager's job. He knew how rarely any skipper, however wily, could be said to have made a difference in the score when a game was over, and his players—the old pros most of

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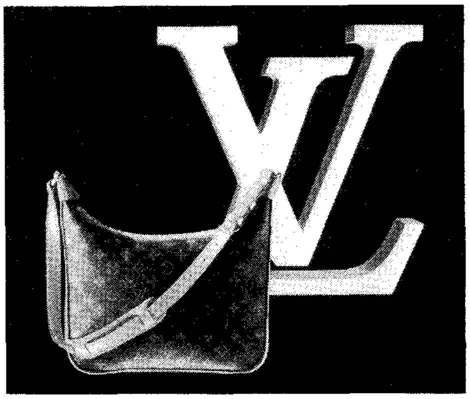

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all—cherished him for this glum sophistication.

The most swiftly effective *new* manager of the year was Pete Rose, who came over to the Reds from the Expos in the middle of August and, in his new role as a player-manager, whacked a single in his first at-bat; when the ball was mishandled in center field, Pete thundered around to third, sliding in, gloriously and unnecessarily, on his belly. He had another hit that day, and went three for six the next evening. He finished the year with a hundred and seven blows, for a total of four thousand and ninety-seven lifetime hits, and now appears to have a clear shot at Ty Cobb's all-time forty-one hundred and ninety-one. Rose will be forty-four next April, and he is now noticeably heavy-footed afield and on the base paths, but I think his appointment is a brilliant one for the Reds, who probably aren't going anywhere in the pennant race for the next couple of years. Pete is adored in Cincinnati, where he was a regular for sixteen illustrious seasons, and, with his flair for drama, he will certainly arrange to write his name into the lineup when the great day comes—a day when he'll be playing at home, in front of his own people, and can bang out the single that will touch off the party.

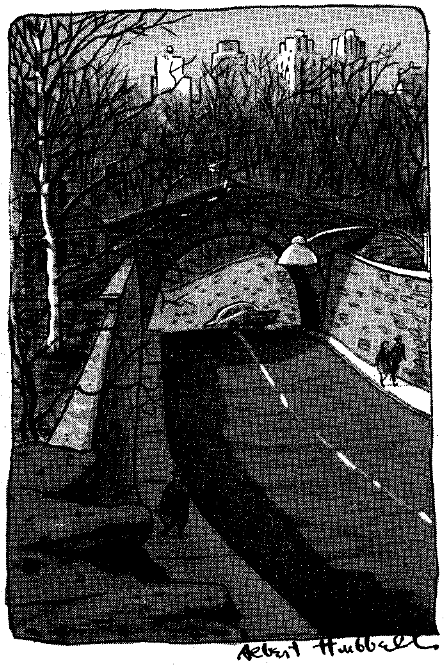
I am not very fond of these Landmarks Commission records, which so often seem to burn out or put down an aging player as he struggles toward some arbitrary plateau. I well remember the repeated mound embarrassments that Lefty Grove experienced when he was straining to notch his three-hundredth victory, and, twenty years later, the sadness and disconcertion we felt as we watched Early Wynn go through the same process; each of them made the grade at last, and instantly retired, diminished by his triumph. Two seasons ago, Reggie Jackson led the American League (in a tie) with thirty-nine home runs, but last year, with the goal of five hundred lifetime homers almost within reach, he collapsed at the plate, batting .194 for the year, with only fourteen dingers, none after August 1st. Another such season would embarrass him, he announced last spring, and he would pack it in, but he kept his stroke and his luck this summer, and knocked No. 500 (his twenty-second of the year, on September 17th, against the Royals, out of an eventual twenty-five), thereby joining a most exclusive gents' club; eleven of its twelve previous members are in the Hall of Fame. Reggie, now thirty-eight and with no more real challenges in sight, will be back for one more season—clear sailing at last, with a few splendid targets (Mel Ott, with 511 lifetime homers; Ernie Banks and Eddie Mathews, each with 512; and Ted Williams and Willie McCovey, with 521 apiece) in plain view.

Reggie didn't do anything much in the Angels' games I took in this summer, but I was there at Shea Stadium late in September when another favorite of mine, Rusty Staub, smote an eighth-inning two-run pinch-hit single that beat the Phillies and clinched second place for the Mets. He came out of the dugout for a standing o. (a practice he deplores), waved his cap, and disappeared—done for the year, I assumed. *Almost* done. The next night (I was away, worse luck), with the Mets again in the soup, manager Davey Johnson again rang for the specialist, and Staub whacked a game-winning two-run homer in the bottom of the ninth. It was Rusty's only home run of the year (and his two-hundred-and-ninety-first lifetime), and the first for him since he turned forty, back in April. He struck his very first home run back on June 3, 1963—Don Drysdale was pitching—when he was a nineteen-year-old first baseman with the Houston Colt .45s. Rusty Staub thus qualifies as the second player ever to hit major-league homers as a teen-ager and in his forties; his companion in this feat is Ty Cobb. Stat of the year.

A few sweepings remain here on the floor of the Archive Room. Here is the box-score pitching line left by George Frazier, a Cubs long reliever, after a painful outing against the Mets in September:

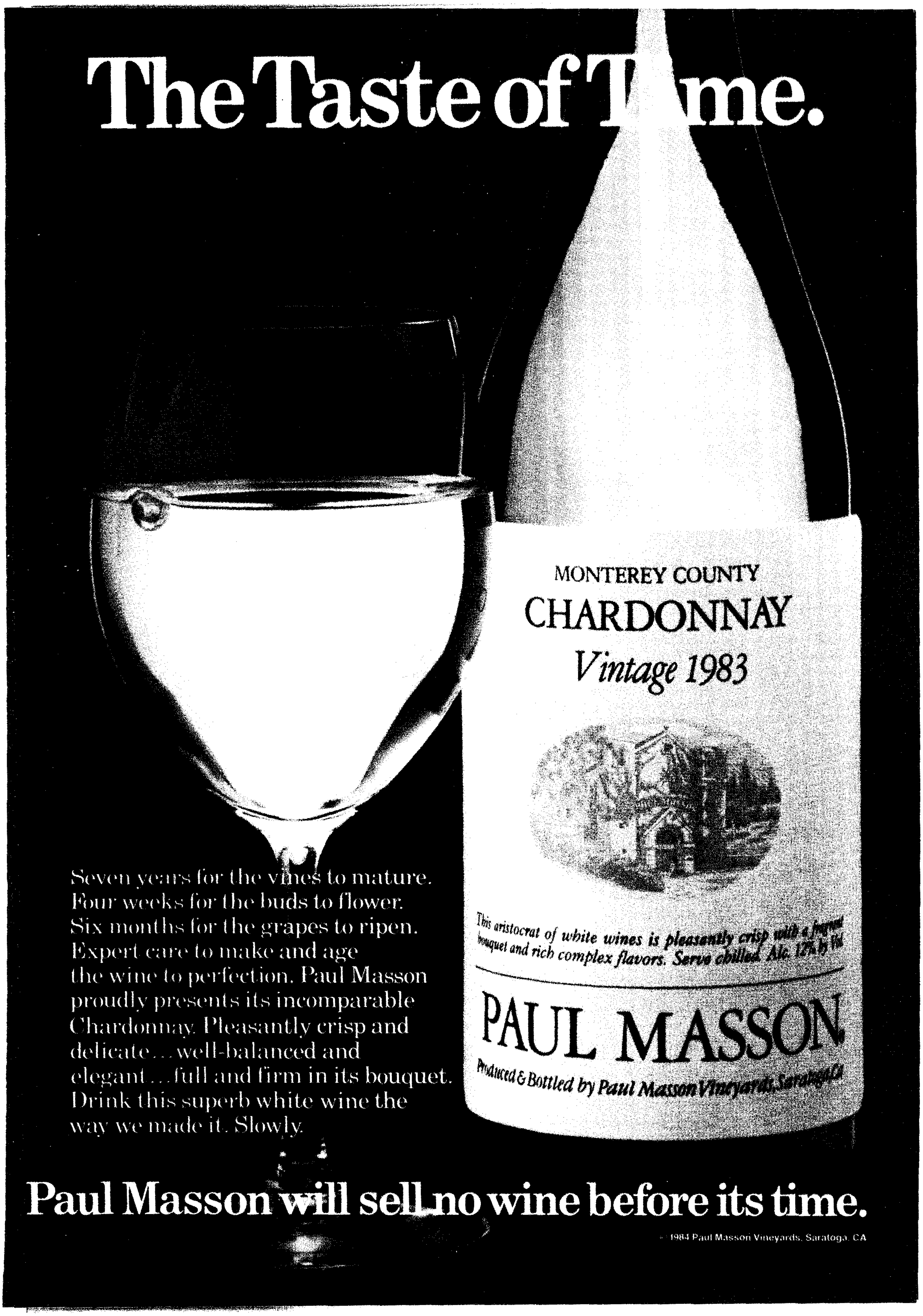
IP	H	R	ER	BB	SO
0	3	4	4	0	1

Box scores never lie, and the apparent typo in Frazier's little row of embarrassments—a strikeout but no outs (the out would show as "⅓" under the innings-pitched symbol)—is absolutely correct: Darryl Strawberry struck out on a Frazier wild pitch that bounced away from the catcher, and made it easily to first. Another genuine curio is not in the record books but deserves enshrinement somewhere—the umpire's ruling that enjoined Indians outfielder Mel Hall from coming up to the plate with three batting gloves dangling from each hip pocket; an errant pitch might flick one of the gloves, the arbiter decided, and unfairly allow Hall a free pass to first base. This was a sad loss to the game, for Mel Hall does not actually *wear* a batting glove when at the plate. The six white mitts, dangling prettily on his haunches and all aflutter whenever he ran the bases, were purely decorative: the beautiful badge of a hotdog. And, finally, we should probably not forget the midsummer news that three members of the Padres' pitching staff—Eric Show, Mark Thurmond, and Dave Dravecky—were found to be full-fledged, signed-up members of the John Birch Society. Much was made of this in the press, and the hurlers defended their politics stoutly, but I couldn't fit it in anywhere. Everything in baseball means something, but this one eluded me. Two of the pitchers were starters, one was a reliever. . . . Two were left-handed, but one of these, Dravecky, was *a left-hander who bats right-handed.* . . . Something is afoot here, clearly, but what? I leave the matter to Bill James, the demon Sabermetrician, who must now devise the first Birchfactor formula and thereby return our game to the pure world of numbers, where it belongs.



BOX scores and games, statistics and the campaigns (we will get to these last in a moment) together add up to a season, but most fans, looking back, also find other baseball moments that stick in the mind. At Tiger Stadium, early in June, I watched the Toronto Blue Jays valiantly trying to chip away at the Tigers' mountainous

The Taste of Time.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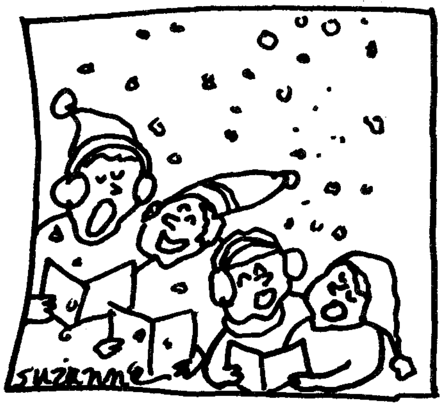
MEMBERS OF THE HENRY BIRKS AND SONS COMPANY OF FINE JEWELERS early lead in the A.L. East, in a contest that the Jays eventually won, 6–3, thus narrowing the Detroit margin to three and a half games. (The Jays never came as close again.) There was a big, apprehensive crowd and plenty of action—back-to-back doubles by the Jays' Dave Collins and Lloyd Moseby and an inside-the-park homer by George Bell—but between all the action and the cheering and the rest of it my attention was taken by a spider I happened to notice up in one corner of the open press-box window before me. It was a very small spider—a dot, really—but a busy one. It was working on a web. Inning by inning, the creature persisted, laying out struts and cables, catwalks and connectors, and the stadium floodlights illuminating the green field below us also lit up the little construction project as it grew in size and beautiful design. The white light struck each fresh thread with silver as it appeared, magically, where there had been none before, and was stretched to its planned and perfect mooring. I pointed out the web to my seatmate in the press box, and he studied it, too, and in time I noticed that each of us was following the game in the same way—watching the pitch or the play below and sometimes making an entry in his scorecard, but then returning at once to the smaller event above us in the window. I ran into that writer, an old friend, at the World Series in Detroit, and after we'd exchanged some remarks about the players and the pitching and the coming game he said, "Say, do you remember that night back here in the summer, with that little spider? Wasn't that *something*? You know, I woke up the other night and I was thinking about that again. Funny. . ."

Then I might add that the thing we remember at my house about that Fourth of July Mets-Astros game at Shea (four of us had gone to it: a family party) isn't the terrific postgame fireworks or that little bloodletting of Astro runs in the first inning but our getaway from the parking lot afterward. (I hope soon to complete my small monograph on stadium-quitting.) Actually, by the time we turned up at Shea the lot was full, with the gates and pay booths closed, and we had to make do with a narrow, muddy little junk yard off some street out beyond the center-field parking sectors, where a local entrepreneur took our seven bucks and then absolutely buried us in a welter of other latecomers. No hope, but when we found our way back there, hours later, beyond the motionless thousands of overheating cars and captive fans and patriots self-blocked in the main lot, someone in our group spotted a little alley at the back of the yard, and we took a chance and swung that way, against the flow of cars inching out, and found a miracle there: an empty street. I zipped through a couple of blocks, hung a right away from the honking tangle, extemporized a dazzling U-turn under the Whitestone Expressway, guessed and grabbed another right, spotted the good old boat basin off to my right, and laid a little left onto the Grand Central Parkway: home free, homeward bound, with the cheers of my fans loud in the car and cascades of Queens-side Roman candles on either hand celebrating our brilliant departure.

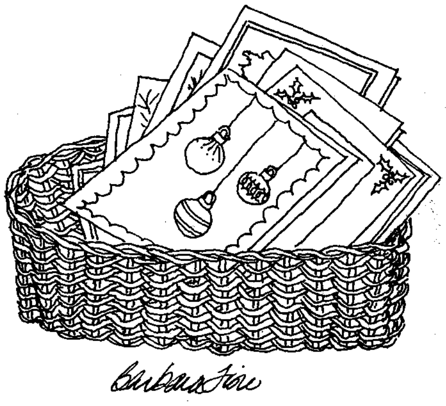
Nor is there anything in my baseball notebooks about the second game of a Saturday doubleheader in the middle of August—the Twins against the Red Sox at Fenway in the latter stretches of one of those long, nearly eventless games when the sawdust slowly begins to leak out of the pastime. Why do I remember it so well? The pitcher out there has run the count to three and one. There is a foul, then another foul. The pitcher doesn't want the new ball the umpire has thrown in and asks for another one. He gets it and rubs it slowly in his hands. He winds and throws: another foul. The outfielders shift from foot to foot and stare deeply into the grass before them. A base runner leads cautiously away from first, then trots back as the pitcher steps off the rubber. The third-base ump walks seven steps out toward left field, turns, and strolls back again. Another foul ball, bounced softly past first base. "Throw it *straight*," somebody in the press box mutters. There are spatters of applause in the stands, but they die away for lack of hope. The lights are on, for evening has crept closer, and here and there in the lower decks I can see some fans getting up, in twos and threes, and heading up the aisles for home and dinner. The park is half empty by now. Out in the sloping right-field sector of the seats, there is a thin, a-cappella rendering of "Happy Birthday to You," for somebody—her name is Ella, it turns out—and other fans around the park join in on the last ". . . happy birthday to you-ooo!" and Ella gets a little round of applause, too. But that ends as well (a coach is out talking to the pitcher now), and even the everyday noises of the baseball park—the hum of voices, the undercurrent of talk and cheers and laughter and vender cries—drop and fade, and Fenway Park is almost silent, just for a minute. The flag in center field hangs motionless in the last late sunlight, its pole a startling pink. The right-field bleachers are bathed in pastel, and a first breath of evening cool floats up from the lighted field below. I sigh and stretch, wanting the game to get on with itself, but in no hurry, really. No place to go, no place I need to be. Midsummer.



Dwight Gooden's victory over Chicago on the night of July 27th ran the Mets' July record to 21–4 and increased their lead over the Cubs to four and a half games. During batting practice the next day, Jack Lang, a senior scribe with the *News*, invited me and some other colleagues to meet him at home plate at Shea Stadium on October 20th. "Write down the date," Lang said. "There'll be a small ceremony—Davey Johnson is giving his soul back to the Devil." Reality was restored a bit sooner than that, however—starting, in fact, with the eighth inning that very afternoon, when the customarily reliable Doug Sisk was unable to get anybody out, and the Cubs broke open the game with eight runs and went on to win by 11–4. The next day, the Mets scored one run in eighteen innings, dropping a Banner Day doubleheader by 3–0 and 5–1, before fifty thousand four hundred and forty-three newborn unbelievers. A week or so later, out at Wrigley Field, the Cubs swept a four-game set—bitter, hard-line baseball, with batters sent sprawling by inside pitches and their retaliatory knockdowns; with angry umps, and with managers and pitchers banished from the fray; and, along the way, with some prodigious Chicago home runs (Cey, Moreland, Durham, Davis) bombed into the distant and ecstatically happy bleacherlands. When it was over, it was the Cubs who led the division by four and a half games—a nine-game turnabout in two weeks. They were never headed or truly threatened after that. I can't quickly recall such a clear reversal in a pennant race, or a time when one club established such dominance over a rival in head-to-head meetings. It was as if the Mets had run into a door. These were full-team victories for the Chicagos, of course, but I still think it was Sutcliffe who made the difference. The Mets failed to beat him in four tries, over all, and in two of those games he closed them down immediately after a Gooden victory. He was a commanding presence in the middle of the Cubs' summer—a tall (he is six feet seven), handsome, bearded right-hander, who hides the ball remarkably throughout his delivery, which includes a disconcerting little hitch, or pause, the instant before his pitching hand starts up from the bottom of his motion. He is not averse to loosening up a batter inside early in the count, and (in the parlance) he knows how to pitch; watching him through a few innings, you form the impression that the hitters are constantly being offered the precise pitch, in sequence and sector, that they least wish to deal with. He is optimistic (and no wonder) and a winner. "It isn't going to be easy," he announced before one of the games with the Mets, "but it's going to be fun."

The miracle about the Mets, for me, is not that they lost but that they never fell apart. Last-place finishers a year ago, they were a young and lightly tested club, with far less experience and success than the Cubs at most positions, and with some persistent areas of weakness, most notably at the plate. Early in September, they ran into excruciating difficulties in scoring runners, at one juncture stranding eight consecutive men who had reached third base with no outs. Tim McCarver and Ralph Kiner, who handled most of the team's TV coverage this year (and did it very well indeed), sometimes pointed out that the Mets weren't good situation hitters—which is to say that few of them seemed to understand the value of a 2–0 count or a 3–1 count, when an opportunistic and intelligent batter looks for a particular pitch in a particular sector of the strike zone, with the knowledge that he can simply let the ball go by if he doesn't get it. The exception here, of course, was Keith Hernandez, who batted .311 in a year when too many games seemed to come down to some at-bat of his or to a play he *had* to make to keep the Mets in it. An unexception might be Darryl Strawberry, who had a disappointing, doubt-stricken sophomore year, especially in August, when he hit no homers at all and often looked as if he were thinking, It isn't going to be easy and it isn't going to be fun. For all this, Davey Johnson brought the team home in second place with ninety victories—the second-best Mets record ever, and the fourth best in baseball for 1984. Late in the year, he solved the team's chronic difficulties at shortstop by moving the exuberant and athletic Hubie Brooks over there from third, and he will have still more talented young troops up from the Mets' vigorous minor-league production line in 1985. No ceremonies, no puffs of smoke behind home plate, will be required if they win.

Insufficient attention has been given here to the Yankees—in particular, to their vivid turnabout after a dreary and embarrassing spring. In one stretch, back in the early going, they were shut out seven times in nineteen games, and there were weeks on end when the only visible signs of life in the Bronx seemed to be the elegant work of their forty-five-year-old knuckleballer, Phil Niekro. The Yanks' 51–29 record after the All-Star break was the best second half in either league, and the credit for it must be parcelled out in several places: to Mattingly and Winfield, of course; to youngsters like Bobby Meacham, Mike Pagliarulo, and Vic Mata, who got a chance to play only because the team had such low expectations; to the conversion (for this season, at least) of Dave Righetti into a prime left-handed bullpen stopper, and the flowering of Jay Howell as his right-handed counterpart; to the stolid calm of Yogi Berra; and to the steadying hand of general manager Clyde King, who somehow persuaded Mr. Steinbrenner to cool it, for once, and let all this fall into place. The fans turned around, too, and when the angry, championship-sated, front-running hordes ("Let's go, Mets!" they chanted bitterly during the bad times) stopped coming, they were replaced by smaller and more appreciative audiences, who actually seemed to *enjoy* the Yankees, for a change.



In the recent past, the best September baseball has been right on my doorstep, in the dangerous American League East, but this year I had to look elsewhere, thanks to the Tigers' unwavering lead and (let it be said) to the falling off of the defending-champion Orioles, who were an older and less resourceful team, it suddenly appeared, than we had understood. I went west, then, in search of a pennant race—although "race" is not the first word that comes to mind when one looks at standings like:

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Kansas City	70	69	.504	—
Minnesota	70	69	.504	—
California	69	69	.500	½

The example given is for September 6th, but the slow gavotte did not alter much later on, as the three clubs walked through its stately figures, eying each other across the floor and awkwardly bumping into the other dancers. Late in September, I received a letter from a Kansas friend—he is a professor of literature at the University of Kansas and a doughty Royals fan—in which he wrote, "The American League West seems to produce a winner annually only because that is the inevitable result of a closed system of competition, like beauty pageants and Presidential elections." He characterized the eventual triumph of his team (which had inched ahead in the final week) with scholarly candor: "As Faulkner said of the Snopeses, the Royals have crept over the Western Division like mold over a cheese."

I went to see the Twins, however, mostly because they were by far the most unlikely of the three contenders—a band of semi-anonymous, modestly paid youngsters, whose brief ascent to the top of the West in August seemed attributable to a nothing-to-lose exuberance encouraged in them by their gregarious and low-key manager, Billy Gardner, a minor-leaguer for twenty-two of his forty years in the game, who lives in the cut-rate

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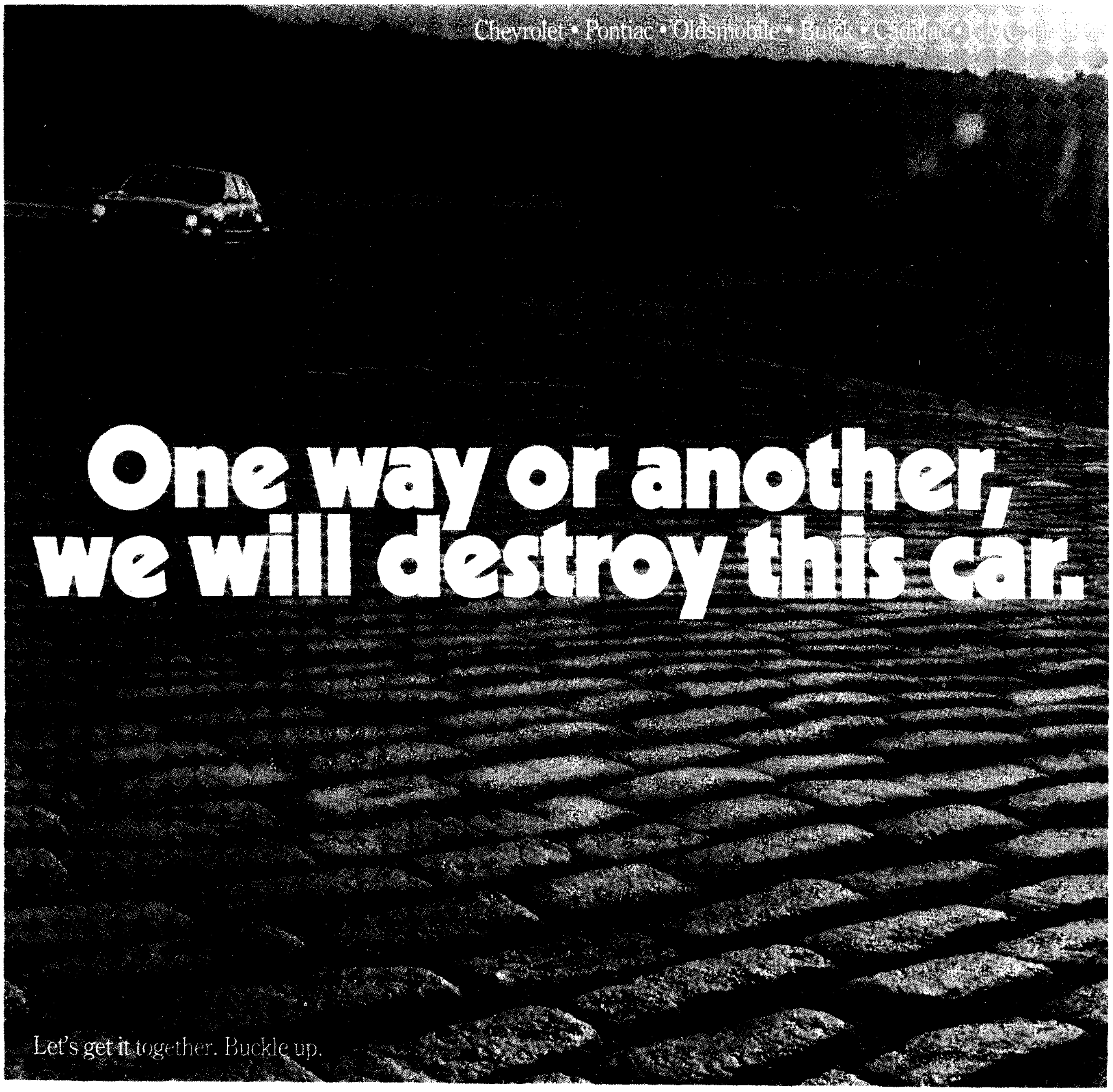
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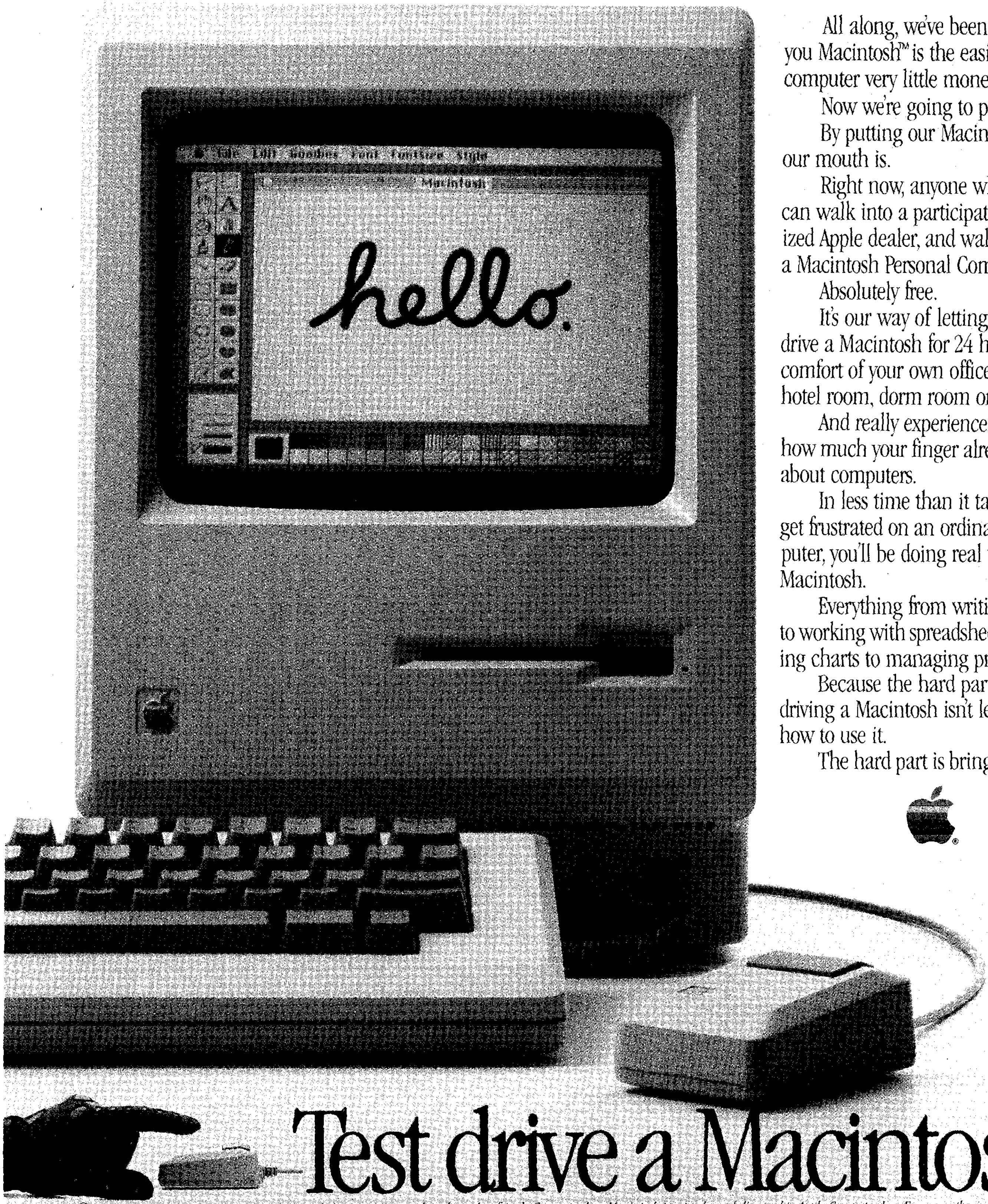

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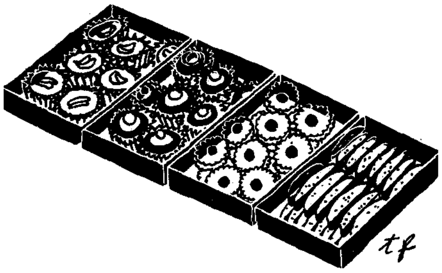
Super 8 Motel during the season and works for a frankfurter company in the winter. I remembered a moment in a Twins–Red Sox game at Fenway back in August, when a nifty little bunt by the Twins' shortstop slowly rolled up the third-base foul line like a bug on a fly rod and stopped there—*on* the white line, and inches short of the bag—while the whole Minnesota squad came out of the dugout and onto the field, laughing and yelling and brandishing towels, waving the ball fair. They looked like a college team. Their optimism was also a reflection of the surge of relief and gratitude that suffused the Twin Cities baseball faithful in June, when a millionaire Minneapolis banker, Carl Pohlad, purchased the club from Calvin R. Griffith, thus rescuing the franchise from its long-rumored elopement to some richer clime, and perhaps even heralding the day when the Twins' payroll will prove sufficient to keep a few genuine stars.

By the time I got out to Minneapolis and the Metrodome, however, the pressure and the unlikelihood of the race had just about squeezed the fun out of things for the Twins, who were two down to the Royals and slowly sinking in the West. Their batters were swinging at a lot of bad pitches, and the fielders, circling cautiously as they peered through the watery half-light in search of a fly ball, would whack their gloves like Little Leaguers, spooked by errors to come. The Metrodome, an indoor diamond that sometimes suggests an outsize Y.M.C.A. gym, or perhaps a cattle pavilion, has famously tricky lighting, and late this summer it appeared that the floodlamps had been further dimmed to accommodate the Dome's main tenants, the football Vikings, whose season had just begun. Contemplating this handicap and the tacky artificial turf, which sometimes transforms bouncers past first base into inside-the-park home runs, Dan Quisenberry, a recent visitor, had murmured, "I don't think there are good uses for nuclear weapons, but this place might be one."

There were some up sides to Domeball, to be sure—among them the splendid day-to-day play of the Twins' husky, hard-hitting first baseman, Kent Hrbek, and the perky strains of between-innings polka music—and during the first of a pair of Twins–White Sox games I saw, the home troops were vivified by a terrific running catch in deep center field, four hundred and eight feet away, by their bantam center fielder, Kirby Puckett, who rebounded off the blue fencing like a bowling ball on a trampoline, and then by a homer by Tom Brunansky, which tied matters at 3–3. In the late going, though, Twin pitcher Mike Smithson came in a smidgen high with a breaking ball to a wholly anonymous Chicago pinch-hitter named Steve Christmas, who stroked a little pop fly down the line toward right that somehow, barely—no one could *believe* it—made the wall out there: a three-run homer, and the game gone, of course.

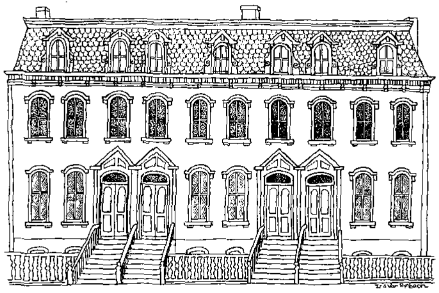
The next day was better, for it offered a matchup between Tom Seaver and the young and suddenly brilliant Minnesota southpaw ace Frank Viola, who this year transformed himself from a middling-good but overcautious control artist into a power pitcher of formidable proportions. He wound up at 18–12 for the season, and a good many A.L. players and managers are of the opinion that he has become the best left-handed starter in the league. The game was a lesson in styles of pitching and styles of courage. The confident, hyped-up youngster (he is twenty-four) tried to dominate the Chicago sluggers with his heat, and sometimes paid the price: a triple by Harold Baines and solo homers by Ron Kittle and Carlton Fisk. Seaver (he has just turned forty) worked the other way, showing us the fastball only rarely, notching a great many ground-ball outs, and, here and there with two outs, throwing a sensible ball four to a tough batter and then dealing with his successor. I didn't know who to root for, since Frank Viola, a cheerful and delightful young man, has been a favorite of mine ever since I saw him pitch against Ron Darling in an epochal St. John's–Yale college game in 1981, which St. John's finally won, in spite of Darling's eleven innings of no-hit pitching; and Seaver, of course, is Seaver. (He had a fine 15–11 season, by the way—almost the only patch of sunlight for the White Sox this year.) Happily, I was taken off the hook when both starters finished their work in the tenth inning with the score tied at 4–4. I subsequently learned that Viola's father, an accountant who lives in East Meadow, Long Island, and a fanatic Seaver idolater, went through a similar squeeze and release that afternoon. The home side won the contest in the bottom of the thirteenth, it turned out, on a little rally or *something:* a walk, a sacrifice, a passed ball, and a wild pitch.



The end came for the Twins just a week later, and it was a killer. They were eliminated by Cleveland, in a game in which the Twins had an early lead of 10–0 and the Indians, moreover, committed six errors. Viola, given this bonanza, began throwing nothing but fastballs and then found he could not recapture an effective breaking pitch when he needed it. The tension got to everyone in the end, including Minnesota third baseman Gary Gaetti, who threw wildly past first in the course of a seven-run Indians rally. As he himself later explained, "It's hard to throw with both hands around your neck."

EARLY on the day of the first Cubs-Padres playoff game, Jim Frey went to his bedroom window to check the wind—*too* early, it turned out, for it was four-thirty in the morning and still pitch-black out there. He went back to bed. He got what he wanted, though, for there was a lovely Cubs wind at Wrigley Field by game time that afternoon—blowing straight out, that is, at a good twenty miles an hour—and throughout the day you could hear the shuffle and pop of the flags snapping in the breeze. The scoops of bunting set around the gray-blue facing of the steep upper deck were also astir, and, farther out, the tall center-field flagpole above the great gray-green scoreboard and the rising pyramid of bleachers flew a double row of pennants (team flags, in the order of finish, top to bottom, of the National League divisions), which kept up a gala, regattalike flutter all through the shining afternoon. The famous ivy, thickly overgrowing the outfield walls from pole to pole, showed October tints, and the graceful old brickwork of the inner-field façade suggested football weather as well. There were treetops swaying out along Waveland Avenue, beyond left field, and Sheffield Avenue, beyond right, and other flags were aloft on the rooftops of the low neighborhood houses there, with a fine range of colors and loyalties to choose among: Old Glory, Israel, Ireland, Puerto Rico, and, of course, the Cubs. In among the flags, a couple of big tethered balloons shifted and shouldered in the moving air, and the parapets and extemporaneous stands on the roofs were jammed with unticketed, opportunistic fans, who counted themselves lucky to be close enough to pick up glimpses of the game along with the sounds and sense of it. The angling, early-autumn sunlight illuminated white-and-blue Cubbie pennants in the stands around the park and silhouetted a long, sweeping line of heads and shoulders of the spectators in the topmost row of the lower deck, and when the Cubs' center fielder, Bob Dernier, sprinted to his left and abruptly bent low to pull in a line drive, early on, there was a sudden gleam, a dart of light, from his dark glasses as he made the grab. Even the noises of the day—the deep, happy roaring of the fans; the ancient, carny-show strains of the Wrigley Field organ (sometimes playing upbeat old airs like Cole Porter's "From This Moment On")—seemed to reach us with a washed and wonderful clarity, and in my seat in the airy, down-sloping lower left-field stands (an overflow press sector), I kept tight hold on my rustling scorecard and stat sheets, and felt at one with the weather and the world. It was as if the entire baseball season—all those hundreds of games and thousands of innings—had happened, just this one time, in order to bring this afternoon to pass: a championship game and the Cubs, for once, in it. Only one possibility could spoil things on a day like this—and I could almost see the same thought on the faces of the holiday throngs pushing along under the stands before game time: the unexpected, awful shadow of a doubt—and even that was taken care of in the quickest possible way. Dernier, leading off against the Padres' Eric Show in the bottom of the first, rocketed the second pitch to him into the screen above the left-field bleachers, and a bare moment or two later Gary Matthews got another shot up into the wind, which landed above and beyond the ivy in left center, a good four hundred feet away. Rick Sutcliffe came up to bat in the third, and *his* homer—a low, hurrying, near line drive over the right-side bleachers: a *shot*—didn't need the wind at all, and it told us, if any doubt remained, what kind of day this was meant to be. Chicago won, 13–0.

Before we say goodbye to the Cubs, who are about to make their sudden departure from this season and this account (they won again the next afternoon, this time playing shortball—speed and defense and the extra base—for a neat 4–2 decision), another lingering look at the Friendly Confines and its team may be forgiven. The Cubs' great success in 1984 and their abrupt termination in the championships can best be appreciated if we remind ourselves about the team's unique place in the sport. The Cubs are the Smithsonian of baseball, a caucus of institutions, many of which were on view during the playoff festivities. "Mr. Cub," Ernie Banks, who put in nineteen years' distinguished service at shortstop and first base, reappeared in uniform as an honorary member of the 1984 team and threw out the first ball (a trick flip from behind his back on the mound) before the first game. The next day, the ritual was performed by Jack Brickhouse, who had broadcast thirty-four years of Cub games before his retirement, in 1982; his successor in the booth, the incumbent Harry Caray, is a *transferred* institution, who had previously put in eleven years' work with the White Sox. Bill Veeck, who sat in the center-field bleachers throughout the season and the playoffs (I spotted him there through my binoculars, with a Vincent van Gogh straw hat on his bean, a beer in his hand, and his pegleg comfortably out in the aisle, while a stream of friends and writers and well-wishers came by to shake his hand and spoil his view), was most recently in baseball as the owner and chief executive of the White Sox, but his father, William Veeck, Sr., was president of the Cubs from 1919 to 1933, and Veeck the Younger grew up in Wrigley Field and had his first job in the business with the team thereafter. It was Bill Veeck, in fact, who persuaded the Wrigleys to plant ivy out along the outfield walls, in 1938. Steve Trout, the southpaw who pitched and won the second playoff game against the Padres, is a son of Dizzy Trout, who pitched and won a game against the Cubs in their last previous post-season adventure, the 1945 World Series, against Detroit. And so on. The best-known Cub fixture, of course—almost an honored institution—is defeat. No other club has had a manager who described his players as unemployables, as did a recent incumbent named Lee Elia, and no other franchise has taken so mild a view of its own fortunes as to allow its team to amble along with no manager at all, as the Cubbies did from 1961 to 1965, when the day-to-day direction was handled by a rotating board of coaches. Leo Durocher took over after that and whipped the team up into second place a couple of times, but the last pennant, in '45, is still so vivid in the memory of the fans that this year in Chicago I kept hearing references to Hank Borowy, the pitcher who won the first and sixth games of that World Series, and lost the fifth and seventh.



We won't know for some time where the 1984 Cubs will fit into this sweet, dismal history, but I think we can already do honor to the principals—Dallas Green and Jim Frey, and the newborn or new-bought stars on the field—for reversing this deep-running tide so precipitately. There was no preparation for this at the beginning of the year, when the Cubs, fifth-place finishers the year before, lost eleven straight games in spring training, but some late trades suddenly filled the team's needs—a lead-off man, a center fielder, more speed (Bob Dernier, who came from the Phillies on March 27th, took care of all three), more and then still more pitching—and they began to win and began to be noticed. On June 23rd, before a national television audience, the Cubs beat the Cardinals, 12–11, in eleven innings, in a game in which Ryne Sandberg, their remarkable young star, hit two home runs against Bruce Sutter—one in the ninth and another in the tenth (with two out and a man aboard), each time retying the score. "Sandberg is the best player I have ever seen," Cardinal manager Whitey Herzog said afterward.

It is the Cub fans who will have to sort out this season—most of all, the unshirted, violently partisan multitudes in the Wrigley Field bleachers, who sustain the closest fan-to-player attachment anywhere in baseball—and I will not patronize them by claiming a share of their happiness during the summer or pretending to understand their pain and shock at its end. Base-

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ball, as I have sometimes suggested, is above all a matter of belonging, and belonging to the Cubs takes a lifetime. But to Chicago the Cubs are something more than just a team. Wrigley Field is almost the last of the old neighborhood ballparks, and the antiquity of the place (it was built in 1914, two years after Fenway Park opened for business in Boston) and the absence of night ball there (the Wrigley family believed that the crowds and the noise would be an affront to the nearby residents) remind us what the game once felt like and how it fitted into the patterns of city life. I took a little stroll around the blocks off to the north and east of Wrigley Field one morning before game time and fell into conversation with a short, cheerful young woman named Debra Price, who was out jogging. She was wearing a sweatshirt with huge Cubs emblazoning, and was accompanied by her black cat, Dufus, who runs with her. She told me she had lived just around the corner, on Kenmore Avenue, until August, when she took a job in Denver (she is in labor relations), but had come back for the games because her old roommate, Karen Miller, had been lucky enough to get hold of a pair of tickets. "I was going through a bad Cubs withdrawal out there," she said. "It used to be incredibly convenient living so close to the park here. You could walk over at nine in the morning and pick up your seats for that afternoon. It was always easy to get seats, because the team wasn't going anywhere. I can't quite believe this whole year, or understand it. I'm a little young to be a real Cubs fan, but I think I qualify. I was there two years ago the day Bill Buckner got his two-hundredth hit of the season, and Jody Davis has been sort of a constant for me. There's a lot of character and sentimentality in what the Cubs are. They've always seemed older than the White Sox in this town —I don't know why. They have this kind of *humor* about them. The Cubs are outside the realm."

On Grace Street, I paid an impromptu visit to the House of the Good Shepherd, a convent whose sizable, unmarked back-yard parking lot has been a public secret shared by suburban Cubs fans for forty years or more. The parking revenue now accounts for more than a third of the annual budget for the convent, which does its main work in family care. I was told about this by a pleasant, impressive nun named Sister Patricia,

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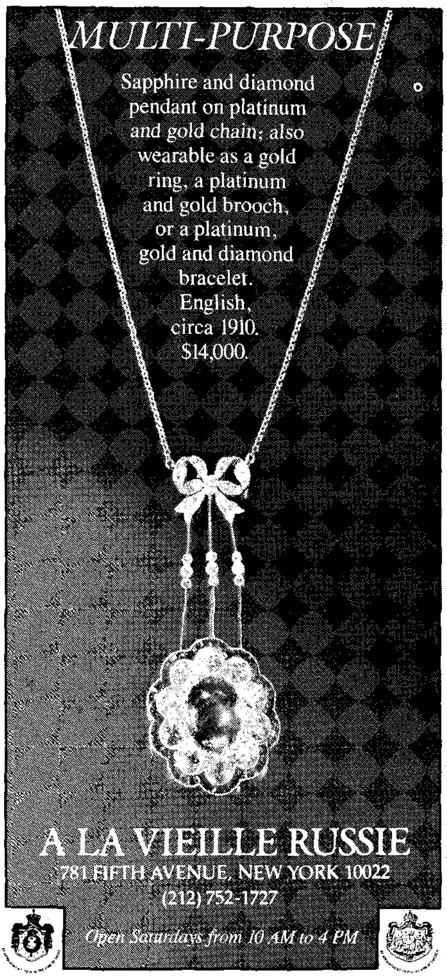
who said she respected and admired the Cubs for sticking to daytime ball. She wouldn't quite declare her own feelings about this year's team, but I thought I could tell that she was—well, *pleased*. I asked about a vender I had seen out on Grace Street who was selling wonderful T-shirts with the message "THE CUBS—A TICKET TO HEAVEN," but Sister Patricia shook her head. "Not ours," she said. "That's outside the walls." When I took my leave, I noticed that the sister who let me out was wearing a little paper Cubs logo—the red letter "C" inside a circle of blue—over her heart on her white habit.

The side blocks off Grace Street were made up of elderly detached three-story houses, with scraps of lawn and little flower beds out in front; the grass had a worn, late-summer look to it, and the low-hanging tree branches were heavy with dusty leaves. Here and there, the narrow concrete sidewalk had a half-circle cut out, making room for a fat tree trunk. I could have been in Keokuk or Kirksville, but whenever I crossed a street I could look off to my left a couple of blocks and see the great back wall of Wrigley Field. Down another street, Clifton Avenue, I came upon a man named Barry Flanagan, who was carefully brushing a fresh coat of green paint on his front stoop. When I stopped to talk, we were joined by his father, James Flanagan, a retired gent with a ruddy face and gold-rimmed glasses. The senior Mr. Flanagan was born in England—there was still a trace of that when he talked—and used to root for the West Ham football team, but he took up the other game when he came to the new country and the Cubs' neighborhood. The Flanagans had been in the same house for twenty-seven years, and before that they had lived just next door. They were great Ernie Banks fans, of course. They could *hear* the games, Barry told me, but couldn't quite see them—not even from the roof. I had the feeling that they didn't get around to going very often. "I can tell by the people walking home after a game whether they've won or lost," the elder Flanagan said. "When the Cubs lose, they're saying, 'Oh, we should have done this, we should have done that.' Some days, if there's been a bad game, they trample the flowers a bit. But it's nice having the Cubs. You know there's always going to be parking space right after the games,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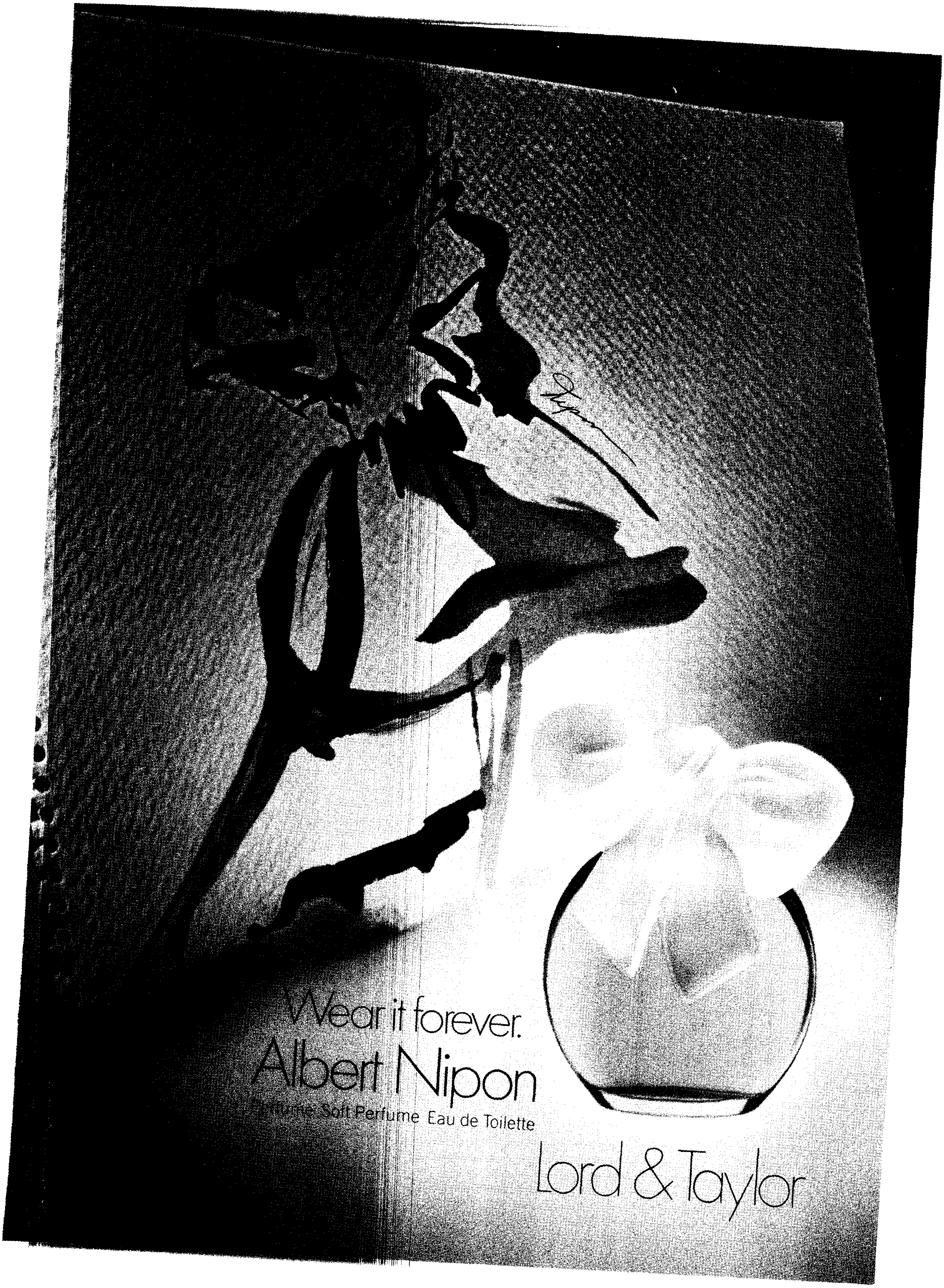
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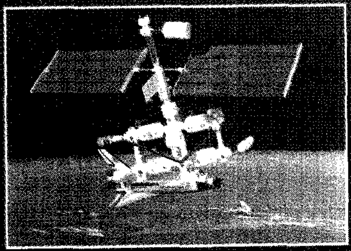

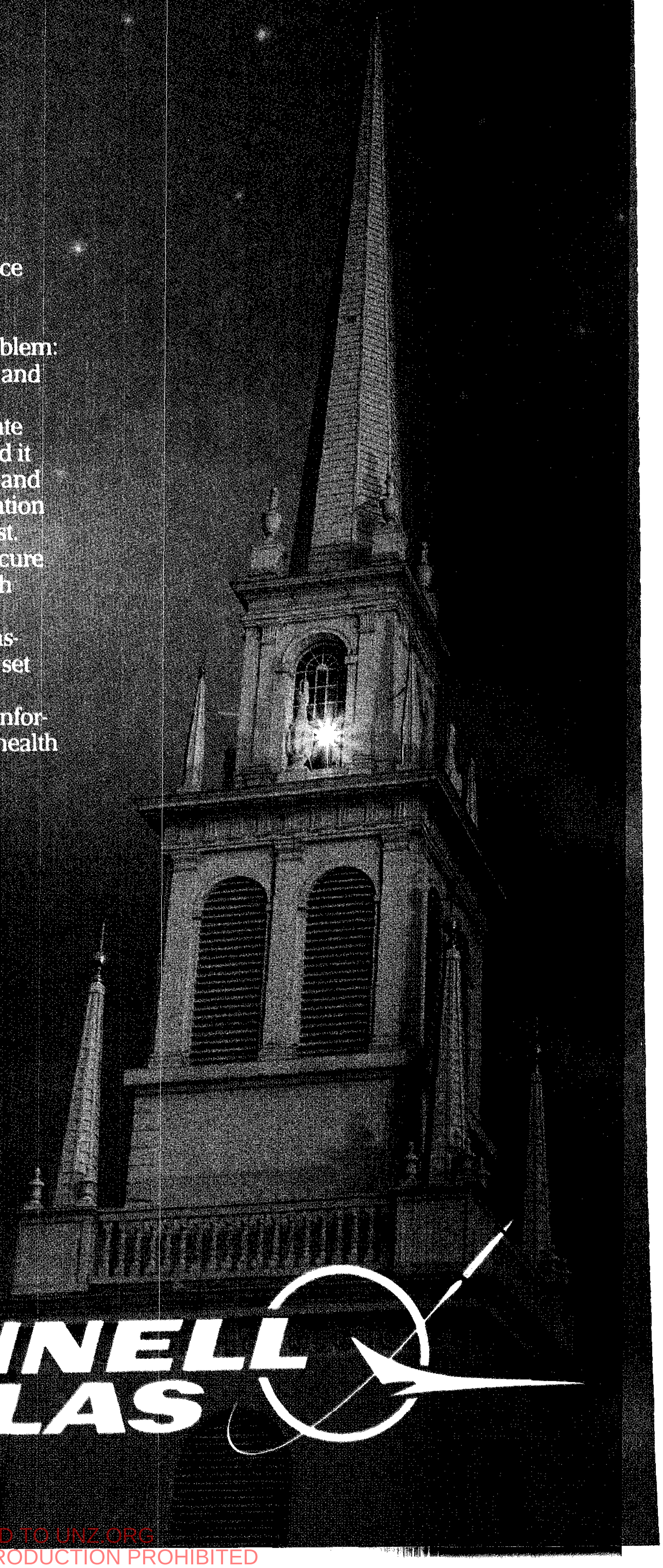

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

when you're coming home from work."

I said goodbye and headed off for the park, and all along the street I noticed yellow signs put up in the lower windows of the little houses: "NO NIGHT BASEBALL"—a response to the rumor, back in midsummer, that the post-season games in Chicago might be played under some temporarily installed floodlights in order to placate the demands of the networks for night ball and its vast audiences and numbers. Now (it's only to be expected, I suppose) Dallas Green is talking about building a new ballpark somewhere for the Cubs, with more seats, improved parking, and, of course, night baseball.

I WATCHED the rest of the N.L. playoffs, out in San Diego, by television: some fine pitching by Ed Whitson in the 7–1 Padre victory in Game Three; the riveting attacks and ripostes of the next game, in which Steve Garvey again and again surpassed himself—surpassed possibility, almost—in the 7–5 Padre victory that tied things up; and some magical bat work by the top two hitters in the San Diego lineup, Alan Wiggins and Tony Gwynn, in the team's 6–3 comeback victory over Rick Sutcliffe in the Sunday finale. Garvey, it will be recalled, batted in the second San Diego run in Game Four with a double; tied it with a single in his next at-bat; drove in the go-ahead run in the seventh; and, with matters again tied, whacked the game-winning two-run line-drive homer in the ninth, against Lee Smith: five runs batted in for the day. Garvey has his detractors, who are put off at times by his smiling, TV-host persona, but I am not among them; I was startled by his great day at the plate, but not surprised. What I can't decide, even at this distance, is whether Jim Frey should have taken out Rick Sutcliffe, his star and stopper, much sooner in the final game, when he proved unable to hold a three-run lead. To be sure, Sutcliffe had often found himself in similarly horrid places during the summer, as all pitchers do, and had pitched out of them, but even in the middle innings of this game, before the Padres had been able to put anything together at the plate, he had looked uncharacteristically uncertain and unhappy out there. The pressure of such a too short series is killing, of course, and a deepening weight and doubt about the outcome of this last game had begun to swing against the Cubs well before it be-

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gan. It's second-guessing, but I would have pitched Sutcliffe on Saturday.

The Padre fans, it will be recalled, kept up an unending, unquenchably ferocious din through all those games at San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium. They really seemed to make a difference, and thus had some part in the great comeback—all the Padre players said so at the end—but I must confess that I resented them a little, once their team had triumphed. The Padres had not come close in their fifteen previous years of campaigning, never finishing above fourth place, and I did not think that their supporters quite understood the kind of waiting and the hope and pain that Cubs fans know by heart. Now, to be sure—since the playoffs, I mean—the Padres have been in a World Series and lost it, which changes everything. Their fans have won and *then* lost, and they are in the game at last.

These games—and the American League championship series as well—were contested without the supervision of major-league umpires, who were striking for a larger share of the playoff and World Series (and All-Star Game) profits, and for a distribution of that share among all their members instead of among the few who actually worked the games. The impasse was resolved before the Series by the intervention and arbitration of the brand-new commissioner, Peter Ueberroth, who came down very strongly on the side of the umps—a most surprising and (to me, at least) pleasing turn of events. The playoff games were supervised by locally recruited amateurs—college and high-school umpires, for the most part—who looked a bit tense and ragged on the field but who, very fortunately, never had to make a crucial call. Some people in baseball can't accept even the smallest disruption of their sport—among them a crabby scribe friend of mine, now with the Chicago *Tribune*, who watched the first Cubs-Padres game from his regular perch in the press box and, in his column next morning, stated without hesitation that the home-plate ump-for-a-day had missed twenty-three ball-and-strike calls through the first seven innings.

THE Tigers, over in their half of the playoff draw, took care of the Royals in the minimum distance—not an astonishing outcome, given their records; Detroit's 104–58 was the best season put together by an American League divisional champion since

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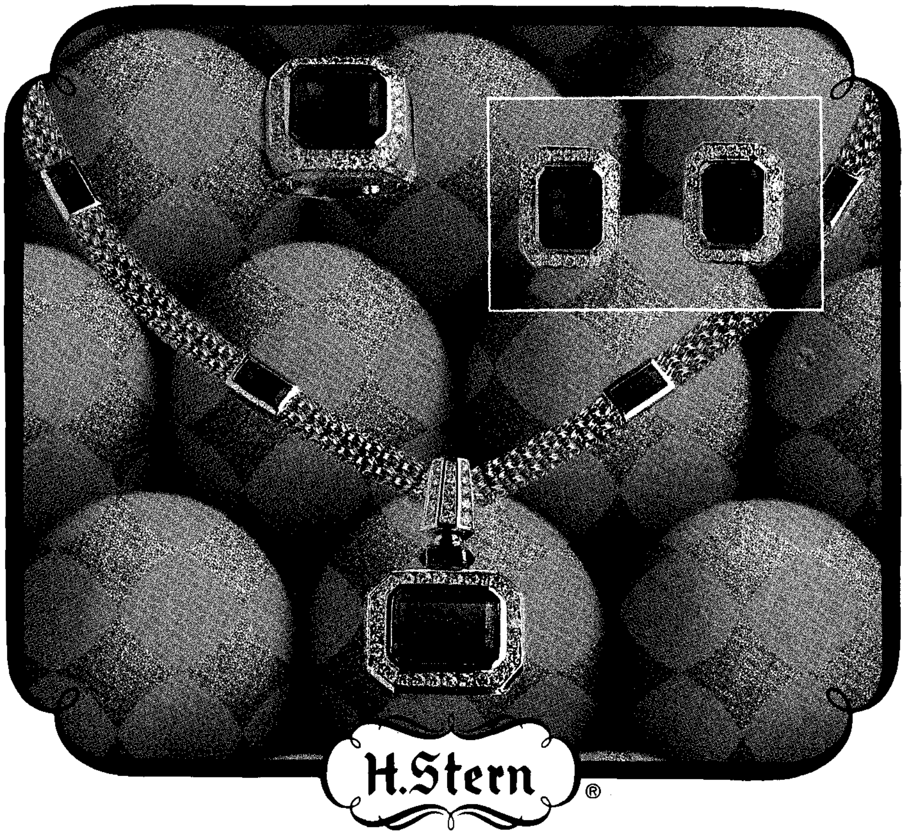

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1970, and Kansas City's 84–78 was the worst ever. Dick Howser's young troops gave it their best, of course, but I think the heart went out of them when they came back from a three-run deficit in the second game only to see their stopper, Quisenberry, beaten in the eleventh on a double by John Grubb. I caught up with the teams in Detroit at Game Three—an austere, tense little pitching battle between the Tigers' Milt Wilcox and K.C.'s Charlie Leibrandt. The only run of the game came home in the bottom of the second, when, with one out and men on first and third, Royals shortstop Onix Concepcion and second baseman Frank White were a fraction slow in turning a double play (they are more accustomed to the very fast infield carpet on their home field), and the Tiger batter, Marty Castillo, ran out the play hard and beat the relay by a whisker. You never know. The other critical moment went the other way. With two outs and a Kansas City base runner aboard in the top of the eighth, Willie Wilson smashed a grounder well to the right of first baseman Darrell Evans—past him, it seemed. Evans made an airborne dive to his right, barely gloved the ball as it came off the bounce, and somehow held on to it as his body slammed into the dirt. The force of the fall made his hat fly off, but he was up in an instant and came scrambling back in the other direction, staggering in his haste, as his pitcher, Wilcox, sprinted over to cover the bag, and Wilson, perhaps the fastest man in the league, barrelled up the line. There was no chance for a play to Wilcox, even if he could have held on to a flipped toss somehow, and the pitcher danced away at the last instant as the two others—runner and fielder—flew together in an amazing double slide for the bag, with Evans winning the event by an inch or so. The inning was done and, a few minutes later, so were the Royals.

I loved the play—I can still see it—but I was even more taken with Darrell Evans' reaction to it, which, for once, gave us a glimpse of the players' responses in these moments of tension and courage that the rest of us pay to watch. Evans is thirty-seven—an old-pro third and first baseman who came over to the Tigers as a free agent last winter, after hitting thirty homers for the Giants. He was expected to add some sock to the Detroit batting order, but he had a disappointing sort of season at the plate—.232 and sixteen home runs. But Evans brings other qualities to any team he plays for. He was team captain on his two previous clubs, the Braves and the Giants, in the first case succeeding Hank Aaron and in the second Willie Mays. This was his sixteenth major-league season but his very first taste of post-season play.

After the game, Evans was a center of attention in the Tigers' shouting, jubilant clubhouse. He has a pale, somewhat pouchy face and a thoughtful way of talking, but now he was voluble. He was holding a bottle of champagne in one hand, but I never saw him take a sip. "A game like that, a time like that—it takes you over," he said. "It consumes you. You're thinking so far in advance, you're making mental pictures of plays two or three pitches ahead. You have to experience it to understand it. It's another level—other guys told me that, but I had to get into it to know what they meant. You feel that there's no one else around but you. You have to take all the responsibility for the game, and it takes it out of you. You know, the other day, after we'd won that game in the eleventh, I had to go and lay down in the training room—I was spent emotionally. You want it to be a little easier than it is, but it can't be that way."

He went on like this, going over the play again and again for different groups of reporters and camera crews that surrounded him in succession, but, if anything, he grew more excited and exalted by his memory of the play and the moment each time he described it. "Everyone *enjoyed* it—everyone in the park!" he exclaimed at one point. "In that situation, you don't have time to think, you just react. You get in sort of a panic—you have to think of *something*. This is what you want from the game. It's what you play for. This is the whole thing."

ALL sorts of praise showered down on the Tigers during and after the World Series, but the most telling compliment I heard came during the late summer, when several players on three other clubs—the Blue Jays, the Twins, and the Red Sox—separately offered the opinion that the best group of games, the best single series, that their club had played during the year had been against Detroit. The Tigers had won most of those games, but the quality of their play, the combined pressure of their pitching and power and speed, and their day-to-day élan on the field had brought out the very

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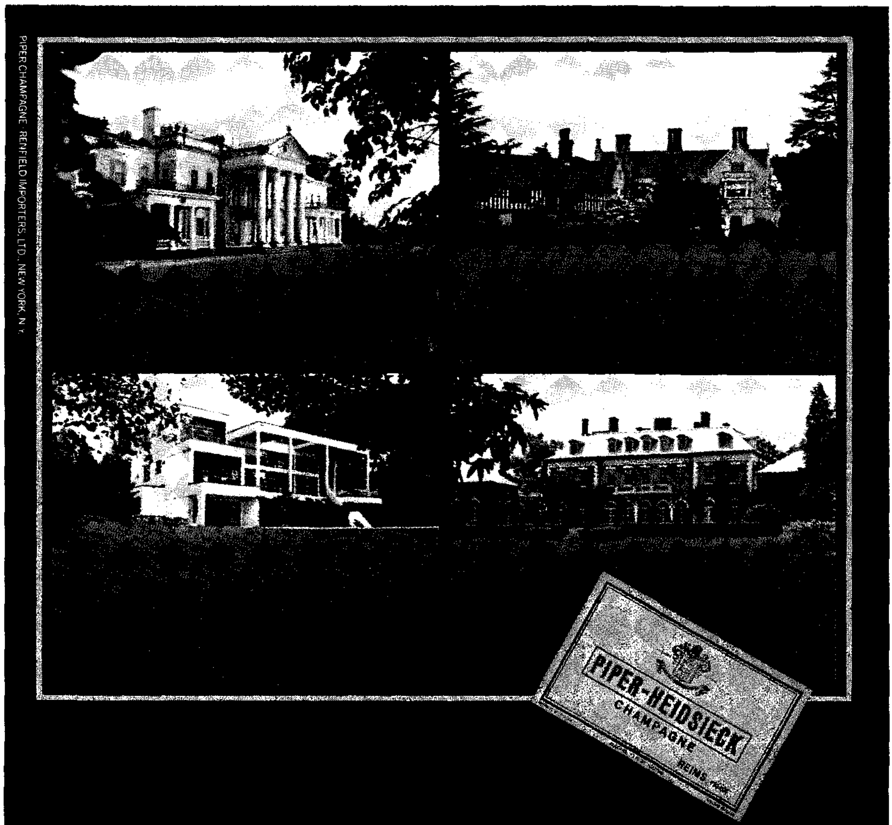

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finest efforts of their rivals and raised the level of the games to the highest calibre. This is the same sort of spontaneously offered professional endorsement that used to be reserved for the imperial Yankees back in the nineteen-fifties, when A.L. managers would sort out their pitching rotation weeks in advance in order to have their top performers ready for some forthcoming home set with the Bronx Bombers—and, when the games came, they would sell out the park and, most of the time, end up losers. Nowadays, the only evaluation of supremacy in the sport that goes entirely unchallenged is the No. 1 rating given to the Tigers' up-the-middle core: catcher Lance Parrish, second baseman Lou Whitaker, shortstop Alan Trammell, and center fielder Chet Lemon. The quartet is currently without a peer or a close rival, and is now being seriously compared with the Dodgers' early-fifties middle line of Campanella, Robinson, Reese, and Snider. The star qualities of the Detroit four—Parrish's power (he holds the all-time A.L. record at the position with thirty-two homers in 1982) and deadly, quick-release arm; Whitaker's ball-bearing smoothness afield and remarkable hand-speed at bat; Trammell's superb all-around skill and his consummate calm (coming after Cal Ripken and Robin Yount, he is the third marvellous shortstop in a row to play for the American League in the World Series); and Lemon's range and speed and passion for the game (he is the only outfielder I can recall who actually works on his defense during batting practice)—suggest that their club may not be easily susceptible to the kind of falling off that has afflicted other recent champions after they've won. I also find it significant that the Tigers did so well in a season when many of their regulars (Parrish, Whitaker, Trammell, Evans, Larry Herndon) had poorer records at the plate than they had in 1983. The great pickup for the team this year, aside from Kirk Gibson's coming of age out in right field, was in pitching, and most of that, of course, followed upon the acquisition of Willie Hernandez. This year's Tigers led their league both in runs scored and in fewest runs allowed: a killing balance. Their fifteen-game winning margin was achieved in the only powerful division in either league, and, as Sparky Anderson kept saying even before the Series began, that was the true championship test.

The Tigers had such an *impatience* to win, as we saw all through this Series. Their first two batters, Whitaker and Trammell, got on base in the very first inning nine times in their ten lead-off at-bats over the five games, and scored six runs. The Tigers, as I have said, scored first in every game, and they outscored the Padres 13–4 over the first and second innings. The corps of San Diego starting pitchers, to be sure, did not distinguish itself in any way, and even in Game Two, which the Padres eventually won, the first three Tiger hitters (Gibson was up third) ripped singles off Ed Whitson on his first three pitches of the day; after the game, the Padre catcher, Terry Kennedy, said that he'd contemplated calling a pitchout on the next delivery, just so he could handle the ball. Once aboard, the Tiger base runners yearned to be farther along. The most significant play of the first game, in the opinion of Tom Lasorda (on hand as a columnist for *USA Today*), was Kirk Gibson's unsuccessful steal of second in the fifth inning —a plain message about the Tigers' battle plan, which was to run, rather than to play it safe and wait for their power to bring people home. Many clubs seem to think that they lack the personnel to make this option available, but hit-and-run and taking an extra base is most of all a state of mind, implanted (or cautiously suppressed) by the manager. The Tiger skipper, Sparky Anderson, is a man of zeal, and his teams at their best give their opponents the impression that they are about to be *buried* in a game —as, indeed, they often are. And this year—let's face it—Sparky had the horses. Kirk Gibson, to name one horse, is a slugger by any measurement, but he is also the fastest man on the Tiger roster. The other prime indicator in Game One (in the opinion of *this* bystander) was an ugly little two-base error by the young Padre left fielder, Carmelo Martinez, in the fourth inning—a misjudgment that seemed to paralyze him, afield and at bat, for the rest of the week, thus adding to the burdens of the Padres, who had already lost another starting outfielder, Kevin McReynolds, because of an injury.

The Padres' comeback win in Game Two was made possible by some startling relief pitching by a young right-hander, Andy Hawkins, and a young left-hander (and terrific screwballer), Craig Lefferts, who between them wholly muffled the Tiger offense over

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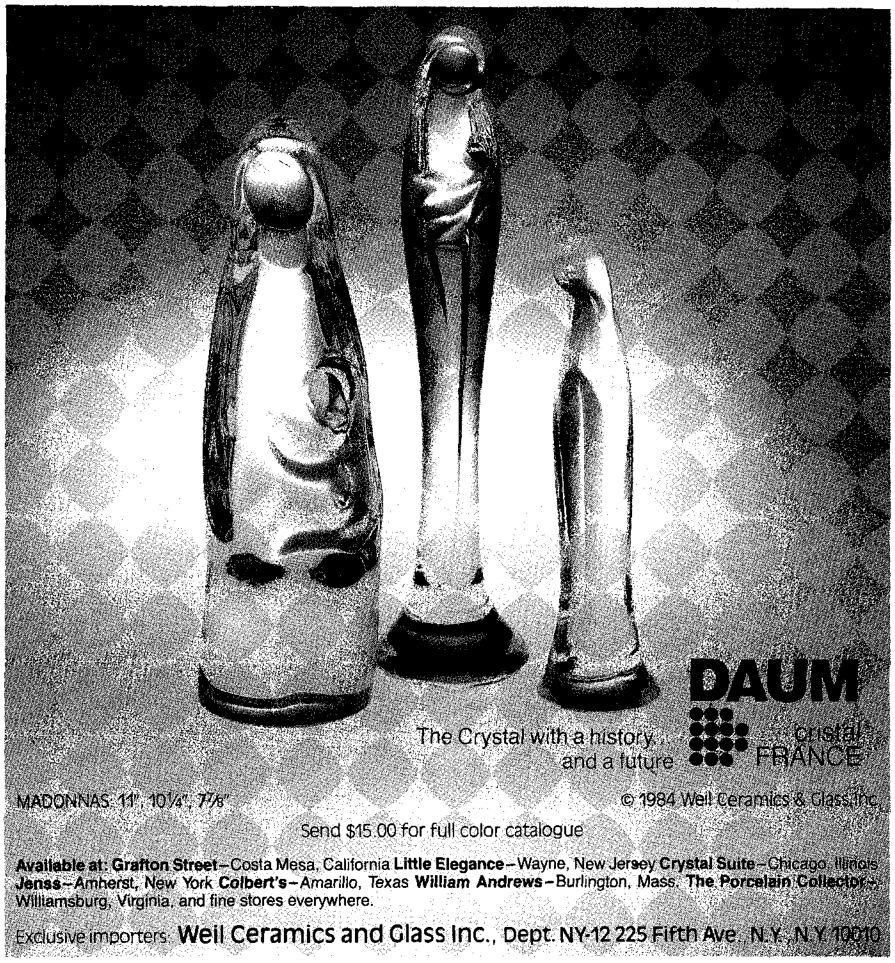
the last eight and one-third innings. The winning runs came in on a three-run homer by their raffish and exuberant veteran designated hitter, Kurt Bevacqua, who did pirouettes and threw kisses to the crowd as he rounded the bases. All this was vastly appreciated by the cacophonous, Wave-running local multitudes—far and away the loudest baseball audience I have ever encountered. Some aspects of the San Diego persona elude me—I am thinking of the persistent, almost weepy references to the team's late owner, Ray Kroc, the millionaire McDonald's-hamburger man, in the local journals and news shows, where he was depicted as being almost visibly in attendance at the revels—but I took pleasure in the game and its result. Most of all, I admired the top two men in the Padre order, second baseman Alan Wiggins and right fielder Tony Gwynn, who for a time almost rivalled the Whitaker-Trammell wizardry at the plate. Wiggins, who is a switch-hitter, is skinny and quick, and a master of the speed bunt—the exquisite little offensive tap that must be rolled just to the pitcher's left and *past him*, so that the play (no play at all, usually) can be made only by the in-rushing first baseman. He is a perfect foil for Gwynn, who sees an inordinate number of fastballs from pitchers who don't want Wiggins to steal second, and thrives on them; his .351 led the National League this year, but it was .413 when Wiggins was on base. Gwynn is chunky and aggressive, and very mobile in the batting box: a left-handed Bill Madlock up there—a pistol.

We repaired to Tiger Stadium for Game Three, the unenthralling contest in which the Padres' pitchers almost walked the ball boys along with everyone else; no explanation for it, nothing to be said. It was 5–2, in the end, with twenty-four base runners left aboard by the two clubs. Game Four, on Saturday, was pretty well over by the third inning, by which time Alan Trammell had whacked two home runs into the left-field stands against Eric Show—one downstairs, one upstairs—each of them with Whitaker aboard. The Detroit starter was Morris (back from his victory in the opener), who threw first-class fastballs and downbreaking split-fingered semi-fastballs, almost all of them for strikes; somebody keeping count declared in the eighth that he had delivered one ball in his previous twenty-one pitches. He won 4–2, cruising.



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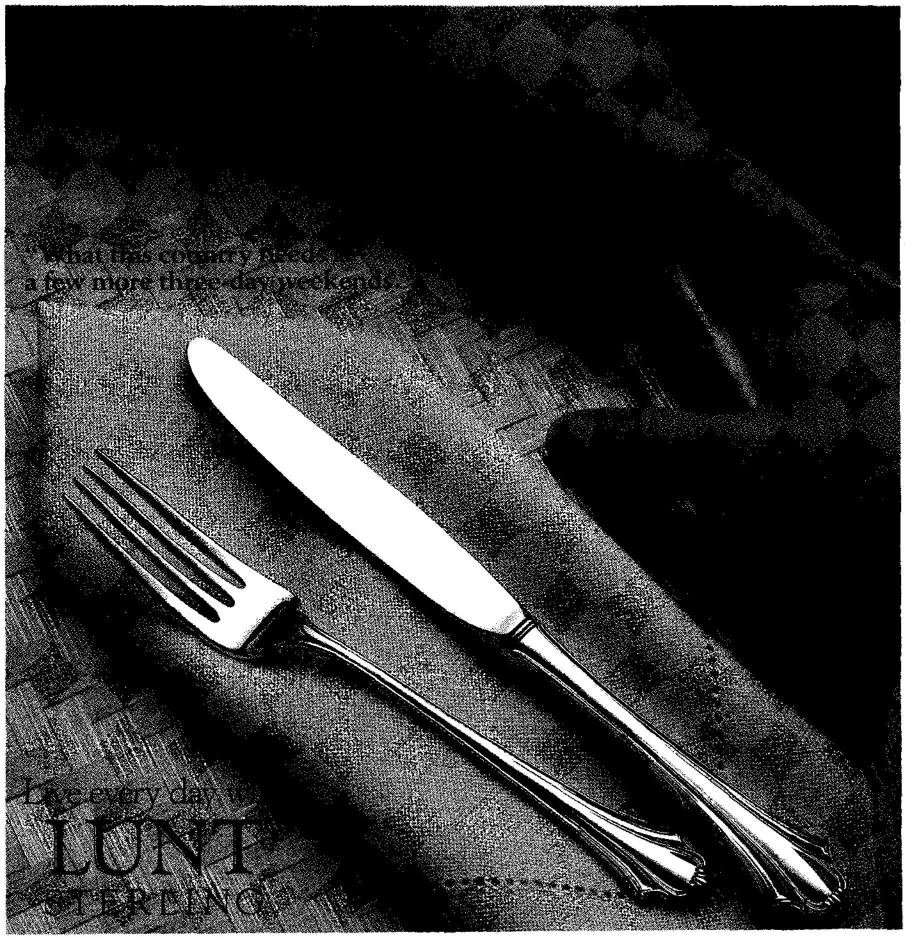

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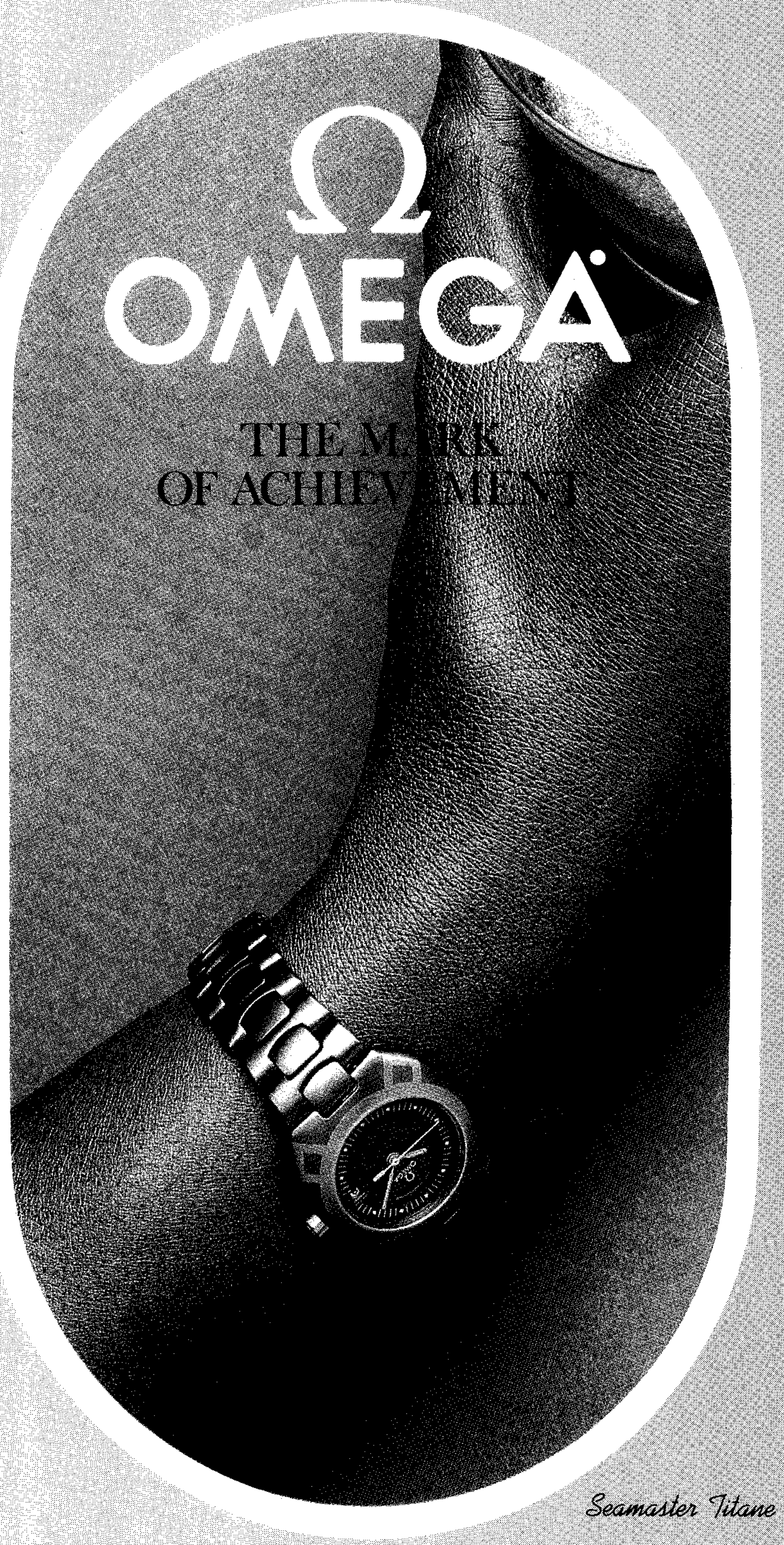
Morris, who has won a hundred and three games for the Tigers over the past six summers (only the Phillies' Steve Carlton, with a hundred and six, has more), is an extraordinary athlete and a violent competitor who would succeed, no doubt, with any club, but Roger Craig has had a part in his making. Craig, the Detroit pitching coach, is the Leonardo da Vinci of the split-fingered fastball, which he claims to have invented at his own California baseball school a few years back, when he was instructing teen-agers and was looking for a variant pitch that would not damage their arms. The pitch is not the old forkball, which is held more deeply between forefinger and middle finger, and which, being spinless, behaves a good deal like the knuckler; this variant delivery arrives more quickly, looking very much like a fastball until its late little pause and duck, which result in handfuls of lovely four-hop ground balls. Craig has taught the pitch to anyone on the Tiger club who was interested, including the catcher–third baseman Marty Castillo, who had such success with it on the sidelines that he had sudden wild hopes of becoming a pitcher as well. Craig's prime pupil is probably Milt Wilcox, a veteran righty starter with fourteen years in the bigs; on Craig's advice, he substituted the s.-f. fb. for his rather shopworn slider this year and, despite some chronic long-term aches and frays in his arm and shoulder, came up with a 17–8 summer—by far the best of his career. Craig, by the way, calls the Tiger pitchers' pitchouts and pickoff moves from the bench—not always on pure hunch. Late in the final game, when the Padres had a pinch-runner, Luis Salazar, on first, Craig, who had been closely eying the Padre dugout from across the field, suddenly announced, "Salazar is going and we've got his ass." So he was and so they did: he was picked off on the next pitch.

Like most coaches, Roger Craig has been around. He coached for the Padres, and moved up to be their manager in 1978 and '79; before that, he had managed and coached in the minors. Early Mets masochists will remember him as a tall, extremely patient mound stalwart who lost twenty-two games for the good guys in 1963—an improvement over 1962, when he lost twenty-four. Before *that*, to be sure, he was a successful starter with the Brooklyn Dodgers. He is an en-



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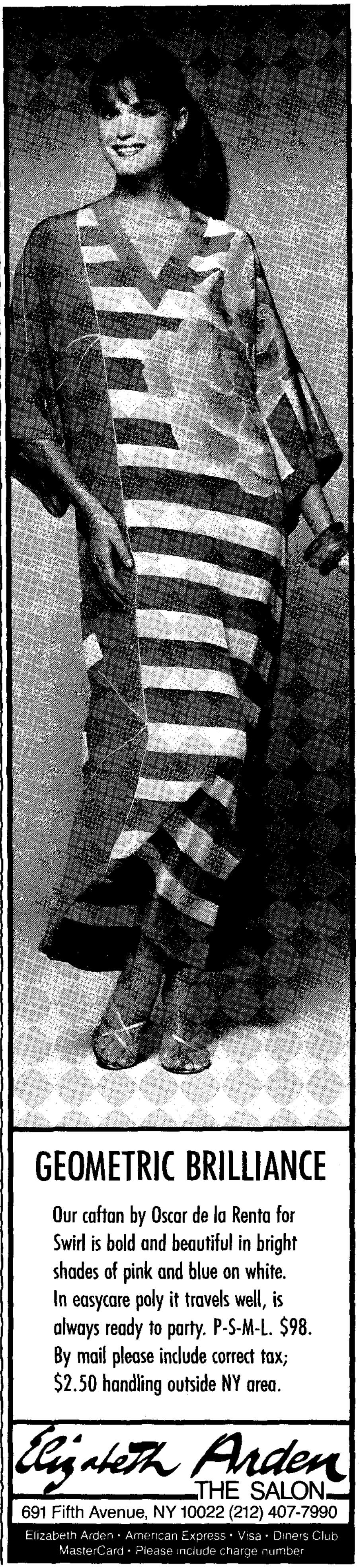
gaging, lanky North Carolinian, with a sizable nose and a pleasing resemblance to the late Slim Summerville. Before one of the games, he was telling some of us about his first look at the major leagues, back in July, 1955, when he and another rookie pitcher, Don Bessent, were suddenly called up to join the Dodgers. "I was with our Montreal club on a road trip down in Havana, where I was supposed to pitch on a Sunday against the Havana Sugar Kings," he said, "but my manager, Greg Mulleavy, called me in and said no, I was pitching against the Reds on Sunday, in Ebbets Field. I called my wife collect, and she asked what the hell was I doing calling long-distance all that way, and I said, 'I'm goin' to the big leagues.' Well, Bessent won his game and I won mine—I pitched a three-hitter, and it was the first major-league game I'd ever seen—and when it was over Walter Alston told me I'd better fly back to Montreal and get my wife, since I was a major-league pitcher now. I didn't have but a dollar on me, and I had to borrow the money. Jackie Robinson, he drove me to the airport. I'll never forget that."

Tiger Stadium, as the end drew near, was roiling and pleasure-mad. It didn't quite come up to San Diego for pure noise, but Detroit fans certainly know how to express themselves. Over the summer, the turned-on Tiger-made throngs evolved simultaneous clockwise and counter-clockwise Waves in the upper and lower decks, which then somehow reversed themselves. Sometimes there came a funny, slow-motion Wave in the center-field bleachers (always a place of great humor and invention this summer), which would be succeeded by a right-to-left sprint Wave that could circle the stadium (I clocked it) in twenty-seven seconds flat. There was also the foolish, comical business of the two bleacher sectors' yelling a beer commercial back and forth ("TASTES GREAT!" from one side, and then "LESS FILLING!" from the other) while brandishing fingers and programs at each other. Other worked-up routines involved rotating hands and jingling car keys—God knows how they started, or why—and, of course, banner variations on this summer's inescapable "BLESS YOU BOYS" campaign slogan, which, I believe, was born on WDIV, the local TV channel, no comma and all. Tiger Stadium is a steep-sided, squared-off city enclosure, whose boxy dimensions, like those of many ballparks back then, were dictated by the cross streets and avenues that hem it in. Downtown stadiums like this (Comiskey Park, in Chicago, is the other surviving relic) seem to hold and intensify the sounds and hopes and intimate oneness of their crowds, and when you're inside, watching your team (in its old brilliant home whites, with the same famous, old-timey gothic initial) violently at play, it's possible to wonder for a moment which decade you are in and which wonderful, hero-strewn lineup is on view down there, in the instant of its passing from action to history. Just above my vertiginous press-row perch, high in the park, I could see the "MUIDATƧ ЯƎϿIT" sign on the roof, with each of its tall letters illuminated in blue neon, and for another odd instant I felt as if I were in one of those rooftop "⅃ƎTOH" chase scenes in a black-and-white gangster movie, with the watching crowds breathless below.

All through the playoffs and all through the Series so far, Sparky Anderson had kept telling us that we hadn't really seen the Tigers yet—the Tigers doing it all: the hitting and the power and speed all together in one game, the Tigers at their best—but in Game Five that happened at last. The obligatory first-inning explosion (against Mark Thurmond this time) was for three runs, with the first two sailing home, on surges of noise, on Kirk Gibson's first-pitch homer into the second deck. The third was scored because Parrish, up next, singled *and then stole second*, and came in on a single. A bit later, there was a double steal. The Padres, it will be recalled, obdurately tied things up again in the fourth, but Gibson, back on first base after a bingle in the fifth, tagged up and thundered down to second after a deep fly to left field—a play one sees very rarely indeed—and when he scored, a moment or two later, on a very short sacrifice fly, the Tigers went ahead for the winter.

The rest of it probably didn't matter, but it was nearly pure pleasure. Aurelio Lopez, the other famous and stubborn Detroit reliever, worked some quick innings, sometimes seeming to dismiss a San Diego batter with a blur of slicing strokes, like a Japa-



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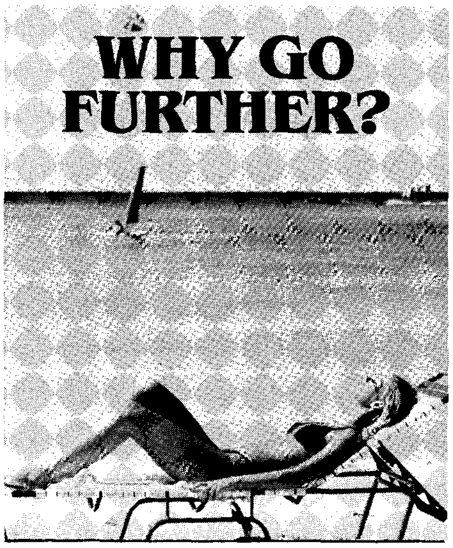

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nese sushi chef (when he and the Padres' Craig Lefferts were in the game over the same stretch, we had a marvellous assortment of tough, hard pitching stuff on display); and Garvey and Templeton pulled off a dazzling three-six double play for the other guys, with Tempy making the tag on Marty Castillo's fingertips down at second. Lance Parrish came up in the seventh, and in came Goose Gossage for the Padres (the loudspeakers played the "Ghostbusters" theme full blast, with the fifty-one-thousand-voice home-town choir roaring out "GOOSE-BUSTERS!" in the right places), and Lance busted the Goose, whacking a line drive into the lower left-field pavilion on the second pitch, for a two-run lead, and I think it was about then that I spotted a little parade of stadium venders, in their red-striped jackets, snake-dancing down an upper-deck aisle with their boxes held up over their heads.

The party still wasn't over, though, for the Tigers put runners on second and third in the eighth, with the discouraged Padres' mistakes helping a bit now, and there was a mound conference about the open base, at which Gossage somehow persuaded Dick Williams to let him pitch to the waiting and wildly hopeful Gibson. I couldn't *believe* it, and neither could Sparky Anderson, in the dugout, who flashed a little one-hand-up five-dollar bet to Gibson, in the on-deck circle, that Gossage would never pitch to him —to which Gibson responded with all ten fingers: Ten bucks he will, and I'm going to hit it out. And so he did, on the second pitch—a heater down the middle and then, very quickly, up into the middle rows of Topside Section 436. Gibson circled the bases, rejoicing as he went, and came home with some very nice totals for the day: two homers, three runs, five runs batted in, ten bucks, and one World Championship. The score at the end was 8–4.

(One more scene of action must be mentioned here: the full-scale riot that broke out just outside Tiger Stadium about two hours after the game was over. It began as a celebration but then turned into something else, and it was my impression that not many of the participants had been at the game. Police cars were trashed, a taxicab was overturned and burned, and people were injured; someone in the crowd even died. Policemen, afoot and on horseback, pushed back the drunken crowds and made arrests, and were

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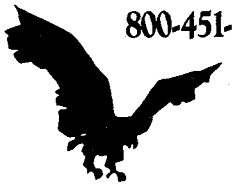
Hideaway Report, 1983



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pelted with bottles and rocks. I watched this from the roof of the stadium in the company of a great many other reporters, who were silenced by the event and its meaning. It didn't seem to have much to do with baseball.)

Kirk Gibson was an All-American flanker back at Michigan State, and he chose a career in baseball, as against one with the National Football League, almost at the last moment. Baseball hasn't been easy for him. He played in the minors for two years and then put in the better part of three seasons with the Tigers before he became a regular; a year ago, he went through a tortured .227 season, in which he raged at his coaches and his manager and the local writers and (most of all, of course) at himself. This year, he got it together, and then some; there are many baseball people who think he could be the next Mickey Mantle. He is twenty-seven years old, with a thick neck and enormous shoulders, but when you see him up close—in the middle of a boisterous clubhouse party, say, with his blond hair soaked with champagne, and his pale, darting eyes alight with triumph—your first, startled thought is: Look how young he is! Why, he's just a kid—it's all just beginning for him. Quite a few of the Detroit players look like Gibson: tall and extremely athletic, with little gunslinger mustaches and an air of great, insouciant confidence. The Tigers are of different ages and temperaments and degrees of experience, but there is a sense about them—I felt it all summer—that they are just beginning. Next year will be different—it always is—and, as Sparky Anderson has said, it will be much, much harder, but still . . . If baseball wants a dynasty, why not start here?

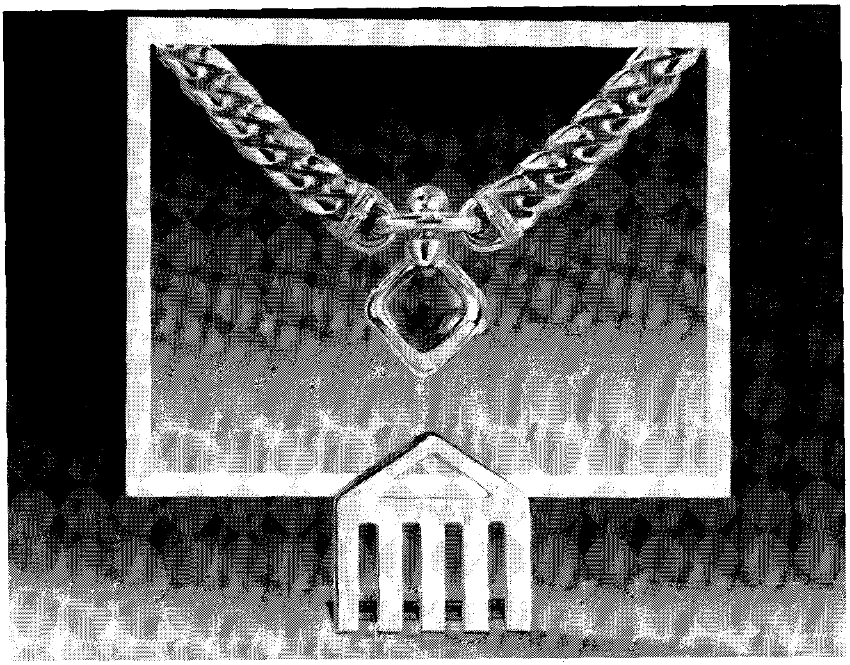
—ROGER ANGELL

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Father Robert Capon in Youthworker*]

No doubt, of course, much of the world's sinning is just that—.22-caliber short rounds fired off with no great aim. Still, there are 75 mm and even 20-megaton baddies out there, and Jesus takes away their sins, too. I suppose that what I am objecting to is having been served a few delicate filets of sauteed sin instead of a mess of inexcusable whoppers worthy of Hitler himself. Too many times, I forget that the net of the kingdom gathers *every* kind. Now and then, I think, the Gospel can be well-served by ramming the whole uncooked fish of forgiveness—the indigestible outrage of a grace that pardons even the unpardonable—down my gourmet Sunday throat.



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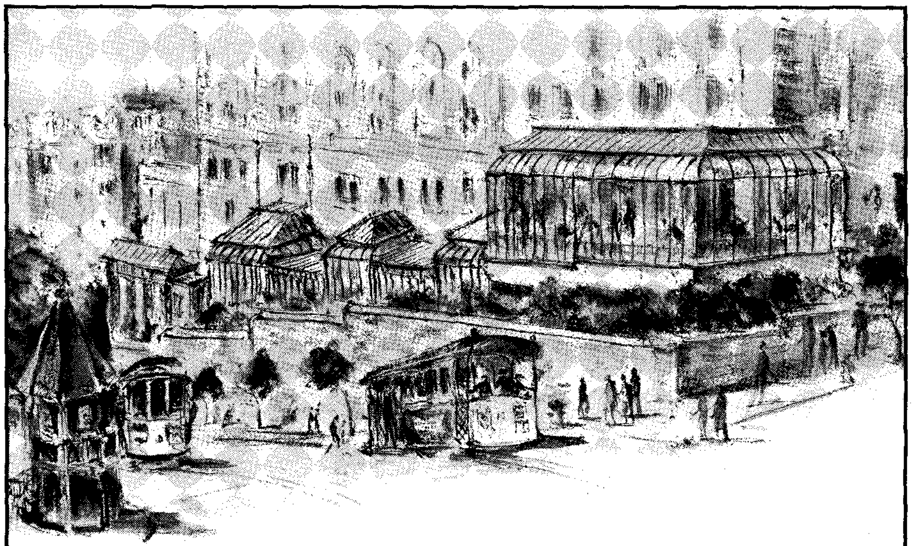

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A POLITICAL JOURNAL

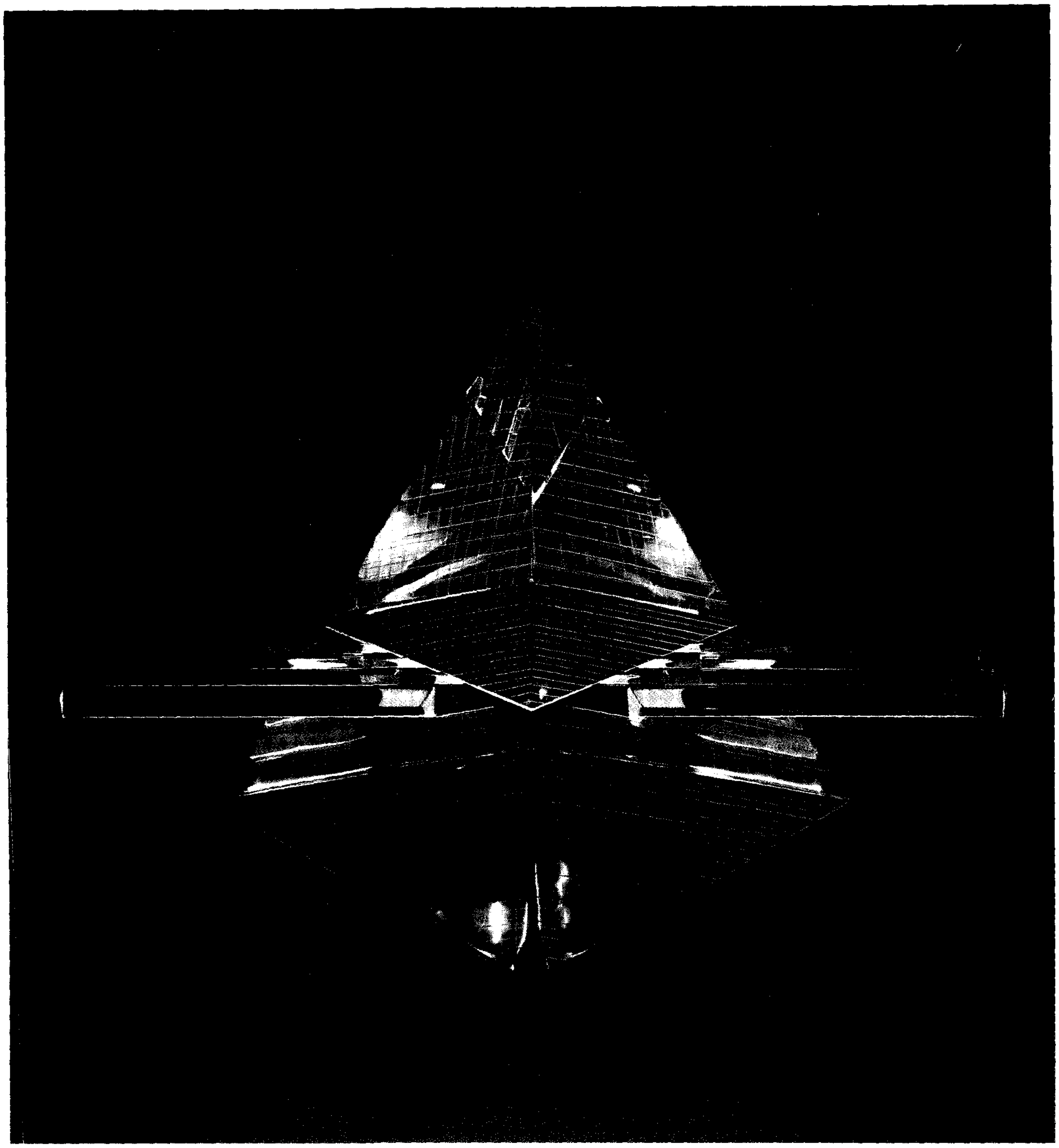
WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 7

RONALD REAGAN'S overwhelming victory last night was above all a testimonial to the man as a political phenomenon. Reagan carried forty-nine states (losing only Walter Mondale's home state of Minnesota and the District of Columbia), and defeated Mondale fifty-nine per cent to forty-one per cent. The popular-vote margin was the second-highest in history (next to that of Nixon over McGovern, in 1972), and the electoral-vote margin, five hundred and twenty-five to thirteen, was the largest since Roosevelt's in 1936. Many people in both campaigns sensed that the race was effectively over either on the night of or a couple of days after the second debate, on October 21st, and the feeling that an avalanche was coming had been in the air for about the last ten days of the campaign. But despite its magnitude Reagan's victory affected races for the Senate and the House only marginally: the Democrats made a net gain of two Senate seats, and in the House the Republicans gained, as of the current count, fourteen seats (a few are too close to tell yet)—fewer than the twenty-six they lost in 1982. A few races, including the very narrow reëlection victory of Senator Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina, over Governor James Hunt, were affected by the lopsidedness at the top of the ticket (Reagan carried North Carolina by sixty-two per cent, while Helms led by only about a point and a half), but for the most part Democrats held their own. Still, the Democrats had no great cause for comfort. Reagan's natural talents, his ability to help create and reflect the mood of the times, and also the good fortune that seems to follow his political career mowed down Mondale, as it had mowed down others who had gone up against him.

"No, we're not rich. We just have what appears to be a whole lot of money."

The precise proportion of each of these factors in Reagan's victory—his most smashing one—is literally impossible to sort out.

The question has already arisen as to whether anyone other than Mondale could have defeated Reagan; all indications are that, as the situation developed over the year, Reagan—with the exception of one brief moment—became unbeatable. Mondale's campaign was better than it was widely portrayed, but it was not as good as it could have been, and though the nature of a race between Reagan and any of Mondale's primary opponents might have been different, there is no reason to believe that they would have been able to defeat him, either. John Glenn was the pleasant, "Eisenhoweresque" man who simply did not make a good candidate. The unsteadiness that marked Gary Hart's primary campaign, and the questions that arose about him, would likely have continued into the fall. Perhaps another kind of persona than was currently available to the Democratic Party might have done it, but hypotheticals are of little purpose now. For what it's worth, some Reagan people believed to the end that Mondale, despite his vulnerabilities, was the strongest candidate the Democrats could have put up against Reagan. As the people went to the polls, the economy was in apparent good condition (the deficit was not something people wanted to think about), and people believed that they were economically better off than they had been before (that Reagan had presided over the greatest recession since the Great Depression had been either forgiven or forgotten). There were no upsetting international events—though the Administration clearly was worried that there might be one in the closing days. Interest rates were coming down (as a result of slower growth), inflation was modest (by recent standards), and unemployment, at 7.4 per cent, was just about where it was when Reagan came into office—but so much lower than it was two years ago (when it reached nearly eleven per cent) that people were convinced that things were coming along nicely. (Even oil prices, the source of so much misery during the Carter Administration, were dropping.) And Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko came calling. Those Reagan aides who talked to me early in the year about the fact that this could be a close election, or that Reagan could even lose, were, as they now say, dealing with a lot of imponderables—all of which broke right for them—and they also got some breaks they hadn't counted on. Reagan had both helped create and capitalized on the belief that America was "feeling better about itself." And Mondale was saying things that a great many people simply didn't want to hear, and was successfully portrayed by his opposition as a creature of a rejected past. Reagan is highly



An Interval of Time

One in a series of crystal sculptures based on the idea of passage in time and space from one state of being to another. *An Interval of Time* is in the collections of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Lausanne. By Peter Aldridge. Length 17". $27,500. An edition of fifteen. Signed Steuben.

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1-212-752-1441. Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

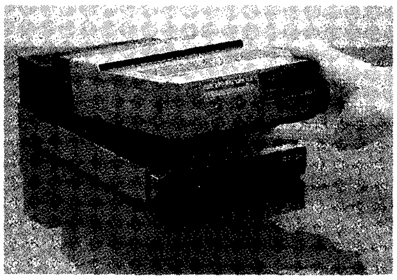
STEUBEN GLASS

The camera that shoots by the light of just one birthday candle.

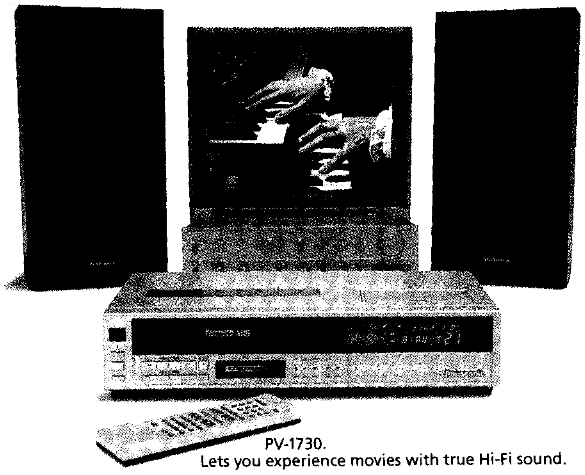
No ordinary video camera can hold a candle to this Panasonic. The new Panasonic PK-958 will actually catch the twinkle in a child's eye with the light from only one birthday candle. That's because this Panasonic has a ⅔″ Newvicon® tube that can shoot in as little light as 7 Lux. Lux is a measure of a camera's light sensitivity. The lower the Lux, the better. 7 Lux means special moments like weddings and birthday parties won't become dim memories.

And this Panasonic has features that let it perform brilliantly in any kind of light. Like an 8:1 zoom that also has a built-in macro lens for extreme closeups. You can also see instant replays of what you just shot. Right through the camera's electronic viewfinder. There's even a built-in keyboard. So you can type titles on your favorite scenes. In a choice of sizes and colors.

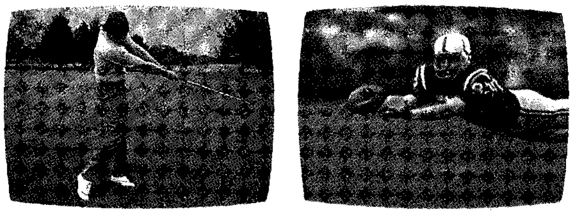
The portable/home system that puts Hi-Fi sound in your video.


PV-9600. Portable Hi-Fi recorder automatically connects to its tuner-timer.

One moment you could be using the Panasonic PV-9600 to record your family. And the next moment you can use it to tape your favorite TV shows. Or you can use it to see prerecorded movies. Connect it to your stereo and it will even play back prerecorded VHS Hi-Fi tapes. And VHS Hi-Fi sounds incredible. Conventional stereo doesn't even come close.

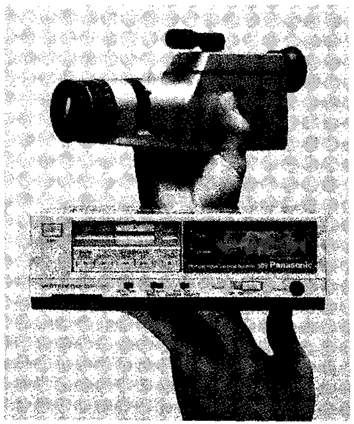

PV-1730.
Lets you experience movies with true Hi-Fi sound.

The PV-9600 video recorder connects to its tuner/timer automatically. There are no cables to connect. It plays back an outstanding picture. Even in slow motion and stop motion. Thanks to our Tech-4™ technology. The Tech-4 multi-head design keeps the picture stable and eliminates snow and jitter. So you'll be able to closely examine every move in a football game or golf tournament. And to make it easy to find your favorite play or swing, this Panasonic has Omnisearch. It lets you scan a tape at up to 15 times normal speed in the SLP mode.


Tech-4. For clear special effects like slow motion and stop action.

You can program the recorder to tape up to eight different shows. Even if you're away from home for two weeks. Plus it has a 26-function wireless remote control. And a 139-channel cable-capable* tuner. With all these features, no one outshines the Panasonic PV-9600.

Panasonic has video systems for everyone.


Lightweight, compact PK-450 video camera and PV-8500 portable recorder.

Panasonic has everything from economical home recorders, to sophisticated recorders with every feature you can imagine, including VHS Hi-Fi sound. There are even featherlight portable video systems made to let you and your imagination wander.

The Panasonic PV-8500 VHS recorder and PK-450 camera combine to give you one of our lightest, most portable, portable video systems. Yet despite the PK-450's minuscule size, it puts some amazing capabilities within your grasp. Auto-Focus. A 6:1 zoom. And a high-resolution Newvicon tube are just a few.

The PV-8500 portable video recorder fits in the palm of your hand. But despite its small size and weight, it records with the same vivid quality as our larger recorders. And with its tuner/timer, it'll record for up to eight hours from TV.

How to choose the right video system.

Choosing the right video system is easy if you use a systematic approach. First you must choose among the three different systems.

Home recorders: Home video recorders record from TV. And play back prerecorded movies. The newest ones have multi-head design for a more stable picture. And some even play Hi-Fi sound.

Portable only systems: Portable video systems are making big news this year. They're primarily used for making home movies. But when it comes to recording from TV, they have some drawbacks. With many, you have to buy an optional tuner/timer. Some have such short recording times, they can't fit a full-length feature on one tape. And some can't play prerecorded movies.

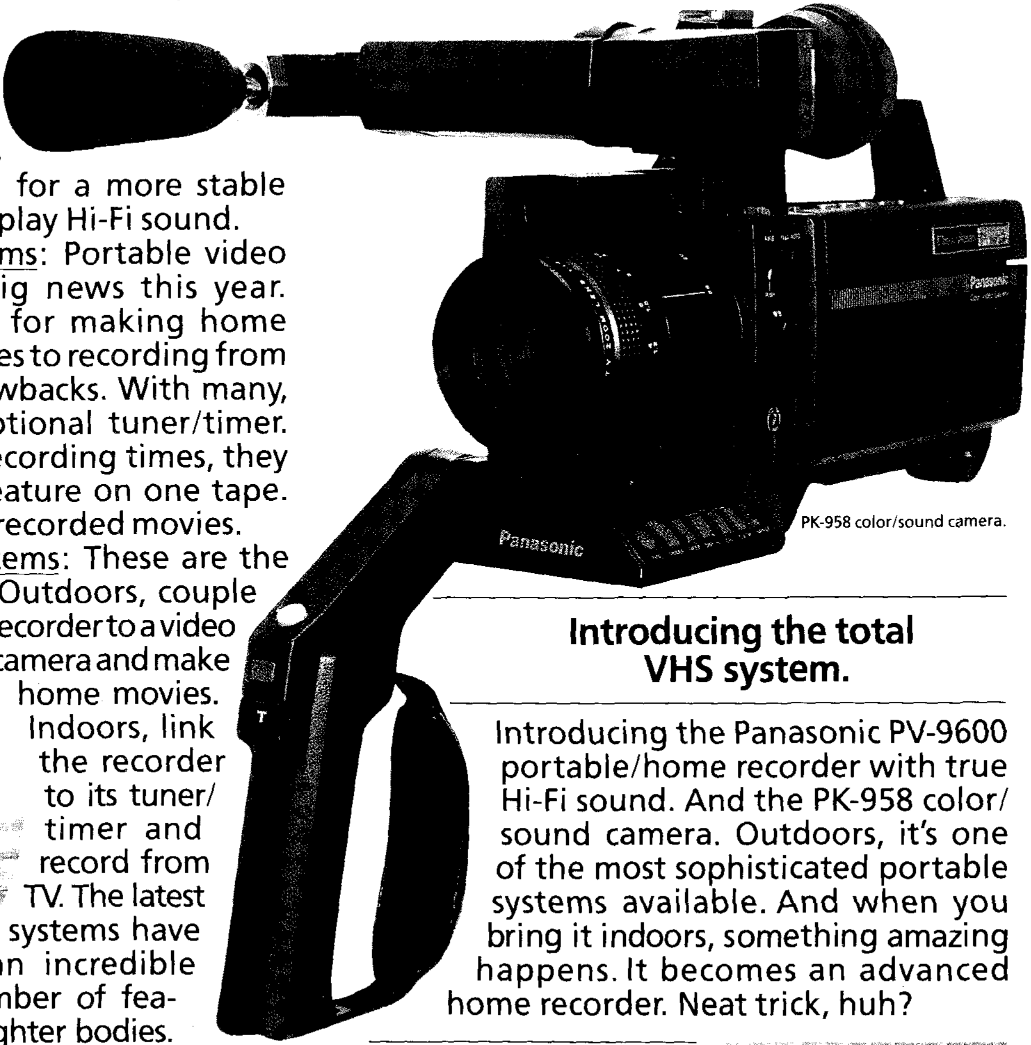
Portable/home systems: These are the most versatile systems. Outdoors, couple the recorder to a video camera and make home movies. Indoors, link the recorder to its tuner/timer and record from TV. The latest systems have an incredible number of features built into smaller, lighter bodies. Some even have Hi-Fi sound.

Why VHS is the most popular format.

There are several formats including VHS™ and Beta. VHS gives you up to eight hours of recording on one tape. That's more than any other format. VHS is the most widely used. So your chances of trading tapes with friends are greater. Also there are more VHS movies and other programs available to buy or rent.

How do you make the right decision?

Ask yourself some basic questions. What do you want your video system to do? Record from TV and play back prerecorded movies? Make home movies? Or both? What kind of video system do you want? Which format gives you the most versatility? What features do you want? How important is sound quality? By answering these simple questions, you won't get lost looking for a video system.



PK-958 color/sound camera.

Introducing the total VHS system.

Introducing the Panasonic PV-9600 portable/home recorder with true Hi-Fi sound. And the PK-958 color/sound camera. Outdoors, it's one of the most sophisticated portable systems available. And when you bring it indoors, something amazing happens. It becomes an advanced home recorder. Neat trick, huh?

The Panasonic system that does the thinking for you.

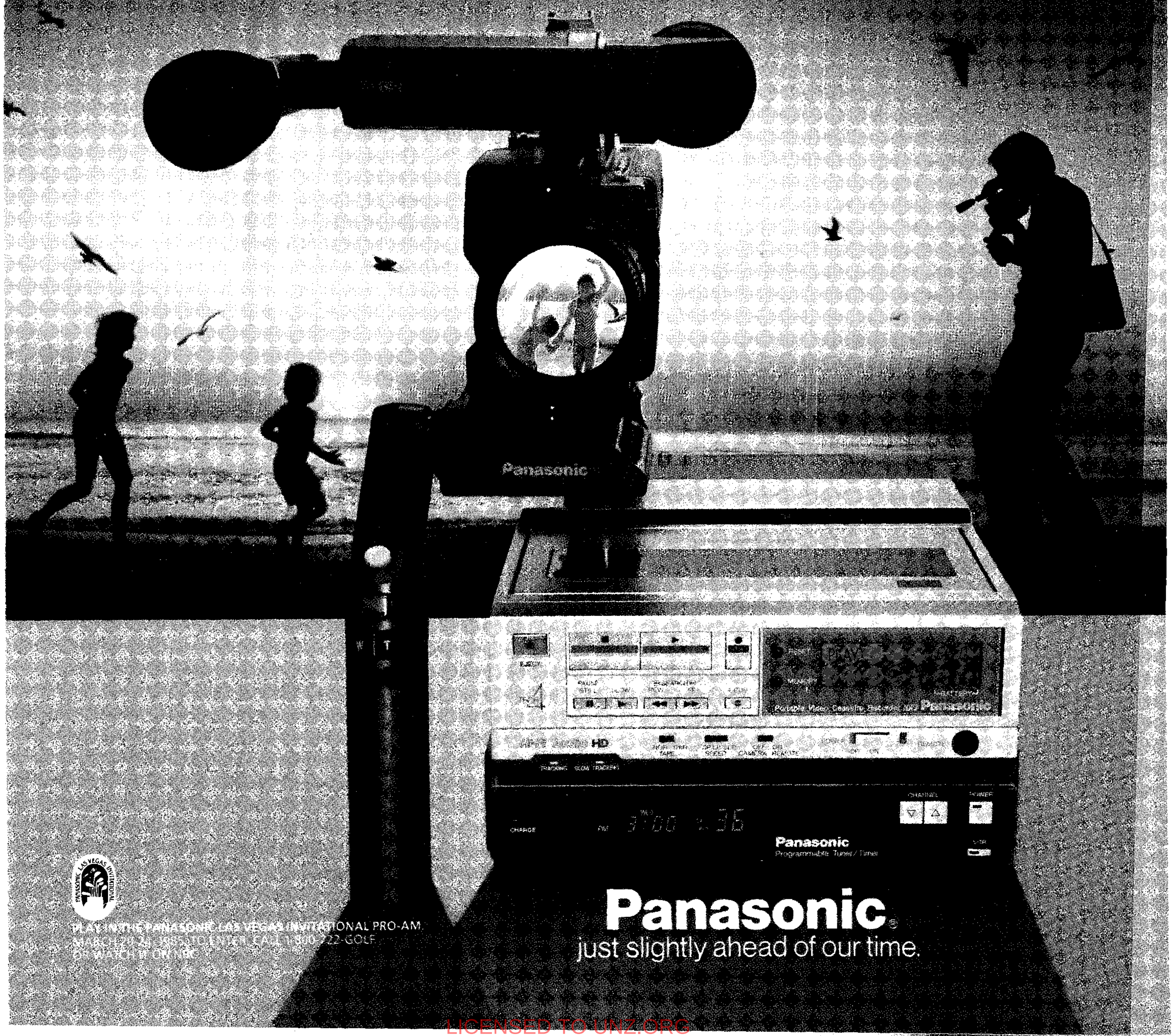
Together this new Panasonic camera and video recorder have electronic reflexes that respond to the action more quickly than you can. In less time than it takes you to say "smile," the camera focuses automatically. Adjusts for changing light. And sets sound levels. All by itself.

IF YOU'RE NOT SURE OF WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN A VIDEO SYSTEM. LOOK OUT!

Earlier this year the video world exploded! New systems. New formats. New features. Home video has experienced breakthrough after breakthrough.

But unfortunately now it's very difficult to break through all the confusion. Which system is best? Is the difference between VHS™ and Beta, Greek to you? What features are important? Do you want to tape just TV? Or tape just your family? Or both? And what should you look for in a camera?

Panasonic would like to help sort it all out. And help you make sure your first video system is good enough to be your last.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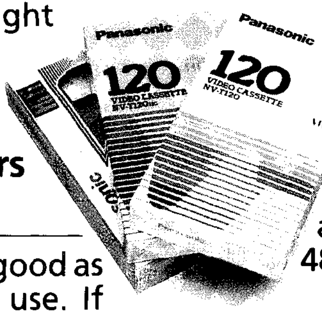

The technology in Panasonic video recorders is in our tapes, too.

Your video system is only as good as the blank video tapes you use. If you shoot with bad blanks, your picture's color will look dead. Washed out. Even the sound will suffer.

Load a Panasonic VHS blank into your recorder and you can't miss. Panasonic tapes have high-color saturation, and great sound. Because the technology that goes into our video recorders is also in our video tapes. There are three different grades of Panasonic video tapes: Standard, Super High Grade and Hi-Fi.

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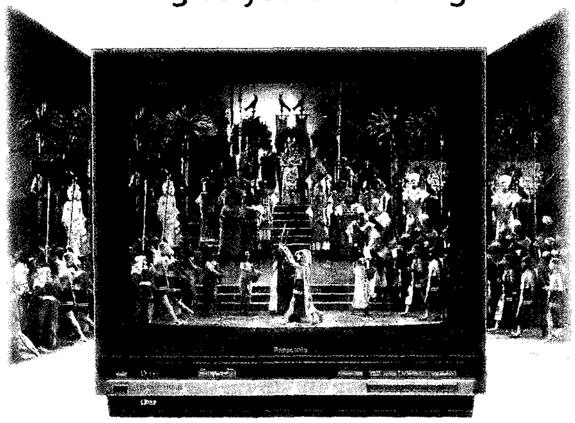
It's no wonder that our latest Panasonic color TV will give you something that was once impossible. The CTF-2077R can actually receive full stereo broadcasts through its own integrated decoder, amplifier and stereo speakers. So when the Networks start broadcasting in stereo, you'll be ready.



CTF-2077R. Receives full stereo broadcasts.

All Panasonic products are designed by Matsushita Electric, our parent company. It's the world's largest and most experienced manufacturer of portable and home video recorders.

For additional information about the complete line of Panasonic video equipment that's just slightly ahead of our time, visit the Panasonic dealer near you.

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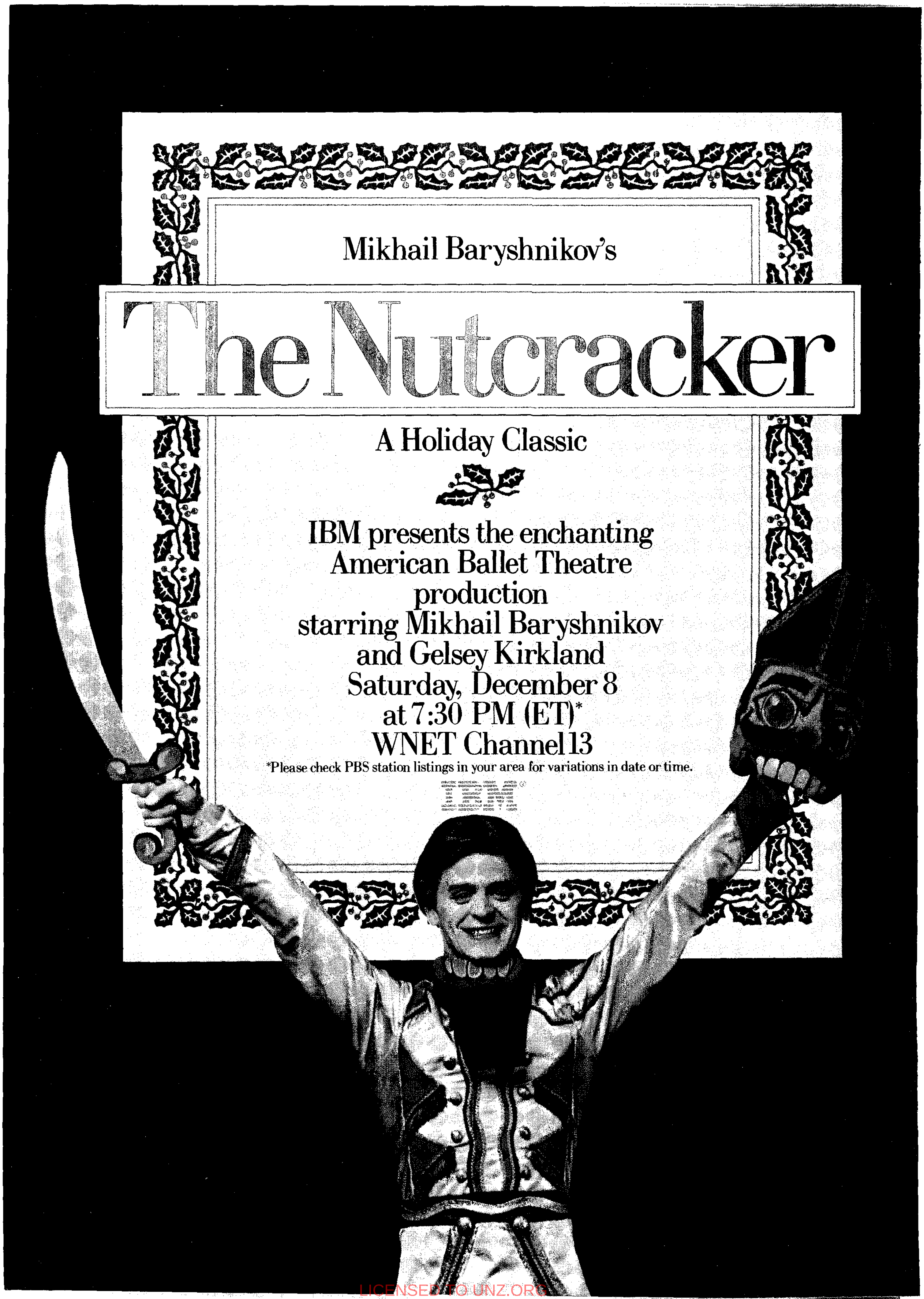
TV pictures simulated. Aida photograph courtesy of San Francisco Opera.



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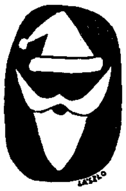
skilled not only at uplifting rhetoric but also at the attack. There were some things that Mondale might have done about all this, but they went against qualities deep in his nature, and there were some things—exogenous circumstances—that would have presented a daunting challenge to anyone who opposed Reagan.

The combination of Reagan's politics of optimism, his winning personality, and, perhaps most important, his remarkable ability to project a posture of strength and decisiveness, along with relatively good times—or the appearance of them—produced a chemistry that was overpowering. The sunny disposition that Reagan presents, for the most part, to the public is a welcome thing—coming particularly as it did after a President who fretted aloud to the public—and as long as it doesn't seem too out of kilter with reality it works. Reagan does not go on about the burdens of office, or display them; he does not come across as a worrier. The fact that he was so packaged and managed in this campaign worked in his favor, because people liked the package they saw. And Reagan knows how to be packaged. Reagan knows how to look like a leader and talk like a leader and act like a leader. The greatest moment of peril to Reagan in the campaign was when he went unpackaged before the public in the first debate—and the question of whether he was up to the job (the "age issue") became an open one. But such was the reservoir of good will that so much of the public had for Reagan by then, and so strong was the desire to reëlect him, that when he held himself together enough to perform passably in the second debate—proved, as it came to be said, that he was not "gaga"—the great majority of the public was satisfied. A great many people believed that his joking that he would not "make age an issue in this campaign," that he would not "exploit for political purposes my opponent's youth and inexperience," settled the "age issue," though it was irrelevant to it. And, as it turned out, there were negative attitudes toward Mondale which Mondale was never able to overcome—particularly as he was compared in the public mind to Reagan.

Reagan's persona, his packaging, his politics, and even his physique are all of a piece. Reagan not only says that America is "standing tall" but he stands tall as well. His confident (if self-conscious) stride gives off confidence. His snappy salute to the Marine guard when he alights from the helicopter on the White House lawn is the salute of a commanding figure—a true commander-in-chief. The sheer physicality, even the masculinity, that someone brings to a candidacy, or a Presidency, is a much overlooked factor—perhaps because we don't care to admit how much it might matter. But the physical bearing that Reagan has brought to the Presidency cannot be ignored as a political factor. (Consider how he looked compared to Carter—and Mondale.) He looks the way we want a President to look, and he offers to the public a disposition that is amiable but capable of turning tough should the need arise. His firing of the striking air-traffic controllers, breaking their union, in 1981 was a popular act, as was his invasion of Grenada. Reagan doesn't dither in public. The indecision that has marked his Administration on many of the big questions—the deficit, arms control—has been largely kept from public view. When Reagan makes a televised address, it seems that there is not a doubt in his mind. His themes were, for the large part, positive themes: America is great; we can become anything we want to be; times are good and they are going to get better. Reagan's aides counted on the theory that running a myth of what a President should be like, and making Reagan equal America, would work—though some acknowledged privately that it was a bit of a cynical game. Voting against Reagan would be voting against America itself.

Reagan is also a shrewd politician, with a special instinct for how to appeal to the middle class—an instinct that has served him well for many years. And someone here says that Reagan knows how to slip a punch better than any politician since John Kennedy. And he covers a retreat better than most: not long after he said that taking the Marines out of Lebanon would amount to "surrender," the Marines were pulled out—or "redeployed." Often, Reagan will publicly stand by an embattled aide—and then the aide is gone. Reversals are never recognized. Put all this together with a man whose powers of communication—under only certain, but the most important, circumstances—rank with the best in the history of American politics, and the result is a very formidable politician.

The picture of Reagan as a leader was carefully and cumulatively built. Few politicians could have carried off the burial of the unknown soldier from the Vietnam War over Memorial Day or the commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the landing at Normandy the way Reagan did. Reagan is very convincing when he looks moved, as he does on such occasions, and this undercuts the idea that he could be a hard-hearted man. Those scenes, plus the trip to China, built him up as a national and a world leader, yet even his own people noticed that at the time they did not particularly give him a boost in the polls, and wondered why. Bob Beckel, Mondale's campaign manager, says he felt at the time that all this was a setting of the stage for the fall campaign.

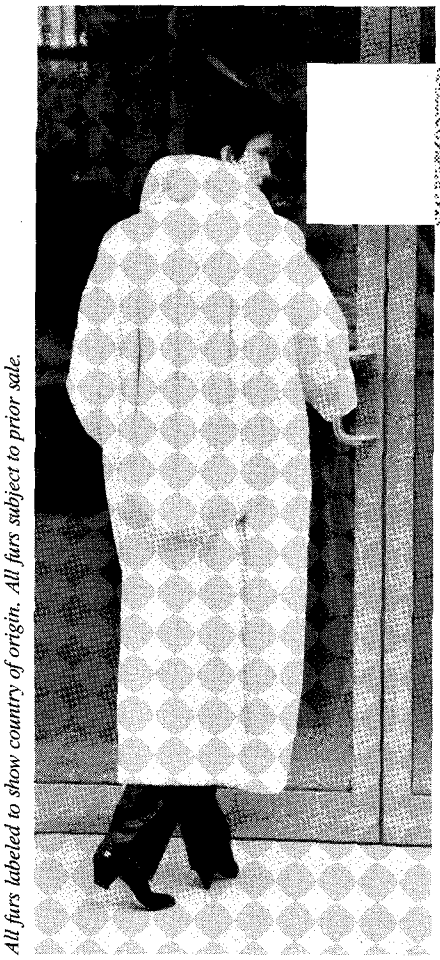


Shortly before the election, Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, said to me, "This has been an election that rode on two major issues—peace and prosperity. There has been considerably more focus on prosperity than there has been on peace, and that's been a tremendous advantage to Reagan. People feel things are better than they've ever been before, and are going in the right direction, and that has been more deeply felt in the last days of the campaign than in the early part: unemployment stabilized; inflation isn't what it used to be; interest rates are coming down; and, most important, people feel they have more money in their pockets." (Most do, as a result of the 1981 tax cut, the reduction in inflation, and the economic recovery.) Reagan aides say quite candidly that they tried to stay away from the subject of foreign policy in the campaign, since they considered it an area of political weakness for Reagan. Wirthlin said that in 1980 Reagan picked up the "nascent" theme of the new patriotism, and that that had grown, reinforced by the invasion of Grenada and reaching its apex in the Olympics.

Wirthlin described the 1984 election as "a megacampaign—not only in terms of mega-issues, but in terms of the broad philosophical underpinnings that transcend the issues." He said, "Ronald Reagan has been able to articulate, better than Walter Mondale, the more generic changes that have affected Americans: that they look at the decade of the seventies as a decade of crushed expectations—Watergate, OPEC, America on the defensive on many fronts—and they feel that there has to be a better way to deal with these things. I don't think people were expressing this very explicitly in 1980; I think 1980 was more of a rejection, first, of Carter and, second, of the Democratic agenda on how to deal with friends and foes and the economy." Wirthlin argues that in this election people were more certain of having voted for change, and that since 1980 Reagan has articulated more clearly the kinds of changes Americans have been seeking. In 1980, there was also something of a reaction to the loosening cultural mores of the nineteen-seventies—another wave Reagan caught—and this has grown since then. Wirthlin points out that though Mario Cuomo and Geraldine Ferraro and Mondale tried to identify the Democratic Party at its Convention with the basic values of family, the workplace, and patriotism, they were unable to preëmpt Reagan in this sphere.

Those Reagan political advisers who early in the year saw the election as potentially close, or even one that Reagan could lose, were, like others, accepting the idea that Mondale was the strong front-runner for the nomination, and there were a number of things they could not foresee. Wirthlin himself says that the public confirmation of the changes that Reagan had made in economic and foreign policy was not then that strong. Unemployment did not begin to fall rapidly until the spring and summer. All of Reagan's political advisers were worried that interest rates would be rising in the autumn, as the election neared. The Marines were still in Beirut, and the future course of events in Central America was unclear. Wirthlin said to me recently, "To say that the election is a referendum on the President's performance is pretty shallow. What this election is really about is confirmation of change and viewing government through somewhat different eyes. The bigger question has been: Are we comfortable as a people with the kinds of changes Reagan has tried to induce? The answer was very clouded in January." In mid-January, the Gallup poll had Reagan and Mondale tied, each with forty-five per cent of the vote, and a few days later the Washington *Post*–ABC poll had Reagan leading Mondale by only three points. (Other polls did have Reagan leading by more.) Even in early May, Gallup had Mondale down by only four points, and later in the month he was down by nine points.

Wirthlin says, "It was a much closer race earlier this year. What



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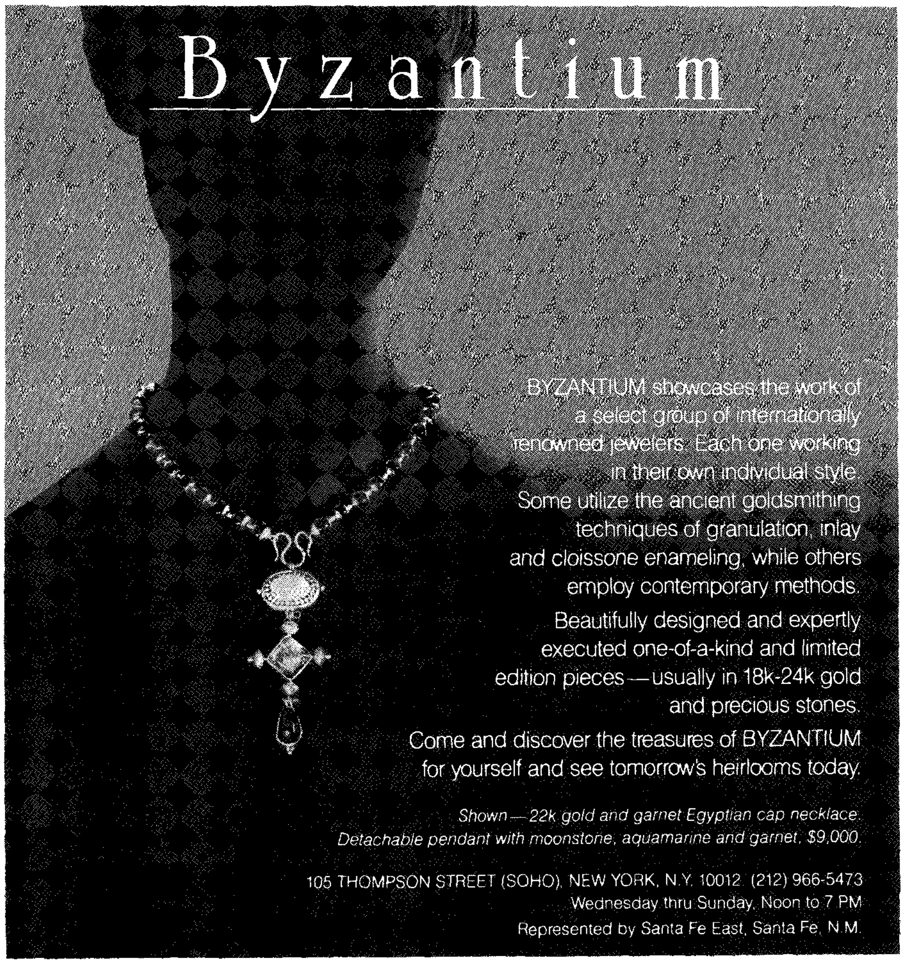

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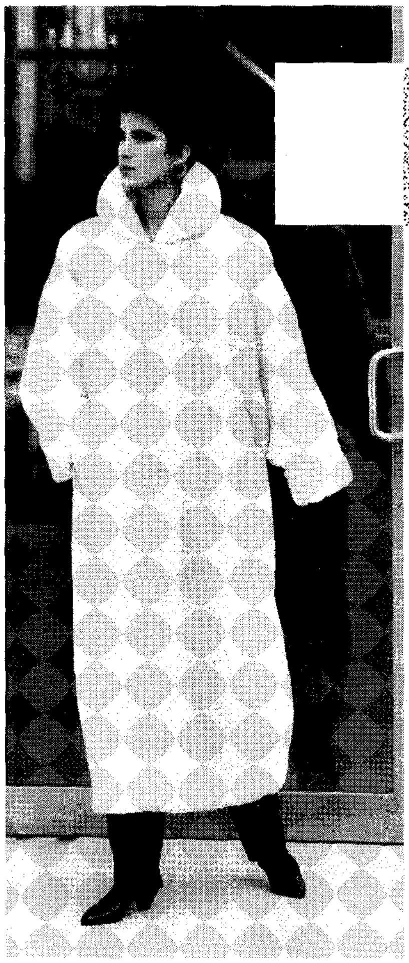
happened is that those issues that were in the balance and those elements that could affect it one way or the other came in Reagan's direction." He says that in January, 1983, only nineteen per cent of the people said that the economy was better than it had been a year before; that by January of 1984 about half the people felt that this was the case; and that shortly before the election sixty per cent felt so. He says that it took most Americans about a year and a half—until about the spring of 1984—to see that inflation really had come down. He adds, "Interest rates started coming down this fall. There was no foreign-policy crisis. So all of those things moved to us." Wirthlin also says, "Another thing we didn't see in January was the challenge Mondale would have in the primaries. Politics is a game of focussing your few resources on the imperatives, and his general-election strategy in January, before he was derailed, was a very strong one." This was when Mondale said that his three themes would be fairness, a more competitive economy, and arms control. Wirthlin, working with a mathematician from Palo Alto, actually did some simulations of the impact on an election of these issues, and, he says, "Mondale was right on target." But then Mondale, forced to develop the contrasts between himself and Hart, increasingly fell back on the traditional Democratic Party groups, thus intensifying his identification as a candidate of the "special interests" (as did his acceptance of political-action-committee funds for "delegate committees") and postponing his opportunity to move to the center. Then there was the Bert Lance matter, which, Wirthlin says, "took the bloom off his being 'courageous' in choosing Ferraro." Wirthlin says, "Those are the intervening events that changed what we thought might happen and what did happen." Meanwhile, Reagan had no primary opposition. Lee Atwater, the deputy director of the Reagan-Bush campaign, says that such challenges weaken the incumbent, by going at his leadership, and can even contribute to his defeat (Ford, Carter). Also, the combined resources of the Reagan-Bush campaign and the Republican National Committee and other groups were plentiful.

So Reagan, the pleasing persona, the self-defined successful President (Reagan is excellent at defining the terms of the situation), was running in what people felt were good times,



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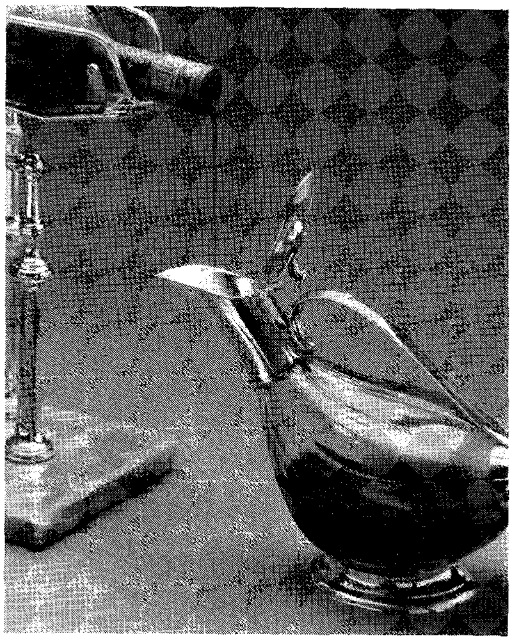

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and he cultivated and capitalized on currents in the national culture: the new patriotism; a "nativist" reaction, which had been developing for some years, against what many saw as excessive and unsettling social change; a sense that government should leave us alone and stop taking so much of our taxes. Anything is possible if you work hard and the government doesn't get in your way, Reagan told the country. Reagan bridles—and cites statistics—when it is suggested that this means that he has been less than fair to the poor, but the facts are that the less well off were the target of most of the budget savings, that the Administration would have gone further but for bipartisan opposition on Capitol Hill, and that the poverty rate has risen. Reagan restored the idea that America can whip anybody (Grenada, the Olympics), and persuaded the public that he had retrieved American defense policy from one of "weakness," even "unilateral disarmament." The fact that he misrepresented what had preceded him, and perhaps even his own achievement, was irrelevant. It sounded good, and Reagan is very convincing—in part because he is so convinced. The Reagan story was that he had cut taxes, slowed the rate of the growth of government, cut inflation and interest rates, restored our military strength and the respect with which we are held in the world. It's a good story, and the fact that it is more complicated than that didn't get in its way. By the time of the election, the Reagan-Bush polling indicated that sixty-five per cent of the people approved of the job Reagan was doing over all; sixty-five per cent approved of his handling of the economy; fifty-four per cent approved of his handling of foreign affairs; and sixty-three per cent felt that the country was headed in the right direction. And on the question of which of the two candidates was best described as "in touch and in charge"—a question Wirthlin watched very carefully throughout the campaign—Reagan ended up with a twenty-seven-point advantage over Mondale. Of the Mondale effort to paint Reagan as out of touch and not in charge Wirthlin says, "They couldn't make it stick; people just didn't believe it."

THE deadliest problem for Mondale—other than Reagan's personal popularity—was the picture that the public had of him, and that he was unable to shake. With the exception of

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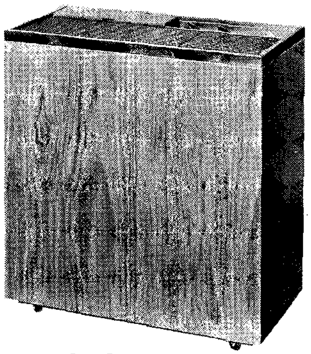

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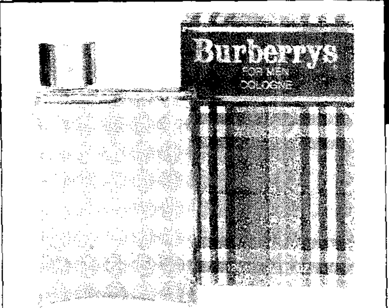

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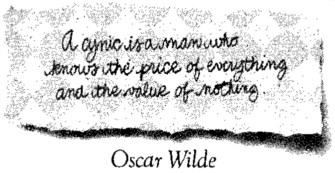
a brief period following the first debate, Mondale's approval rating, according to his own campaign's polls, never got above around forty per cent, while Reagan's rating hovered around fifty-five per cent. (The Reagan campaign had Reagan's approval rating in the sixties all fall. The lowest point of Reagan's popularity throughout his first term was in January, 1983, at the end of the recession, when his approval rating was forty-four per cent.) In mid-September, Mondale's rating was at its lowest—thirty-six per cent. His highest rating was forty-five per cent, after the first debate. Focus-group interviews conducted by the Mondale campaign showed that people believed that Mondale was weak, lacked leadership, was too beholden to the special interests—and these perceptions are, of course, related. These interviews suggested that Mondale could not shake the shadows of Carter and the hostages in Iran—that they were a large part of the picture of Mondale as "weak." And some of the actions of Mondale and his campaign reinforced that picture of "weakness." Mondale, unlike Reagan, sometimes appeared to dither. Reagan attacked Grenada; Mondale made a multi-part statement that raised questions about the invasion but left no clear position, and he later said it was justified. There were other examples—especially, even after he had the nomination sewed up, the appearance of his continuing to have to try to satisfy major interest groups, particularly women and blacks. People appear to admire decisiveness—as long as it doesn't get out of hand. But beyond Reagan's strapping shoulders and apparent clarity of views people, from what they saw, had some reason to question how decisive Mondale would be as President. And the Reagan campaign relentlessly tied Mondale to Carter.

There is no way to rewind the movie and make another one now—to know how, if Mondale, starting last year, had run a different kind of campaign, the outcome might have been different, or could have been decisively different. But there is the school of thought among some who were involved in the Mondale campaign that the campaign was focussed too much last year on the tactics of winning straw polls and endorsements, and failed to come up with a message. And it is now clear that the struggle to find a message for the Mondale campaign had gone on for a very long time.



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When Mondale announced his candidacy, in February, 1983, his essential message was "I'm ready" to be President—not a very exciting one, yet one that was carried through to the advertising for the New Hampshire primary, and was, by common consent, a dud, and it was eventually dropped. Thus, the "juggernaut" strategy—the strategy of making Mondale's candidacy seem so formidable that his nomination would be inevitable—was lacking one thing: something to say that would make people want to follow him. Mondale's aides knew that they were dealing with a candidate who is resistant to themes, and one premise of the "juggernaut" strategy was that if he did not sew up the nomination early his candidacy would collapse. (They appeared to have the Muskie model in mind—and also to underestimate Mondale's resilience.) But the campaign that Mondale waged last year, which impressed many people at the time, and which he carried through the primaries, served to accentuate his negatives: he was seen as simply a politician, and an old-hat one, too tied to the "special interests." He won by battering his opponents and by his campaign's making astute use of rules that had been written to favor him. His campaign was marked by tactical rather than strategic thinking. The argument over theme and message began last year, and continued right up to the end of the campaign. (In fact, it is still going on.) One Mondale aide said to me recently, "Every two or three months for two years, our campaign reached message gridlock."

By the spring of 1983, there was concern within the Mondale campaign about the fact that Mondale was not seen to have any message, and a feeling that this was feeding, or failing to offset, the view already developing that Mondale was a candidate of the "special interests." Mondale was advised from within the campaign to have a "the speech," with a concise message, that would fill the vacuum in which the special-interests charge was growing. It was also suggested to him that he stop giving speeches to conventions of interest groups tailored to their issues, and stop offering various groups, as a reason for supporting him, a list of issues on which he is on their side. He was advised, in other words, to develop a stump speech early, one that would have a national appeal—and have it be something he would be comfortable with. A speech

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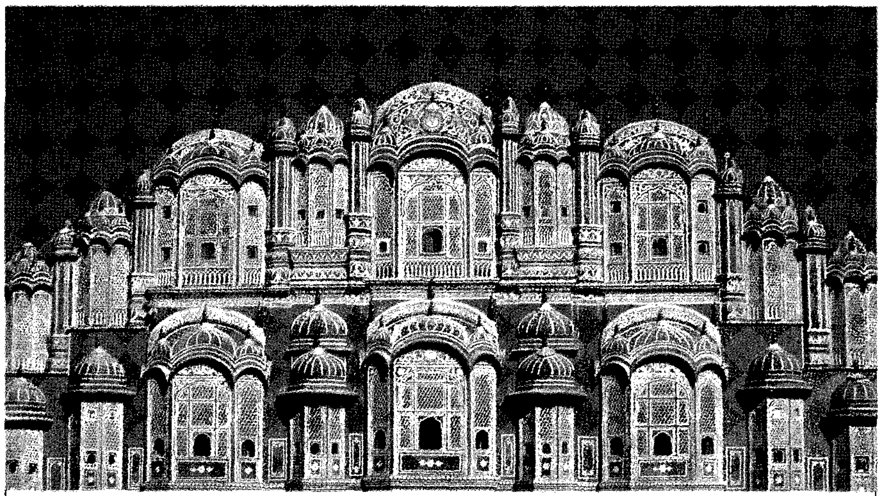

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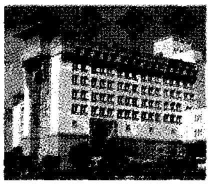

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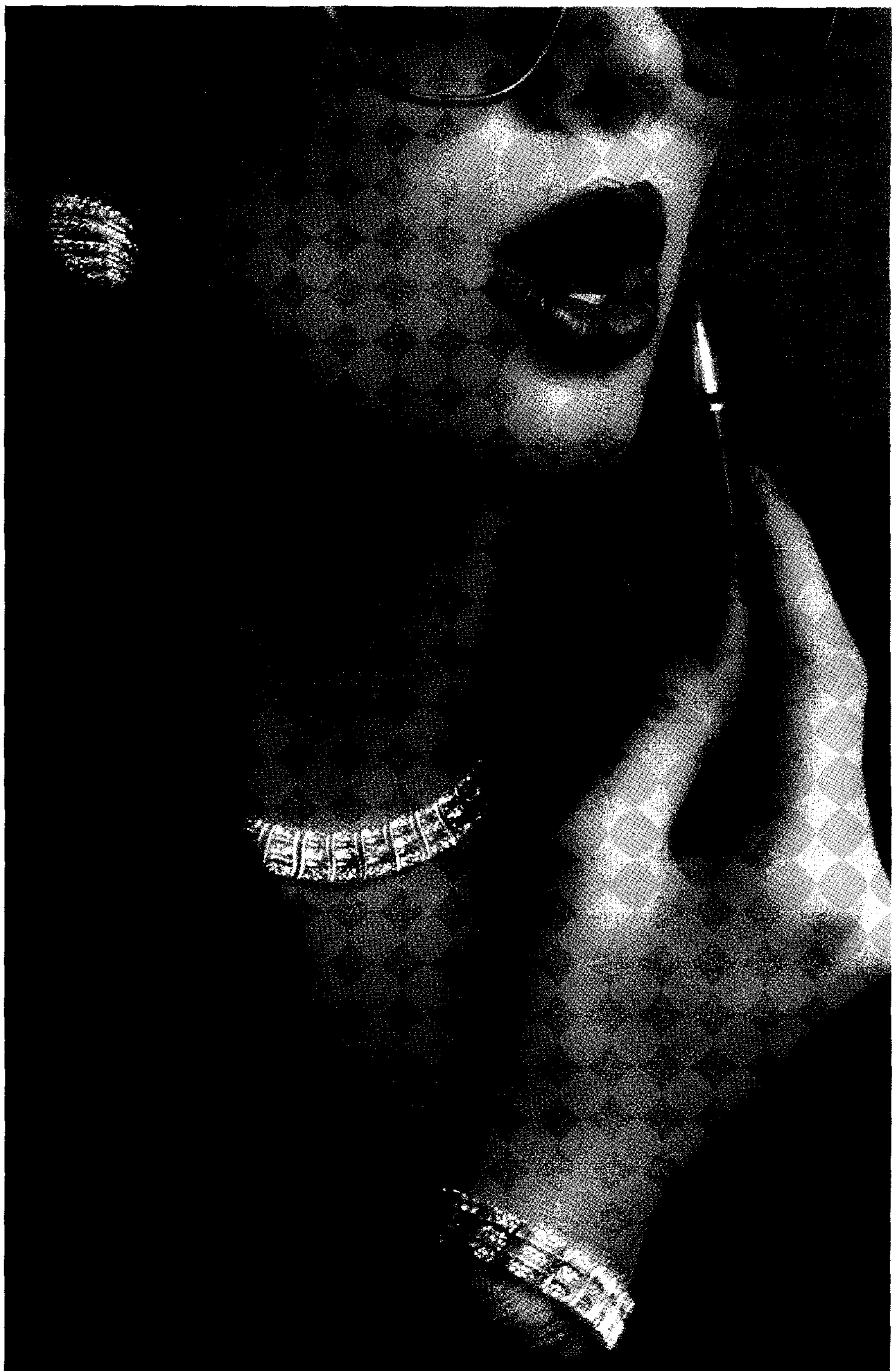
suggested by Mondale's speechwriter, Martin Kaplan, stressed the theme of a return to discipline, standards, and excellence (Mondale used this on occasion and mentioned it in his acceptance speech, but never went very far with it); a season of rebuilding and retraining; of emphasizing the future through stressing education and skills. It called for reducing the deficit and returning to basic principles—the environment, justice, tax fairness. Though Mondale toyed with some of these ideas, he didn't accept the premise of the need for "the speech."

Around Labor Day of 1983, Mondale's campaign staff made another run at urging him to develop a unified national message: one that set forth a moral contrast with Reagan, one that showed Mondale as focussing on the future, and, most important, one that showed Mondale as a man of personal strength (the Mondale polling was already turning up problems in this area)—a man with backbone, and not just another "calculating politician." It was suggested that he keep to a minimum the number of events where he was seen surrounded by politicians and interest-group leaders; that he take unequivocal stands on tough issues; that he deliver the same message to different audiences—to defuse the "pandering" charge. He was urged to de-clutter his message, and not talk so much about things not germane to the average voter—about misalignment of currencies, about NATO, about the people worst off in this country. Another stump speech was proposed. There was a major argument within the campaign over Mondale's speech, on October 6, 1983, accepting the endorsement of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. This was seen by the Mondale campaign as the first major opportunity to launch a national message. A speech of general interest, and stressing excellence, was proposed, but Mondale, out of habit, gave an essentially red-meat labor speech that delighted the audience in the hall—and received a negative reaction in the press. His aides considered it an achievement that his speech to the National Press Club at the beginning of this year boiled his campaign message down to three themes, but he had trouble sticking to them, and after he was upended by Hart in New Hampshire he changed course. Mondale was embroiled in a dog-eat-dog intra-party brawl, in which he treated each state as a universe—and pitched his appeal to the subgroups in it—and in which both he and his opponents drove up his negatives.

The plain fact is that Mondale was not a thematic politician, and resisted attempts to make him one. A thematic campaign calls for a kind of repetition and discipline that are not in Mondale's nature: if there was something he wanted to talk about, he went out and talked about it. He has a curious and far-ranging mind, and if he thought something was important—and he thought a lot of things were important—he wanted to say so. He often talked about fairness and compassion—and did it passionately—but he talked about many other things as well. Mondale's suspicion of uplifting rhetoric—he called it "words" or "dawnism" (as in "the dawn of a new era")—lasted until almost the end of his campaign. He is a highly intelligent, well-informed, serious (but not humorless) man who believed to the end that the issues mattered. Mondale sees the complexity of things and talks about them in a complicated manner; Reagan sees simple truths and delivers a simple message.

When we talked shortly before Election Day, Beckel said, "They have the easiest positive message—a booming economy, peace—and the easiest negative message—Carter, the hostages—and a guy who can deliver it." An effective message, Beckel said, needs a cadence, repetition, and simplicity, and he conceded that the Mondale campaign never arrived at this. He said that people don't want to face the fact of the deficit—"They don't want to hear it or think about it"—and that with so many people feeling well off, and the country at peace, they didn't want to change Presidents. "We couldn't go to the public and say the world is coming to the end and the President is a bad guy—people would shut you out. Finding a message has been the most frustrating part of the campaign—it's been like trying to probe through a very dense fog." I asked Beckel what Mondale's message was. He replied, "That there are two different ways to view how government involves itself in your life, and there are two different views on how to approach that, that Walter Mondale's is transitional: we will not go back to the way we were and we will not stay with the way we are—and the problem with the message is that it takes that long to say it. And he's trying to say a lot at a time when people are pretty content."

One of Mondale's aides said, "He



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was a victim of his strengths." And someone who worked with Mondale said that what he chose to talk about was another example of his running for the Presidency as if he were President: his idea was that a President deals with and talks about national security, agriculture, foreign policy, currencies, the poor—and in the end it all fits together as what the Presidency is. He viewed the citizens, one adviser said, as jurors who are listening. This adviser argues that Reagan, on the other hand, appealed to the voters not as jurors but as consumers and, drawing on the iconography of America, talked to them with a controlled, repeated message. Mondale was simply unwilling to accept the discipline of electronic politics—choosing one message per day and sticking with it, so that that is what gets on the air. Moreover, there is a side of him that likes political brawls, and he couldn't resist counterpunching Reagan when the plan had been for him to talk about something else. And the counterpunch was what was most likely to get on the air. Mondale often—far more often than the public seemed to know—moved the audience he spoke before. But television tends to pick up the "hot" line, the attack line, and what often came across was a partisan shouter; the moving lines, or passages, were not news. Mondale was described to me by one of his aides as "the last of the great stump orators;" the trouble is, stump oratory is not suited to a Presidential, television campaign. Mondale's and Reagan's respective political roots explain some of the differences between their styles: interest-group politics, pleasing the hall, and also serious addressing of the issues are the marks of the Minnesota politics in which Mondale was trained; television politics, mass-audience politics, and flair are the marks of California politics. Mondale was not a malleable candidate, which may speak well of his character but damaged his candidacy.

The fact that Mondale wove his nomination-acceptance speech into a more thematic and cohesive one than usual was considered a triumph by his advisers; however, some of the themes were seldom, or never, heard again. It did seem ominous at the time that the themes were being worked on up to the last minute. A particular triumph, some of his advisers thought, was Mondale's saying that the Democratic Party had learned from the 1980 election and would proceed with a "new realism." (He also talked about using

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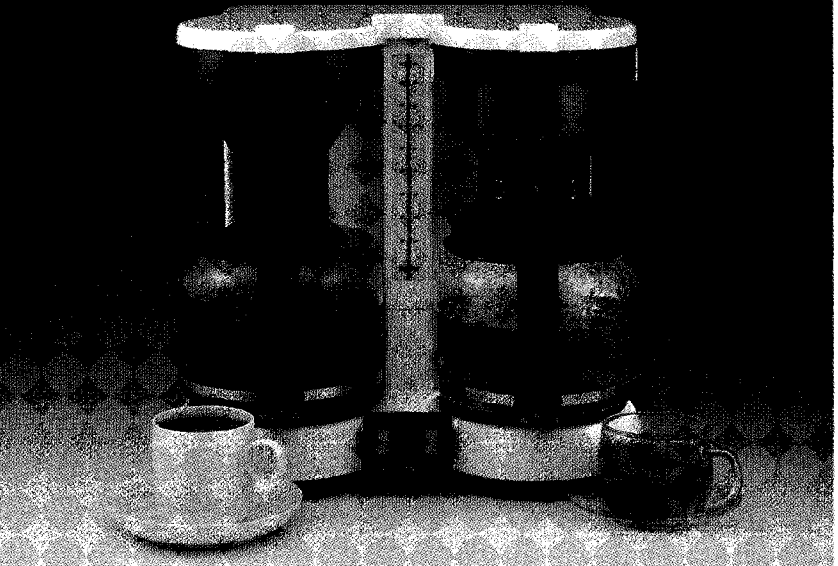

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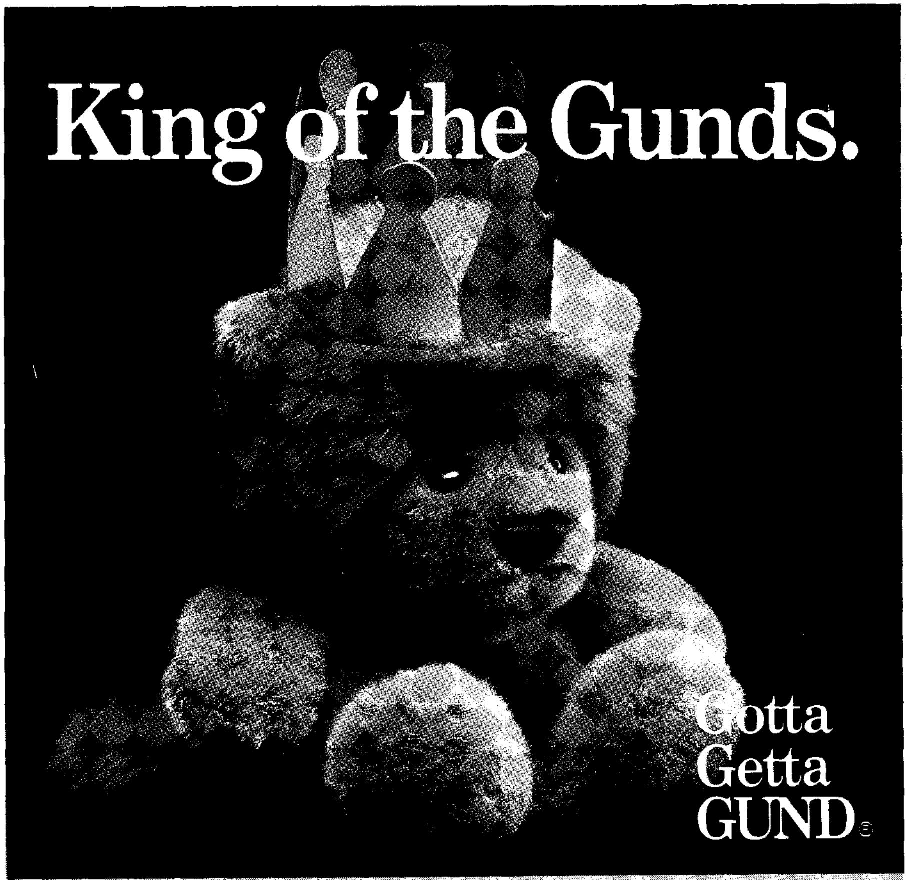

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the veto to hold the line on spending.) But it is now clear, as seemed possible at the time, that these things did not come from Mondale's bones; they were not heard again. The problem of settling Mondale down with a theme continued into the fall. The theme of his Labor Day speech in Merrill, Wisconsin—"What kind of a people are we?"—was the subject of a great deal of controversy within the campaign, and after a while it, too, went away. It turns out that the Merrill speech was the result of a struggle that lasted until virtually moments before Mondale gave it. The speech originally was an issue map for the fall campaign, dealing with the deficit, the religious issue, the strength of our conventional forces, and arms control. The day before Mondale was to give it, as he was flying to New York for his Labor Day parade kickoff, he read a memorandum by Patrick Caddell, the pollster, which said that the election should be made a referendum on national character and values and about the future, as a way to deal with the leadership problem, and had in it the phrase "What kind of people are we?" (Caddell wrote that his polling found that people were not particularly moved by Mondale's "courage" in saying he would raise taxes or by his choice of Ferraro.) Mondale asked for a rewrite of the speech, based on the memorandum, and Martin Kaplan stayed up the night before Labor Day writing a new draft. It was a strong speech, placing the issues Mondale was talking about—fairness, the deficit, the poor, the environment, arms control—in moral terms, and asking, after he pointed to various things he objected to about the Reagan Administration's actions, "Is that the kind of people we are?" It also talked about the future in terms of choices the next President would have to make. On Monday morning, shortly before the Labor Day parade, Richard Leone, a senior Mondale adviser in charge of "the message," objected strongly to the new draft—both on its own terms and because of the change in strategy it represented, and, some thought, because he resented Caddell's intrusion into the campaign. Mondale that same morning decided that he didn't like some of the things in the overnight draft—he called it "too glum"—and so a new version was being hammered out just about until Mondale's plane landed in Wisconsin. The result was an amalgam of the old draft and the new one, plus a few other things; the phrase "What

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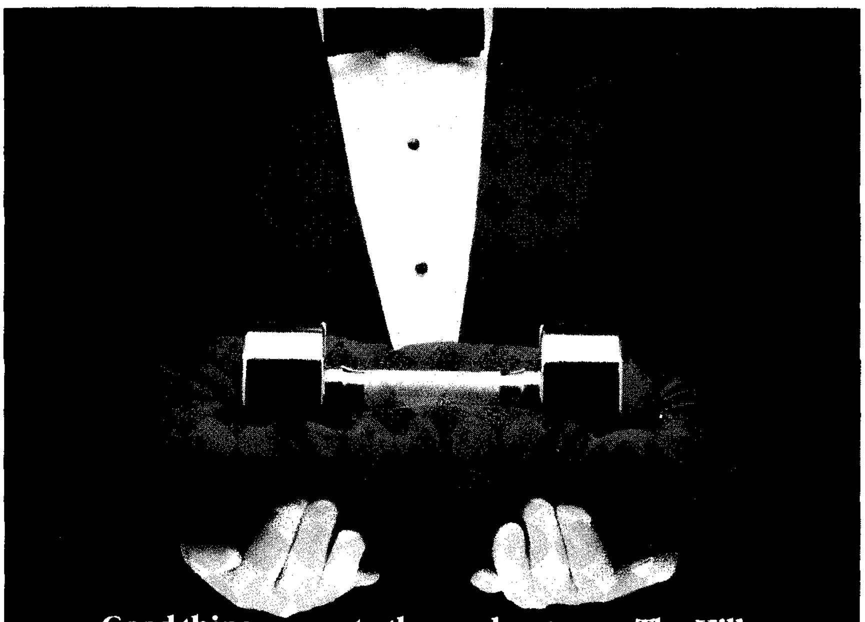

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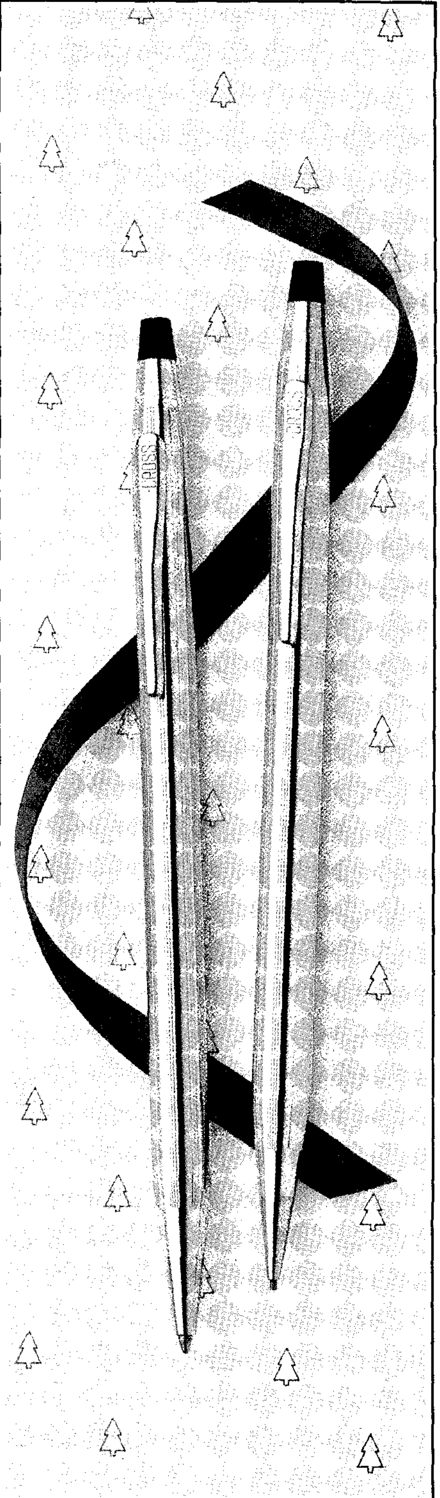
kind of people are we?" survived because Mondale liked it. Leone believed—and this was a view that came to be shared by some in the campaign who later did not agree with him on other matters—that the phrase was too reminiscent of Carter's "malaise" speech (which Caddell had inspired), that it suggested that the American people were guilty, and complicitous in the things Mondale was decrying. Kaplan had been careful to have the speech say that "we are a caring people," "we are a fair-minded people," and also that "we are a tough people . . . willing to see our problems as they are," but some aides thought that the nuances were too subtle. Beckel says that the message wasn't clear enough, and that the idea was hard to get across "in a climate where people feel that they are doing all right." Peter Hart, Mondale's pollster, who had urged that the Merrill speech be about straight talk, about hope and opportunity, and about standards and excellence, was mortified by the Merrill speech, and wrote a memo to James Johnson, the campaign chairman, that this was not the question for 1984, and even if it was people would not decide that the answer was Mondale.

The intra-campaign fight over whether Mondale should have continued to talk longer than he did this fall about his deficit-reduction plan—including a tax increase—continues until this day. The speech that Mondale gave at George Washington University, on September 25th, in which he talked about the stakes in the election, was along the lines of the undelivered Merrill speech (the second one), and was also heavily influenced by another Caddell memorandum. When this speech went over well—better than Mondale had expected—he incorporated parts of it into most of his speeches from then on. But he was also saying other things, in part as a result of the continuing argument within his camp over what he should say. Leone argues that Mondale's return to talking about basic Democratic values, and the turning away from dealing with the deficit, was a mistake, and was just the thing to drive away the "target groups"—"soft Democrats" and independents.

There were days this fall when it seemed that whatever strategy prevailed was the result of who had the loudest voice. The striking thing about all this is that the Mondale campaign of 1983 had been a far more disciplined creature, but the discipline



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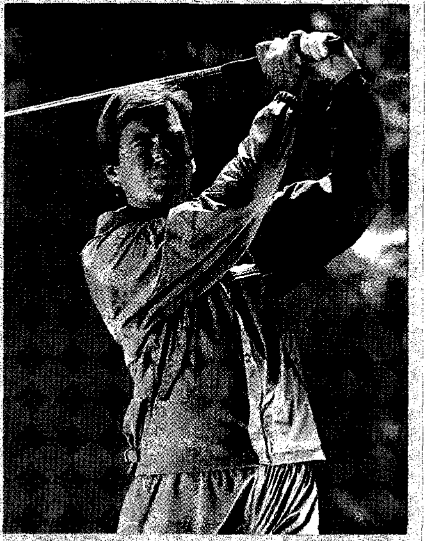

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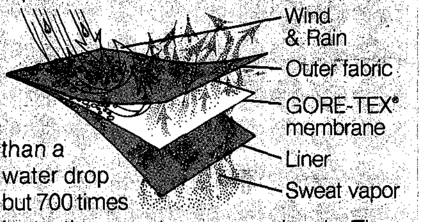

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seems to have fallen victim to the size and nature of the later battle, to fatigue, and to a considerable amount of battling over jurisdictions—which drained what energy the campaign had left. Leone argues that the talk about "new realism" in the acceptance speech was the establishing of a beachhead for getting back the target groups. He sees the Labor Day speech as a lost opportunity to continue the offensive. He believes that the campaign lost a fateful amount of time, and direction, in August, when it was preoccupied with the questions about the finances of Geraldine Ferraro's husband, John Zaccaro, and that Caddell's memorandum—the thesis of which he disagrees with—had excessive influence at a time of confusion. He argues that the campaign, having started down the path of "fiscal responsibility," should have stayed with it by building the case, and should have found a proper mix of "compassion" and "pragmatism," and that it was important for the campaign to maintain consistency. He says, "You don't go out with a tax plan and then back off; you have to have a very disciplined strategy, for the candidate, for the campaign." In his mind, the fiscal-responsibility message—that this is a tough world and we have to make tough choices—would have helped solve Mondale's "leadership" problem.

The argument within the campaign was not over which were the target groups—it was agreed that they were soft Democrats and independents—but over how to reach them. The theory of those who opposed Mondale's continuing to stress his deficit-reduction plan was that, aside from what they felt were its political negatives, there was evidence (turned up in Caddell's research) that there was plenty of anger and anxiety among voters, and not just among Mondale's base constituency, about the fact that many people were still hurting; and that there was a large question among independents as to what were Mondale's core beliefs. One campaign adviser said to me, "As long as the question of Reagan's leadership versus Mondale's leadership was sitting on top of everything, you had to show that your guy believed in some things, has a core, and what is at his core is that he believes that there are things government can do to alleviate pain." One of Mondale's political advisers says, "By the third week in September, we were at the point where the race was starting to disap-

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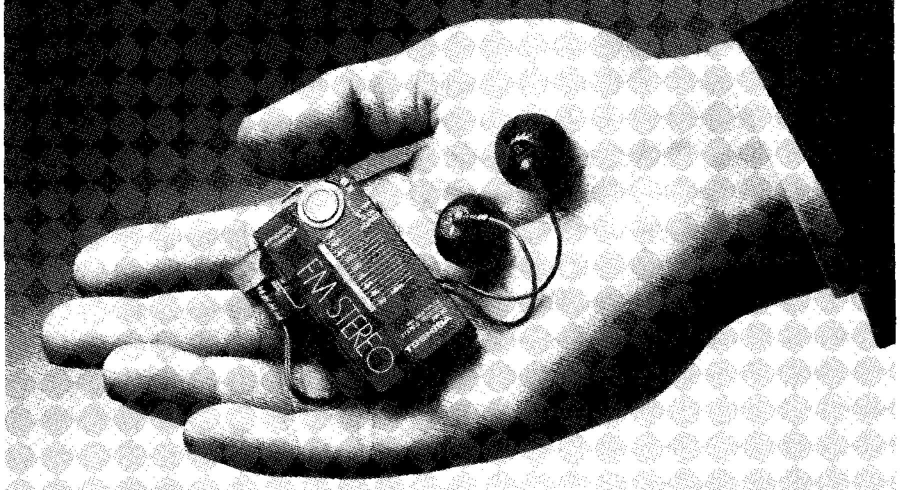

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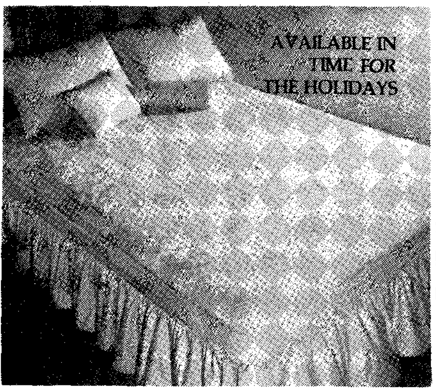

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pear on us." As has been pointed out before, Mondale was the first trailing candidate to be losing ground in September; and the campaign was coming under a barrage of criticism from outside Democrats; so the decision was made that Mondale had to do something new, and *be seen* as doing something new, to give the campaign new life. The argument over how much emphasis to put on the tax proposal, it turns out, had been going on within the campaign for weeks. Some aides realized that Mondale was gaining credit for having "levelled" with the people, and that he had raised people's consciousness about the deficit, but they also realized that during September he was falling farther behind Reagan, and there was little time left. Moreover, they found that this was not an issue Mondale could raise without pounding Reagan, and the general view of Mondale's campaign was that pounding Reagan was getting Mondale nowhere—or was even hurting him. This was a subject of great frustration to Mondale: being told that he shouldn't go on the attack against someone about whom he felt there was so much to attack, and the attack mode being part of his political nature, made life difficult for him. The nuances of attack he was advised to follow did not sit easy with him, and often got left on the airplane when he departed it. Leone argued, and argues, that the reading of the polls that indicated people agreed with Mondale on the issues led some aides into trying to get Mondale to stress his "compassion," and that this, in turn, simply reinforced the idea that Mondale hadn't learned anything since 1980. Leone says that this took away from the "new realism" and buttressed the idea that Mondale's tax increases were for new spending. He argues that, as a result of press commentary that Mondale's cause seemed hopeless, the campaign had a tendency "to pull the strategy up by the roots to see if it was growing." Leone says that the Democratic Convention "was a package that made us look very different and interesting." He adds, "I feel strongly that the new realism and the lessons of 1980 are something we should have tried to stay with."

The tax gambit will go down as one of the great imponderables of the Mondale campaign. It had long been on the list of possibilities for the acceptance speech, as a part of an effort to have that speech portray Mondale as "bold." But two of Mondale's most

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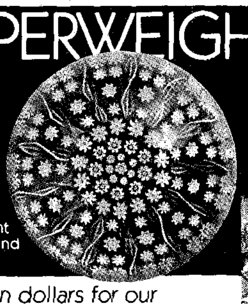

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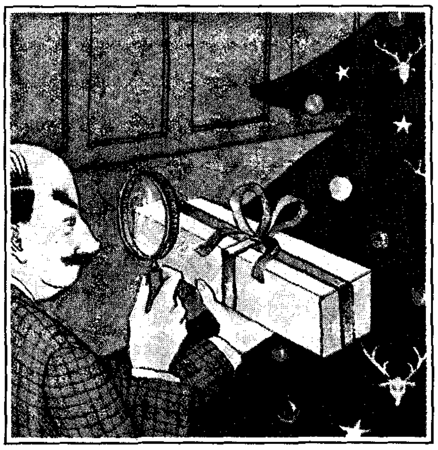

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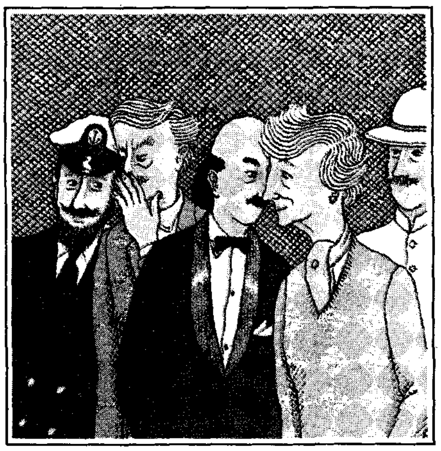
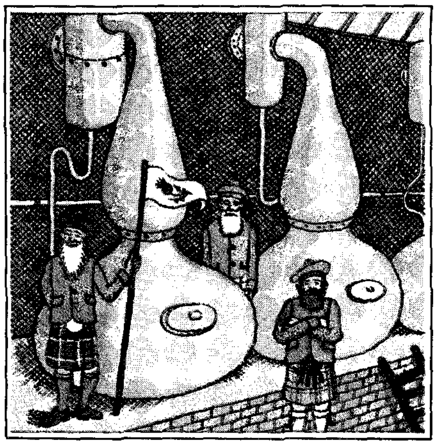


Despite the good will of the season, base suspicions filled my mind. "Was there a plot amongst my pals to put a *blended* Scotch beneath my tree? Had some cabal of cronies shared the sterling Single Malt among themselves?"



Then the horror of it struck me. "If my friends were not at fault, had the ancient copper stills worn out? Had Scottish Nationalists seized Banffshire? Was there no more *Glenfiddich* to be had?"

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important political advisers, Beckel and Paul Tully, the national political director, didn't know about it until shortly before Mondale gave the speech, and both thought it bad politics. Peter Hart, Mondale's pollster, didn't know about it until the day before the speech was given, and was alarmed. To some of Mondale's political advisers, the tax gambit was the product of the cloisteredness of the campaign's highest command for much of the summer at Mondale's home in North Oaks, Minnesota (the Lance problem was another example), isolated from the rest of the campaign and failing to check with key figures, the other message bearers, in the Democratic Party. One Mondale aide says, "Every Republican in the country knows how to make the case against it; every Democrat in the country had to deal with it." And it is a fact that a great many Democratic candidates had to defend themselves against Mondale's plan; as far as is known, no candidate endorsed it. A strategist for James Hunt in his campaign against Jesse Helms says that Mondale's pledge to raise taxes was a factor in Helms' victory. Republicans ran generic ads all over the country stressing the tax issue. There is the argument, as has been pointed out, that Mondale had said during the primaries that he would raise taxes, and that the Republicans were going to come at him on this anyway, so it was better for him to get out front, to lead on the issue. Others, in both the Mondale camp and the Reagan-Bush campaign, felt that what he did was lead with his chin: that the emphasis was too great; that it enabled the Republicans to portray Mondale as eager to raise taxes—thus confirming people's worst fears about "tax and spend" Democrats. Wirthlin says, "What filtered out to the electorate was that the Democrats hadn't changed. Soft Democrats and independents never accepted that he would use the taxes to pay off the deficit. Sixty-three per cent said they thought he'd use those taxes to pay for other things. So we came out ahead on who would handle the deficit better." Wirthlin says that if Mondale hadn't made his gambit "we wouldn't have been able to go after him with the same effect."

Moreover, when Mondale made a pledge in his acceptance speech to lower the deficit by two-thirds—he had promised to lower it by half during the primaries—he did it without

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the campaign's having a plan for carrying this out. This raised ante grew out of a meeting Mondale had with economic advisers at North Oaks, and, while it may have been responsible, it bogged the campaign down in figuring out how to carry out the pledge, and made Mondale's political position all the more difficult. Some advisers suggested that Mondale propose a freeze on spending as a sign of his new fiscal prudence (perhaps with cuts here to offset increases there), but Mondale rejected this approach as a violation of pledges he had made in the course of his campaign, and potentially phony. Some of his political admirers, concerned about the reaction of key constituencies, also objected. The Mondale campaign met the new deficit-reduction goal by finding some savings that may or may not have materialized, and by raising taxes from a total of sixty billion dollars to eighty-five billion dollars—but did not raise taxes on individuals any more than his previous plan had. The new plan actually lowered the amount by which the middle class would be taxed—by mitigating the effects of indexing, which Mondale had first proposed postponing entirely—but the politically devastating part of it was that all the middle class knew was that its taxes were being raised. One Mondale adviser says that had the Mondale campaign stuck with its original budget-reduction goal, a plausible tax program could have been worked out that did not touch the middle class—and that the politics of Mondale's plan was worse than the Mondale camp had anticipated.

Mondale never got across that his tax-increase plan was for the purpose of reducing the deficit—the Republicans helped see to that—or that his spending proposals were offset by "savings." Mondale didn't talk again about using the veto or about "pay as you go" for any new spending programs, and he didn't get across the fact that the tax increase was going into a trust fund. One Mondale aide says, "Yes, we raised people's consciousness about the deficit, but at enormous cost—something like three hundred thousand troops, or the Argonne Forest." Wirthlin's mathematical simulation of the campaign involved thirty variables, having to do with issues and personal traits of candidates. The simulation enabled him to determine how if certain things were stressed they would affect certain constituencies. Wirthlin says that

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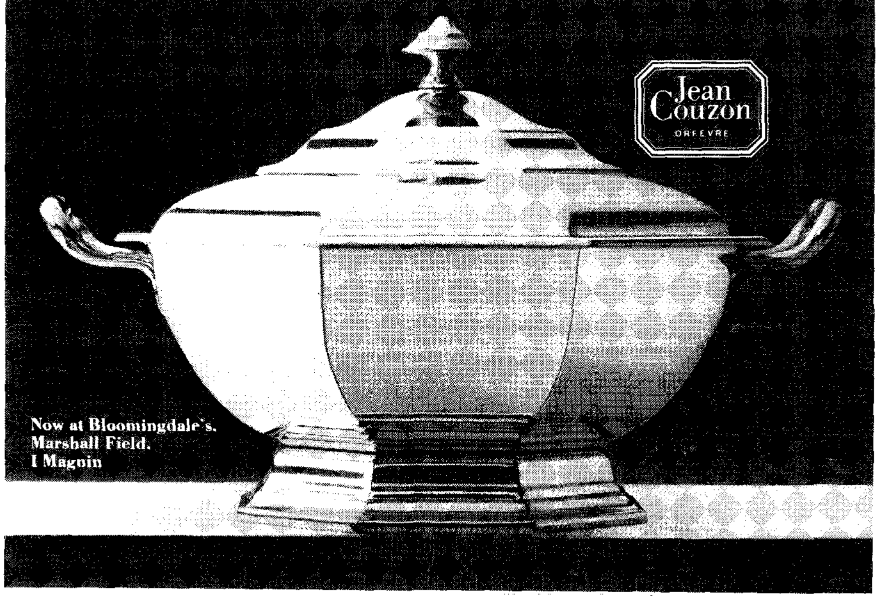

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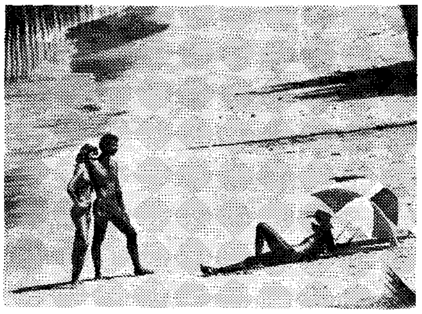
a political campaign is like a symphony score: you can't stress all the instruments. He says, "You can be sure that our playing to effectiveness in getting things done, the future, and strong leadership meant that those parts of the symphony score pleased more of the audience than any others." Mondale's accentuating taxes in his own score, Wirthlin says, helped Reagan. In the end, the Reagan people felt that through a combination of Reagan's rhetoric and their paid advertising they made the point that Mondale wants to raise people's taxes in order to pay for his campaign promises.

Some of Mondale's aides had hoped that he would back some version of the Bradley-Gephardt "fair tax," to put him on the side of sweeping tax reform, and some argued strenuously for it, but this never came about. Peter Hart, one of the advocates for Mondale's making this part of his program, says that his polling indicated that it would go over very well. Meanwhile, tax simplification was one of the few specific ideas put forth by Reagan during the campaign (specifics not to come until after the election). Mondale's aides even held open the possibility of Mondale's backing a fair tax by including the gist of the idea, though not by name, in the platform. But the obstacles to his making such a proposal part of his campaign appeared to be several: a concern on the part of some of his advisers that the proposal would hurt the smokestack industries, which form an important part of the Democratic base, by withdrawing so many of their tax credits and so on; a concern on the part of some advisers that important contributors and fund raisers would not take kindly to the proposal; and Mondale's own sense, growing out of his having served on the Senate Finance Committee, that the proposal was politically unrealistic. Perhaps it is, but it points in the right direction, and would have painted Mondale as more visionary; but he surrendered the ground to Reagan.

ALTHOUGH a number of people in both the Mondale and Reagan campaigns felt that the election was over on October 21st—the night of the second debate—they also realized that, with two weeks left, anything could happen. The Reagan people were of course saying that the election was in effect over in order to put their "spin" on the event and to convince people that it was true, so as to let out whatever air was left in the Mondale



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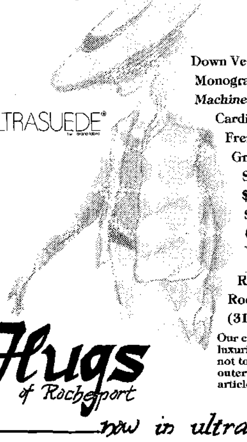

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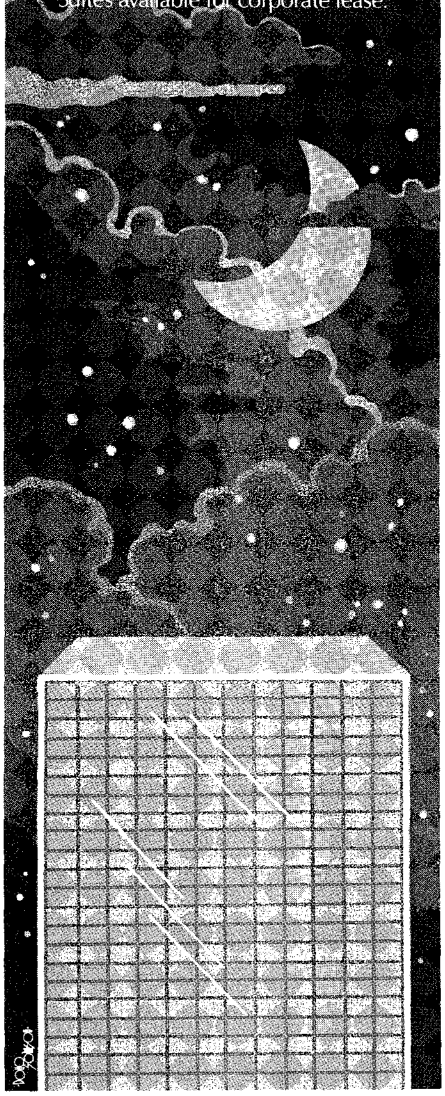

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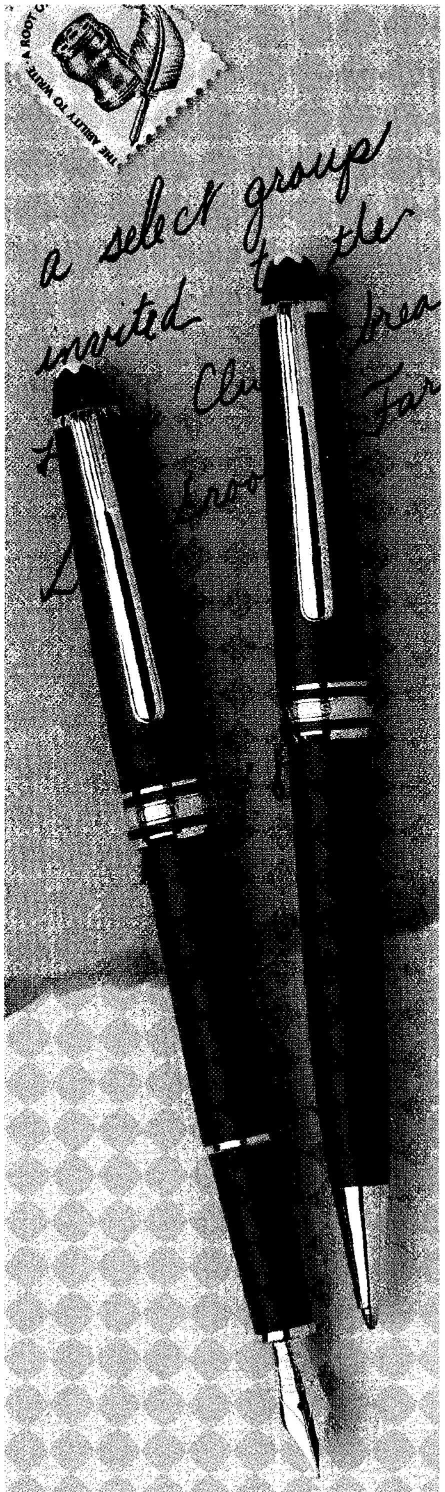
campaign. But they also had some evidence on their side. Atwater said to me recently, "I thought it was over because of the general drift of the media commentary that night: they said that it was more or less a tie, and that Mondale didn't do what he had to do." (Much of the commentary was to the effect that Mondale had "won" but hadn't scored a "knockout.") Several of the Mondale people—and, according to someone close to him, Mondale himself—understood that though Mondale, as they believed, may have "won" the debate on the merits, his victory wasn't decisive enough to carry him to victory in the election. But the human reactions within the Mondale camp varied: some people were depressed, some were determined to give it all they had to the end—and pray for a break. The Mondale campaign had been at its point of maximum optimism, and the Reagan campaign at its point of maximum concern, going into the second debate. For the first time, Reagan's lead over Mondale was getting down toward, or into, the single digits. Peter Hart's polling for the Mondale campaign put Reagan's lead at thirteen points; an ABC poll had the two candidates ten points apart; the Louis Harris poll, which had been more optimistic (or less pessimistic) than other public polls about Mondale's standing all along, had Reagan's lead at nine points. The Reagan campaign had Reagan's lead at eleven points, the lowest it had been since the opening of the fall campaign. The Mondale people had, of course, hoped to cut Reagan's lead to single digits long before the second debate. Wirthlin says, "Mondale's best ride against us was in the five days preceding the second debate." Mondale's stump speeches had got better, and he was getting a better press—as a result of the first debate. The Administration was having a problem with the news that the C.I.A. had prepared a manual for the Nicaraguan rebels which appeared to advocate political assassination.

Meanwhile, the Reagan people had their own, frighteningly scientific measurement of what had happened during the second debate. Wirthlin, using a new technique, called TRACE, could measure at once the reaction of people to whatever happened in the debate. A group of forty were gathered in a market-research facility in a suburb of Kansas City, where the debate was held, and given a device that resembles a hand calculator, with five



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buttons; they were asked to push a button representing the degree to which they did or did not like something that was said or seen. A computer calculated the reactions from all forty participants every six seconds. The reactions were transposed onto a screen after the debate, so that the campaign could watch a replay of the debate and see how the test audience—which was a representative sample of Republicans, Democrats, and independents—reacted to each moment. According to Reagan-Bush officials of the Reagan-Bush campaign, every time Mondale attacked Reagan's leadership—his effectiveness, his grasp of the issues—which he did recurringly throughout the debate, Mondale's standing plummeted. They also said that when Reagan told his "age" joke his rating soared. Wirthlin says, "What came out was that Mondale's attacks on Reagan—on the grounds he attacked him on—backlashed."

The essential strategy behind Mondale's going directly at Reagan's qualities as a leader in the second debate was to try, once again, to throw Reagan off his stride and off his script. The Mondale people believed that now that the question of Reagan's competence was in the air Mondale had more leeway to do this. Leone says, "You had to do something about the mountain of Reagan's support and shake people about him personally in order to win." Caddell says—and he and Leone agree on very little, but they do on this—that the purpose was to knock Reagan off balance, to make it a debate not so much about the substance of foreign policy but about Reagan's competence to govern for four more years. I am told that the plan was for Mondale to engage Reagan more directly from the outset of the debate (and that Mondale had rehearsed doing this), but, for any number of reasons, he failed to do so. That Mondale was tighter than he had been in the first debate was recognizable from the outset. Some argue that the preparations for the second debate were not as good as they were for the first—in part because of squabbling to the end about who would be involved. In part, Mondale was being urged to do something very tricky, and also very high-risk. Moreover, Reagan did not coöperate by being thrown off balance. The evidence is that the people who had supported Reagan earlier simply didn't want to be told that they were wrong in their judgment. There is a school of thought among the

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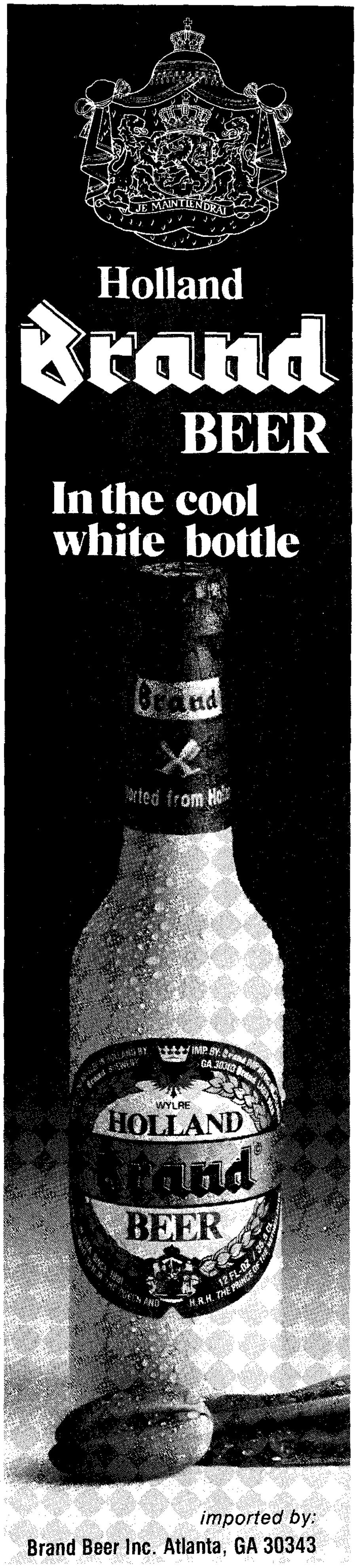
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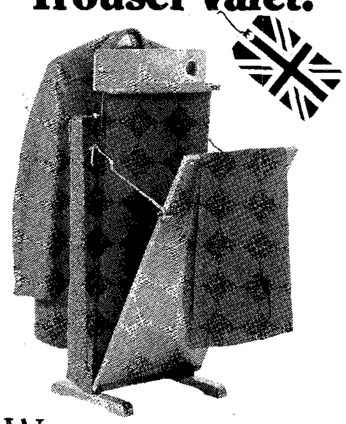
Mondale people that if Mondale had been less intent on asserting that he was for a strong defense and that a leader should be smart as well as tough and had been more what he can be at his best in debates—fast on his feet, taking advantage of openings—he would have made a stronger, and better, impression on people. But by this time we are probably just talking about the margin by which Reagan would have won.

The phenomenon of Reagan's popularity was in part a result of a circular process. From the outset of his Administration, many Democrats were reluctant to take him on, because they believed him to be popular, and thus they insulated his popularity. They feared his communicative powers and, particularly if they came from states or districts that Reagan had carried in 1980, were inclined to tend to their own relationship with their constituents. Some voices spoke out, but it was generally considered safer not to. Thus the Democrats did not try to systematically build a case against Reagan over time—a behavior that contrasts with the way Republican oppositions have dealt with Democratic Presidents. So there had been very little "softening up" of Reagan before this year: he was popular, the thinking went, so do not attack him; and thus his popularity was undented. It is interesting to note that just after the Iowa precinct caucuses, in late February, after all the Democratic candidates had been criticizing Reagan, Reagan's popularity in the state took a considerable drop. After that, the Democrats turned on each other. However, by this summer economic conditions had taken a turn for the better, and Reagan had been allowed to get into a position where his presumed popularity was unshakably actual. How much difference a less fearful approach to him might have made can't be known.

This was the legacy that Mondale inherited, and the thesis behind the warnings to him that Reagan should not be gone at directly was based on the theory that what had not been accomplished in three and a half years could not be accomplished in three and a half months. But Mondale did not always heed the advice, since it went against his instincts, and in the end many people in his camp—but not all of them—felt that, particularly once the opening came as a result of the first debate, taking on Reagan, albeit in a complicated fashion, was all that was left to do. There were dissenting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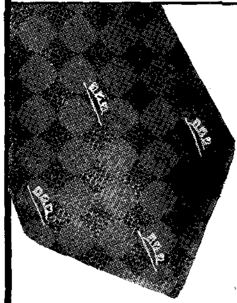
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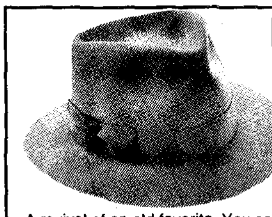
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voices—who wanted Mondale after the second debate to return to the high thematic road he had eventually (for the most part) got on, but the overriding impulse of the campaign after the second debate was to take the substantive openings Reagan had offered, and see if Mondale could widen them—could convince people that Reagan didn't know what he was talking about.

ON Monday, October 22nd, in Philadelphia, Mondale called Reagan "the most detached, the most remote, and the most uninformed President in modern history." In the debate, Mondale said, the American people "saw a President who cannot discuss any major issue without making a major mistake." He said, "They saw a Commander-in-Chief who is not commanding and who isn't a chief." He took Reagan to task for saying that the only alternative to the Marcos regime in the Philippines was Communism, and got in a shot at Bush (which it was obvious during the debate he had intended to take and had omitted) for having praised Marcos during a trip there in 1981, saying, "We love your adherence to democratic principles." He charged Reagan with having tried during the debate to pin the blame on the local commander for the placement of the Marines in the barracks that was bombed last fall, and he ridiculed—as he had failed to do in the debate—Reagan's suggestion that he would give the Soviets a "demonstration" of the Star Wars missile-defense system. The following day, campaigning in Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois, Mondale continued to attack Reagan as out of touch. Also, Mondale talked about a letter Reagan had written to Richard Nixon in the course of the 1960 campaign against John F. Kennedy. Among other things, Reagan's letter said, referring to Kennedy's program, "Under the tousled boyish haircut, it is still old Karl Marx—first launched a century ago. There is nothing new in the idea of a Government being Big Brother to us all. Hitler called his 'State Socialism' and way before him it was 'benevolent monarchy.' " Mondale had had the letter to use in the second debate, but he didn't do so; he said later that the opportunity hadn't arisen. Mondale had been accusing Reagan of political "grave robbing"—of appropriating unto himself Democratic heroes, including Kennedy. Now, speaking strongly, he said, "That's a

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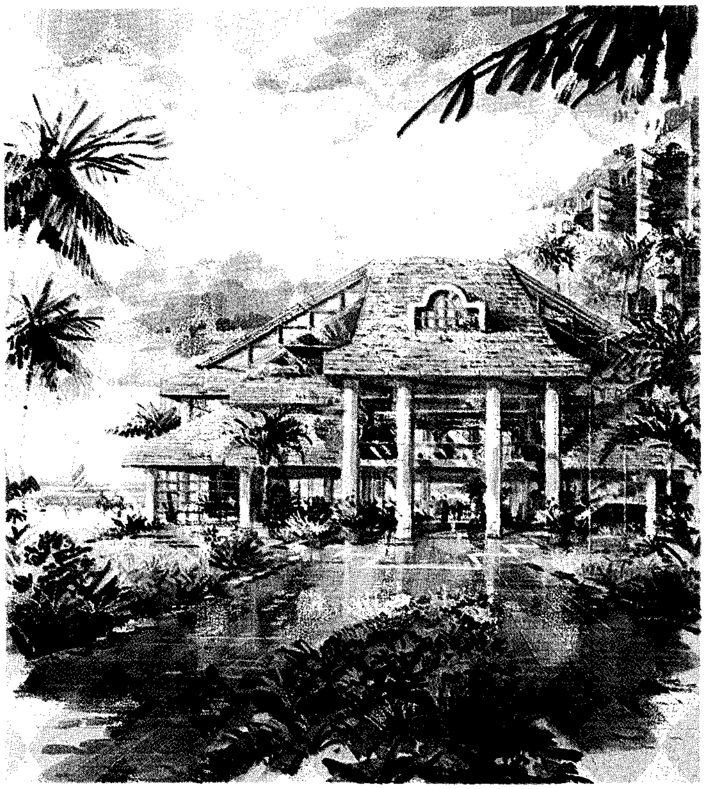

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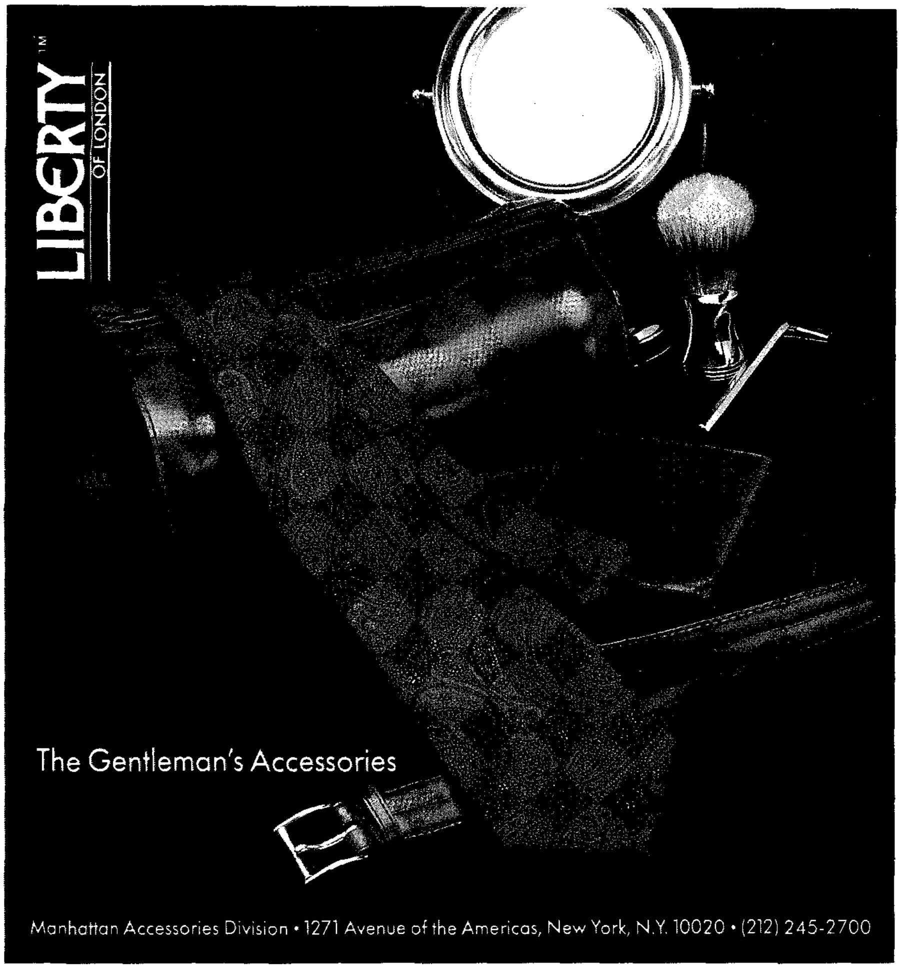
big difference between the two of us. I believe that a President who cares, who leads—just as Kennedy did—can make and must make a difference in the lives of our country. That's not Karl Marx. That's not Adolf Hitler. That's America. That's America at its best." (Reagan, at a campaign stop in Ohio, said, "If you read the letter, you will find there is nothing wrong with it.")

Mondale also talked in his appearances about what he was for—education, protection of the environment, civil rights, and fairness in the tax system—but, inevitably, what made the news programs was his attacks on Reagan, including a continuing attack on the Star Wars program. Mondale was accompanied on Tuesday by Gary Hart, who made many appearances with Mondale and on his own. Hart is trying to get himself right with the Democratic Party. Edward Kennedy, too, made a substantial number of appearances on Mondale's behalf. (Behind the ostensible support for Mondale, the positioning for 1988 is on.) Jesse Jackson has fulfilled his promise to try to get out the black vote in the South. Mondale also told some steelworkers in Youngstown, Ohio, on Tuesday, that he realized that the Carter Administration had not done enough for the steel industry in Ohio—an issue Hart had used against him and then Reagan used, drawing on what Hart had said. (It also emerged in the news just after the debate that there are three American hostages in Lebanon—a fact that the American government had managed to keep pretty well under wraps and that Mondale had considered using in the debate but did not. Also, senators who examined the C.I.A. manual for the guerrillas in Nicaragua said that the word "neutralize"—which Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia, took to mean assassinate—was still in the manual. In the debate, Reagan had said that references to political assassination had been excised. Three Presidents, including Reagan, have signed an executive order barring the C.I.A. from participating in political assassinations, or abetting others in doing so.)

One of the oddities growing out of the debate, which received a bit of attention in the days following, was Reagan's talk about Armageddon. According to the "Armageddon" theory, which is widely held among the religious right, a passage in Revelation is interpreted to mean that the world is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rapidly approaching the time when various nations, including the Soviet Union, Arab nations, African and European nations, and China will invade Israel; that their armies will be destroyed in a limited nuclear war, but a small number of Israelis will survive and will accept Jesus as Christ—they will be physically lifted from the earth and will be reunited in the air with Christ and then return to the earth and punish the unbelievers and destroy Antichrist forces in the battle of Armageddon. On the morning of the debate, a piece appeared in the New York *Times* about the concern of some mainstream religious leaders over the fact that Reagan has several times referred to the theory of Armageddon, suggesting that it may have some validity. Asked about this in the debate, Reagan said that his talking about the subject was "the result of just some philosophical discussions with people who are interested in the same things." Reagan continued, "And that is the prophecies down through the years, the Biblical prophecies of what would portend the coming of Armageddon and so forth. And the fact that a number of theologians for the last decade have believed that this was true, that the prophecies are coming together that portend that. But no one knows whether Armageddon—those prophecies—mean that Armageddon is a thousand years away or the day after tomorrow. So I have never seriously warned and said we must plan according to Armageddon."

The polls continued to show Reagan the "winner" of the debate, but by very narrow margins. It was also reported on Tuesday that American dependents were being removed from Lebanon and the personnel being reduced, and that the new Embassy is in effect shut down. The Administration was showing signs of concern that there might be another incident before the election.

Reagan, on Monday, was looking pleased about his performance—in contrast to the last time—and he kept up the attack on Mondale. Appearing at the Rockwell International plant in Palmdale, California, Reagan stood before a model of the B-1 bomber and a large banner saying, "Prepared for Peace," and said, "Mr. Mondale made a career out of weakening America's armed forces." (The Carter Administration had cancelled the B-1 bomber—a move that Congress approved.) Reagan said, "If it were up to my opponent, I'm afraid Rockwell might

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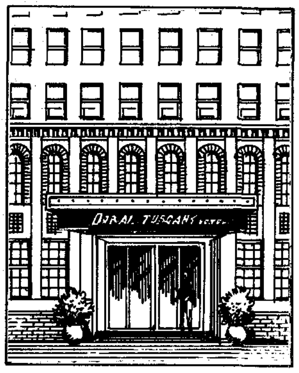

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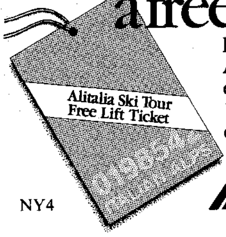

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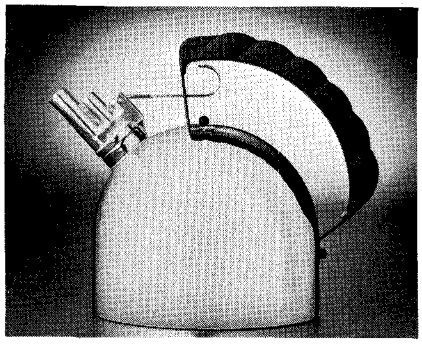
still be building the B-25—that is, if you were building anything at all." (The B-25 is a Second World War bomber.) Reagan's defense buildup has, among other things, helped fuel the economy and create jobs. On Tuesday, Reagan campaigned in Oregon and Washington. In Seattle, he compared Mondale's record on defense with that of the late Senator Henry Jackson, and said, "If you liked George McGovern's defense policies, you'll love my opponent's." (Jackson did, however, support cancellation of the B-1 bomber.) Reagan said nothing on Tuesday about its being the anniversary of the bombing of the Marine headquarters in Beirut. On the following day, he presided over a White House ceremony celebrating the anniversary of the invasion of Grenada. Before he returned to Washington, on Wednesday, Reagan made an appearance at Ohio State University, and repeated what had now become one of his standard lines—"If I could find a way to dress up as his tax program, I could scare the devil out of people on Halloween"—and continued to attack Mondale on defense policy. He also denounced the federal government for trying to "live our lives for us." At the White House ceremony (part of a two-day celebration), which was attended by medical students who were on the island when it was invaded, Reagan said that he felt that a "period of self-doubt is over" in America, and added that "history will record that one of the turning points came on a small island in the Caribbean where America went to take care of her own and to rescue a neighboring nation from a growing tyranny." He also mentioned the "courage and love of country" of the men who had been in Beirut.

On Wednesday, Mondale took a bucolic bus tour through Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, and, invoking Harry Truman, urged members of the farm community to reject Reagan. (The farm vote had been an important ingredient in Truman's upset victory.) Mondale returned to giving more emphasis to his own values, and uplifting rhetoric, instead of continuing the attack of the last two days on Reagan.

THE internal news both camps had been receiving since the debate was dramatic, and led to another controversial episode within the Mondale campaign. Both camps' polls indicated that Reagan's rating had taken a dramatic leap upward following the



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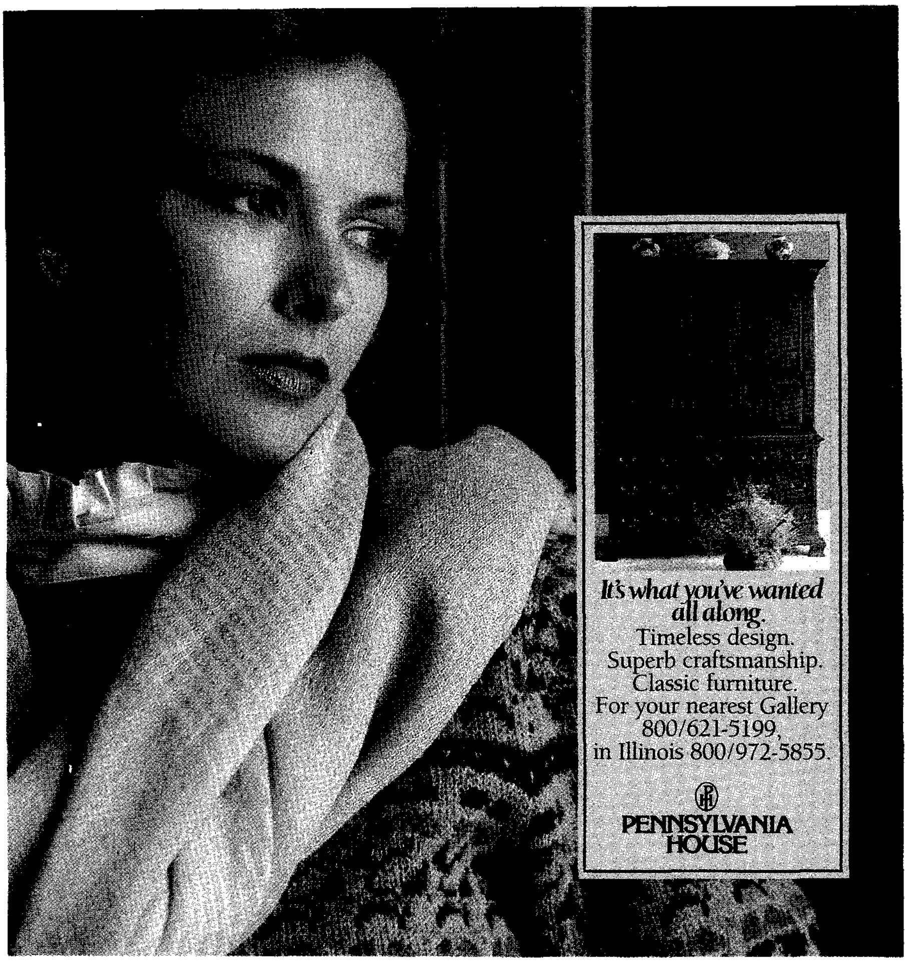
debate. By Monday night, Peter Hart's polling showed Mondale down by twenty points—from thirteen going into the debate and eleven points on the night of the debate—and Tuesday night it showed him down by seventeen. Caddell, on the other hand, was showing slightly better figures for Mondale. Within the Reagan camp, Wirthlin's numbers indicated that Reagan had gone to a seventeen-point lead by Monday night after the debate, and a twenty-point lead by Tuesday. On Wednesday, James Johnson, the Mondale campaign chairman, was facing not only these numbers but also the fact that Louis Harris, who had had Reagan's lead at nine points before the debate, was about to publish a poll putting it at fourteen points. Johnson was struck by Mondale's drop, in Peter Hart's poll, from eleven points on the night of the debate to twenty points the next night—when the public polls were still calling the outcome of the debate roughly a wash. Mondale's approval rating was also dropping after the second debate.

On Wednesday, Peter Hart submitted a memo to the Mondale campaign saying that the only remaining question was the size of Mondale's defeat, and he recommended, among other things, that the campaign direct Mondale's energies and its own resources to saving other Democratic candidates, in particular some running for the Senate. Beckel was so angered by the tone of the memo, and fearful of its effect on the morale of the campaign, that he ordered its copies recalled and locked away. "The last thing we needed was to personally declare the race over," he told me later. Peter Hart says, "I thought it was important after the second debate to just level. I had put down on paper some other harsh things in the course of the campaign. This time, I said we were not going to win this election." Johnson was also struck by a phone conversation he had on Wednesday morning with Louis Harris, in the course of which Harris offered the theory that when Mondale started talking in the debate about Reagan's competence and knowledge people became very angry at Mondale. (This matches what Wirthlin says his TRACE study showed.) Harris also told Johnson that his data found that people, by substantial numbers, felt that Reagan was more likely than Mondale to keep us out of war, and to achieve an arms-control agreement, and was more knowledgeable on foreign policy. Har-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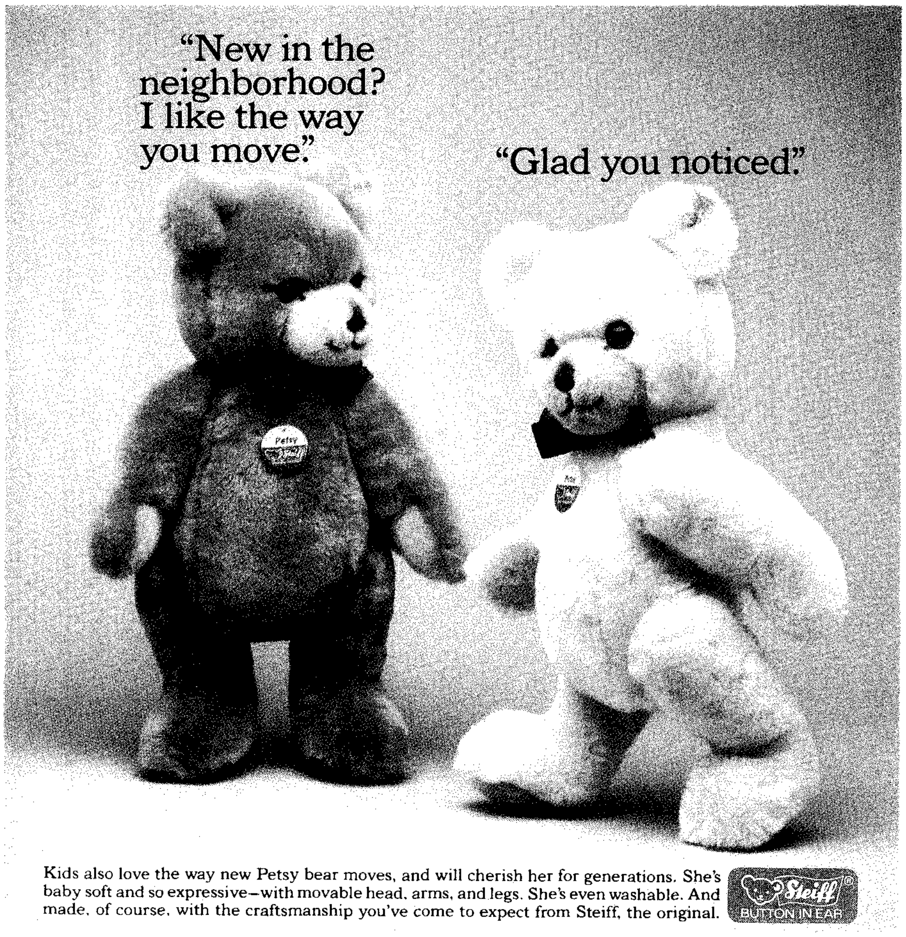
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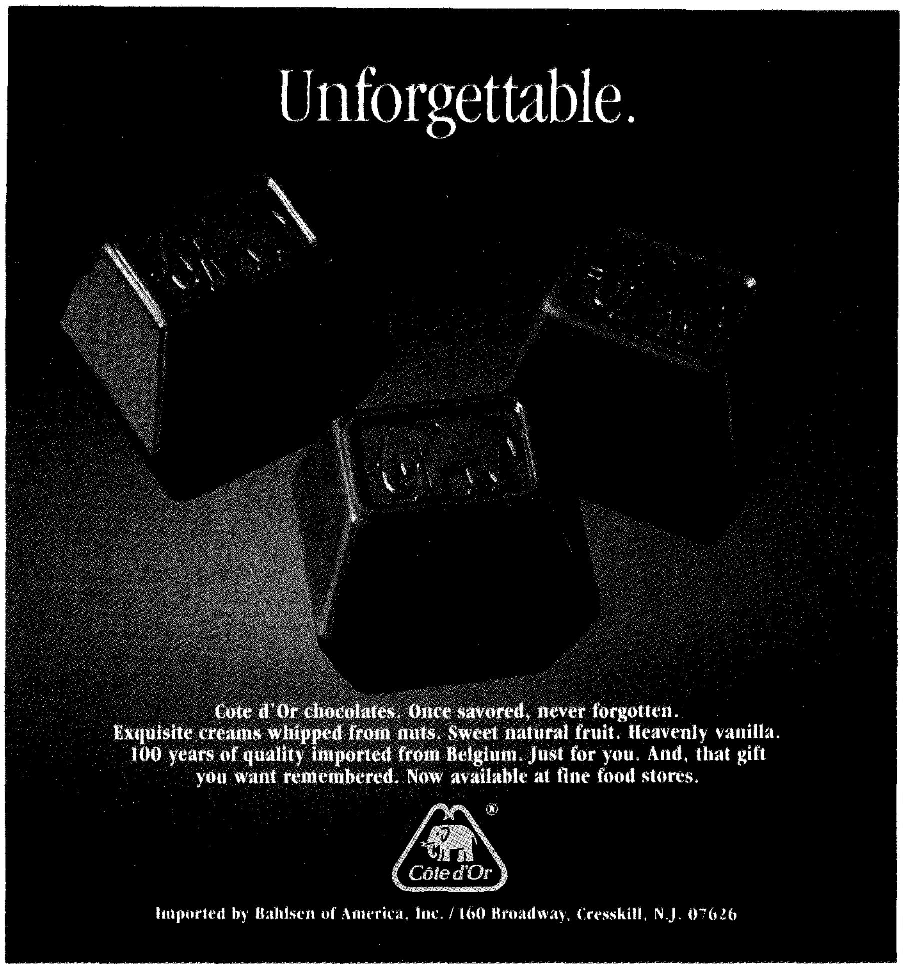
ris also told Johnson that he thought that the Star Wars issue was a loser for Mondale: that Reagan's argument that we could build an impenetrable missile-defense system was very appealing to people. The evidence that Hart and Harris offered pointed to the conclusion that Mondale didn't have the standing with the public to be so critical of Reagan, and that people had decided to vote for Reagan, and had decided that they were going to lock in on that decision, and close off any further question—and even kick Mondale for continuing to raise the question of Reagan's competence and age. Johnson said to me shortly afterward, "When Peter walked into my office on Tuesday morning and said, 'I got twenty last night,' that was the moment I had to confront the fact that there was movement against us that was going to be big." Johnson was also aware that a new round of public polls was about to come, the first after Harris being the New York *Times*-CBS poll, which usually had more pessimistic numbers for Mondale than Mondale's own polls.

So on Wednesday morning Johnson decided to go to Milwaukee, to meet Mondale and his travelling entourage to brief them on what he thought was happening—to prepare them psychologically for the new political atmosphere that he thought was ahead, and to talk about what was to be done. Johnson told me on the day after his trip to Milwaukee, "I went to Milwaukee because I believed there was a possibility—not a certainty—of an imminent avalanche." He wanted to warn the group that they might be headed for a political atmosphere in which all the talk was of a Reagan landslide, of a realigning election—and also to talk about what to do about the situation. Johnson told me that he had realized that the campaign's travelling party—referred to by campaign headquarters as "the road show"—might be becoming misled by the large crowds Mondale was attracting, and be unprepared for the ride that might lie ahead. At the meeting that night, in the Marc Plaza Hotel, in Milwaukee—after Mondale had taken his seemingly successful rural tour, and talked uplift talk—Johnson laid out before Mondale and the staff the data he had been receiving, and what he thought it meant in terms of reorienting the campaign, and explored options for the slightly less than two weeks that remained. He made the case that Mondale's slippage was probably



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related to the attacks on Reagan, and suggested that the campaign shift to a more positive tone. He discussed options for redeploying Mondale's time and the campaign's money, for helping other candidates, and for Mondale's ending the campaign with dignity and a respectable place in history. The reaction in the room was one of a good deal of anger. As several people in the room heard it, Johnson was telling them that it was over. (A couple of members of the Mondale campaign objected to his taking the trip; Beckel, the campaign manager, was out shooting commercials and did not even know that Johnson was going—and was not pleased.) Some felt that Johnson had unnecessarily brought a demoralizing message—a psychologically wounding one—to the candidate and the campaign when they had nearly two more weeks to do battle and were prepared to do so. It was suggested to him that the crowds were indicative of something that the tracking polls were not picking up. Mondale himself said, "Those aren't a loser's crowds." Moreover, Mondale and the high command were aware of what the tracking polls were saying, and Mondale that day had already shifted his campaign to a more positive one, and left off attacking Reagan on leadership. They said they had been through ups and downs in the polls before, and were ready for another psychological roller coaster, and they argued that even if the tracking polls were right Johnson should not bring such a demoralizing message to the campaign, which had to carry on. Besides, they argued, something might still happen. Some of the entourage remained angry at Johnson through the rest of the campaign. Some people argued later that the trip wasn't necessary: that all Johnson had to do was pick up the phone and talk to Mondale about the necessity for a change of message—a change that was in fact already under way.

"I'm a realist," one Mondale adviser said to me at about that time. "But you do the best you can, and you don't do that to a candidate at this point. And you don't go around saying we're going to lose." Mondale, his aides argue, is a political realist, but a candidate, in order to keep going, can't give up hope. One of Mondale's closest advisers, and a defender of Johnson, said a few days after Johnson's visit, "Mondale has a complete understanding of what's happening,

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but though you may understand reality, you don't give up."

One option that was discussed in the Milwaukee meeting was to cut back on the number of states Mondale would campaign in, and put more resources into them—an option that was rejected. Had Mondale visibly cut back on the states he would campaign in, the opponents of this strategy argued, it would be a sure sign that the campaign had given up; it was also said that the best way to help the Democratic Party was for Mondale to keep up an aggressive campaign to the end. There were two effects of Johnson's visit to Milwaukee which he apparently didn't calculate: one was that word of it would get back to the Washington headquarters and create further demoralization; the other was that word of it would get out to the press. Johnson was, after all, a highly visible person in the Mondale campaign, and when he suddenly turned up a number of correspondents wondered what was going on. On Friday, the Boston *Globe* reported that Johnson had told the Mondale entourage that Reagan had an insurmountable lead. (The campaign officially denied this.) The story was of national interest, of course, and was the cause of even more strain—and finger-pointing—within the Mondale campaign.

By the day after Johnson's trip to Milwaukee, when I spoke with him, the size of Reagan's lead, as measured by Peter Hart, had gone back to twenty points. Several Mondale people still considered it possible that something else could happen in the campaign—and believed that it would have to be a major Reagan mistake to make any difference. (Johnson himself said to me that day that there might still be "two or three generations of events" before the election.) The grim truth was that with the exception of one poll before the second debate (which showed a Reagan lead of ten points), and the numbers of the past few days, neither Reagan nor Mondale had moved up or down significantly in the Mondale camp's tracking polls since mid-June, when Reagan led Mondale by fourteen points. (The Mondale campaign did not do any tracking polls after the Democratic Convention, when Mondale got a very brief jump in the polls.)

It was that fourteen-point gap in mid-June (Gallup had the number at nineteen), after Mondale had nailed down the nomination, at a time when there should have been good will to-

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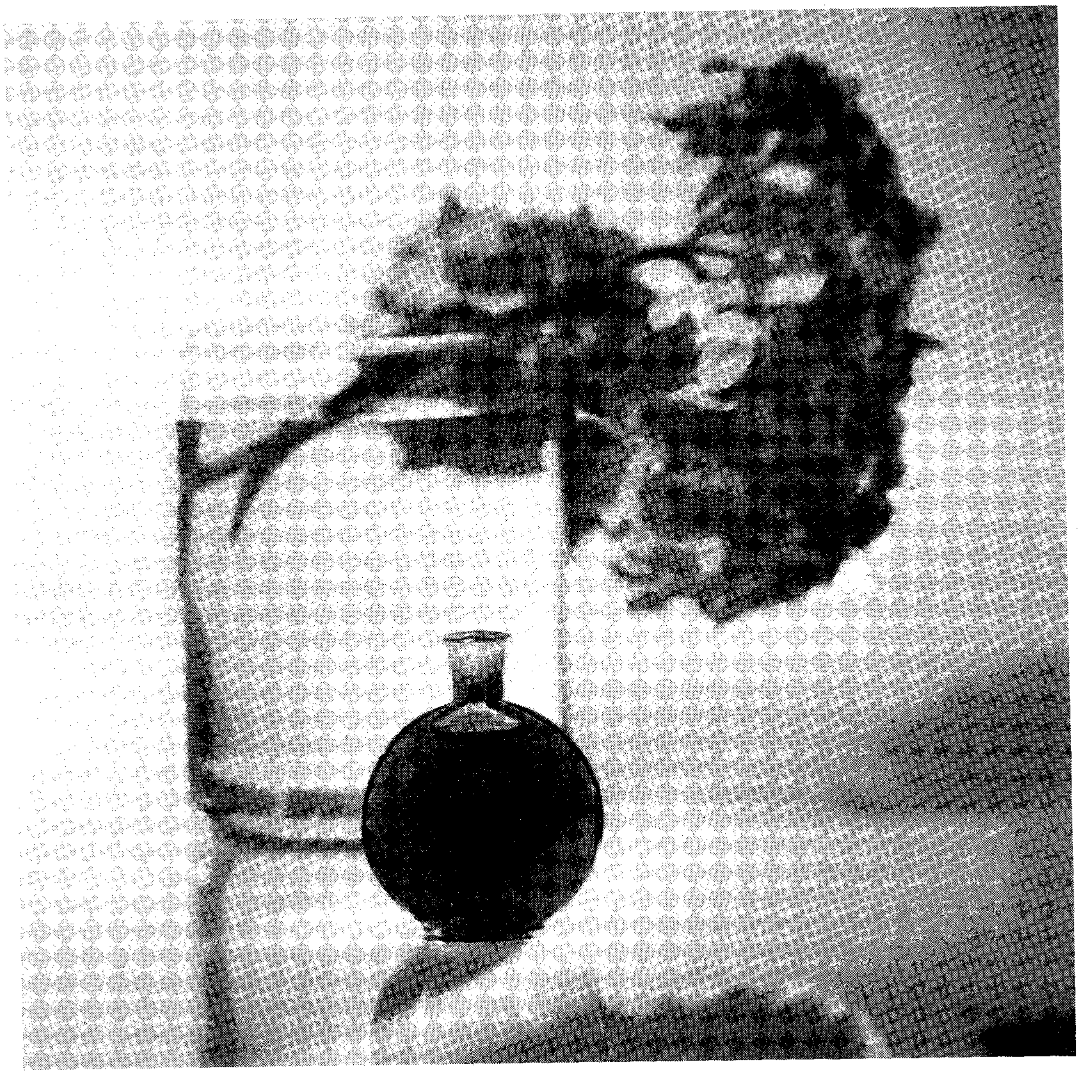

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ward him, that led the Mondale campaign to deliberately do some unconventional things—as the only hope of winning. Mondale and Johnson talked specifically about the alternatives of running a conventional campaign and nailing down a respectable, but insufficient, number of electoral votes, or of taking a riskier path that might offer the chance of winning. Johnson attributes four strategic decisions to that choice. The first was the selection of a woman as Mondale's running mate. The second was the decision to be up front and aggressive on the subject of taxes and the deficit. (Johnson says that Mondale had no doubt that he had to do this; he knew that he could not discuss the deficit and the economy and trade without a credible plan of his own and that no credible plan could exclude raising taxes.) The third was the decision to run a national campaign—including in the South and the West, where Mondale's chances had always been rated low—in the hopes of garnering the necessary two hundred and seventy electoral votes. The decision of the Mondale campaign to focus on the South and the West early rather than concentrate on securing the Party's "base" in the Northeast and Midwest has been cited as a blunder by the Reagan-Bush campaign, and is criticized by some of Mondale's allies and aides. But Johnson and others argue that if they hadn't tried early to peel away some Southern and Western states there would have been no chance of winning them later. (Moreover, they say, they had to overcome indications that they had written some of these states off.) Beckel said to me shortly before the election, "With our base, you can't win an election. There is no particular base to begin with. If you just run in the East and Midwest, you lose, so we had to try to get some states in the South and the West, and we went to those states in August. If this race were a race with a six-point difference between the candidates, we'd be eight points ahead in Pennsylvania and we'd be fighting Reagan over the states we went to in August." The fourth decision, Johnson says, was the gamble, after the first debate, of going at Reagan on the questions of his competence and knowledge.

Whatever the staff thought of the effect of Johnson's visit to Milwaukee, Mondale showed no signs that he had given up. On the contrary, he threw himself into his campaign with as much vigor as ever—he urged that

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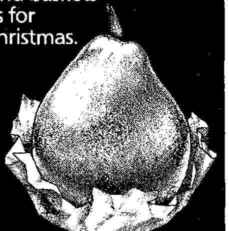

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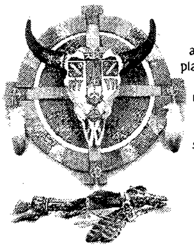

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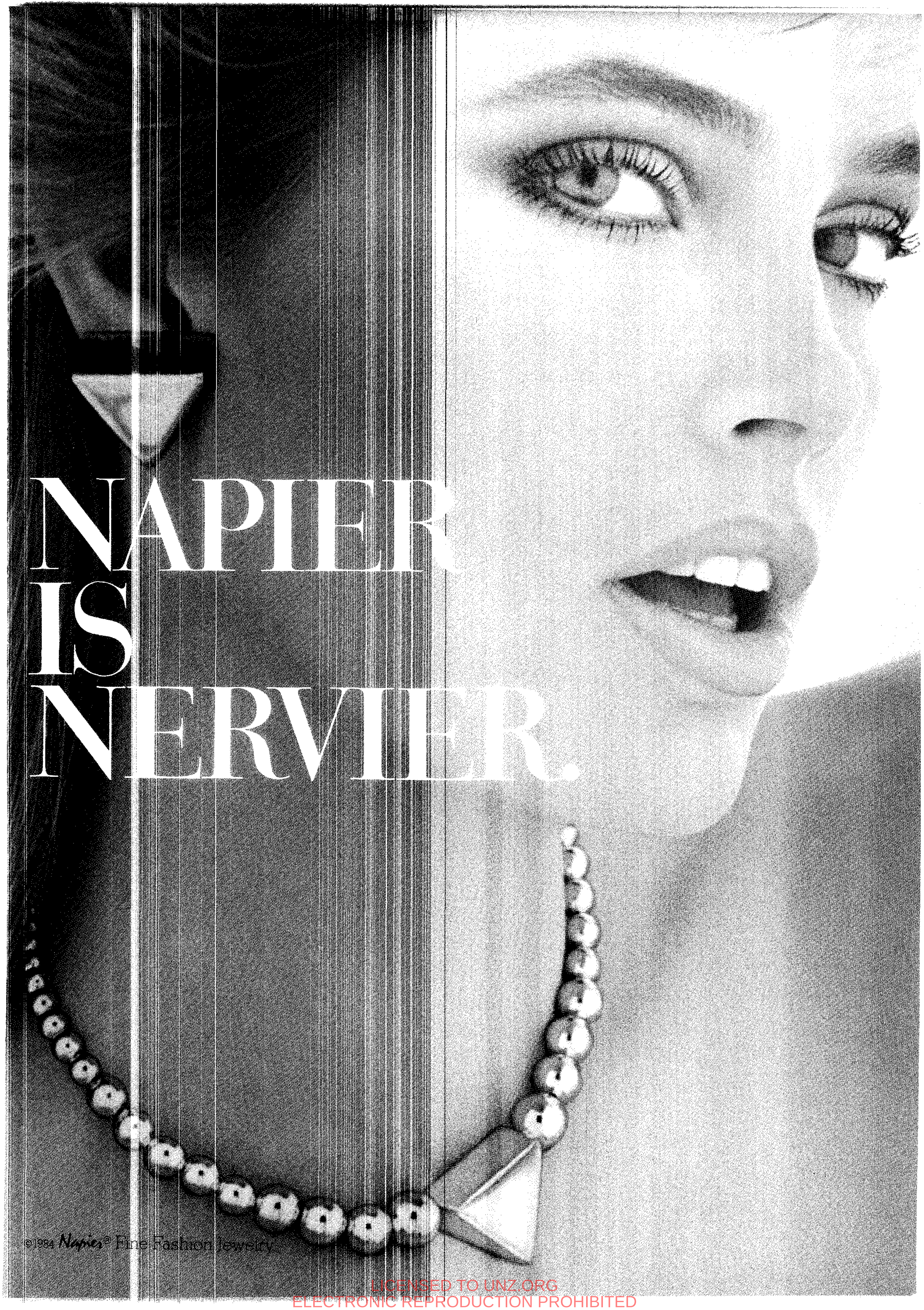
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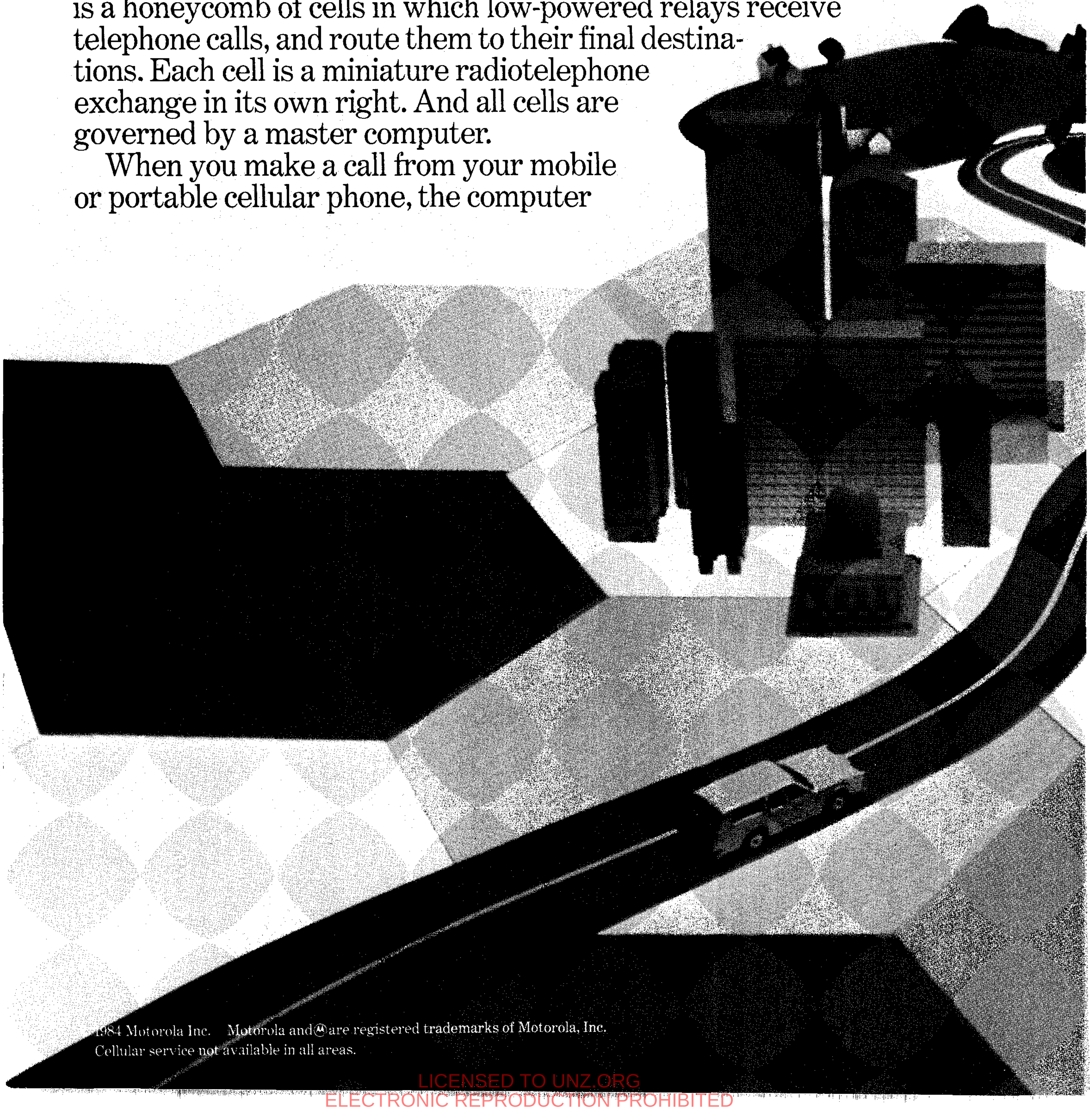

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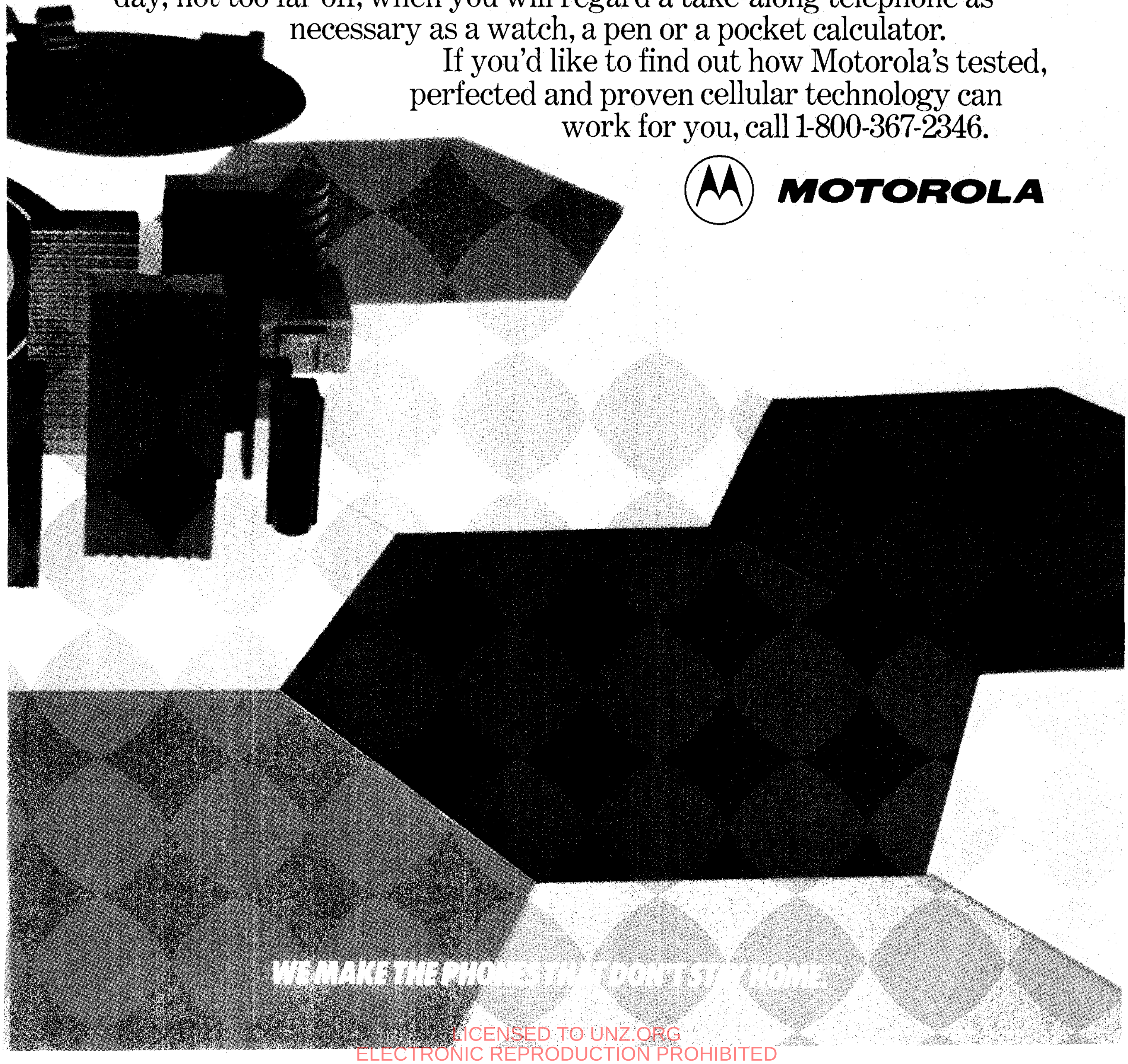

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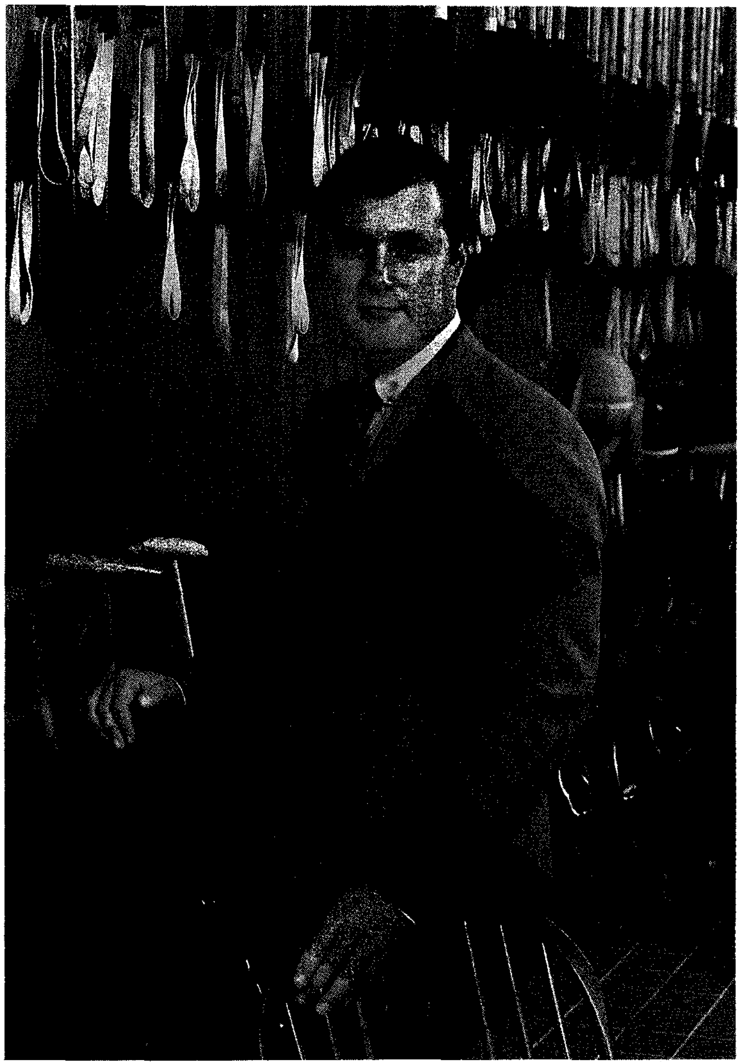

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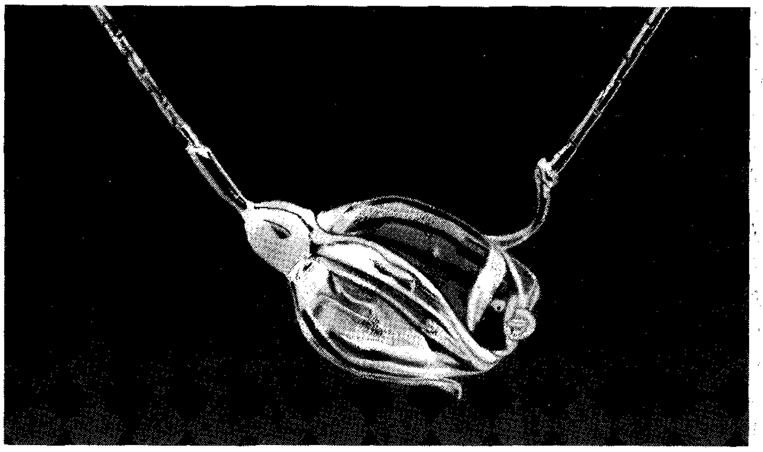
stops be added to his schedule—and he returned to talking about the themes he was most comfortable with. The picture that was conveyed of him was of someone who had finally "hit his stride" and was drawing large and enthusiastic crowds, but, of course, it was said, it was too late. Now Mondale was talking about compassion, and more than ever the things that government can do for people—talking from where his heart had been all along. (In early 1983, Mondale told his staff he wanted to make the role of government a major theme of his campaign—he said, "Let's have it out on this"—and he was dissuaded, on the ground this would portray him as mired in "the politics of the past.") He was now being credited with being an effective speaker at last, but the truth of the matter is that he had been effective before—but was now more consistent. Mondale once again showed that he had more resilience than most people had given him credit for—or perhaps than even he knew—and a large amount of dignity and pride that made him determined to have it recorded that he had done his best to the end. (Mondale's reversion to his true self also led him, on the weekend before the election, to pledge to a Hispanic audience, in McAllen, Texas, that if elected he would name a Hispanic to the Cabinet.) Mondale was now—at last, if a bit late—more conscious of how he came across on television, and his delivery, as seen on the medium, was better than ever. (He practiced for the first debate by using a videotape machine and watching the playback. One aide says that Mondale said later that he wished he had done that before.) Mondale, according to more than one adviser, had hardly watched television before, but now took an interest in watching the evening news programs, to see how he came across. Now his delivery seemed more measured and surer. And his campaign took more pains in the final days to give his events a good look—as one aide put it to me, "a more Republican look"—on television. Experienced advance people were brought in; there were more balloons—there was even a balloon expert.

From then on out, Mondale returned to his stump speech, based in part on the George Washington University speech, adding a section each day on a subject of importance to him—human rights, justice (including the possibility of Reagan's naming several Supreme Court justices), educa-



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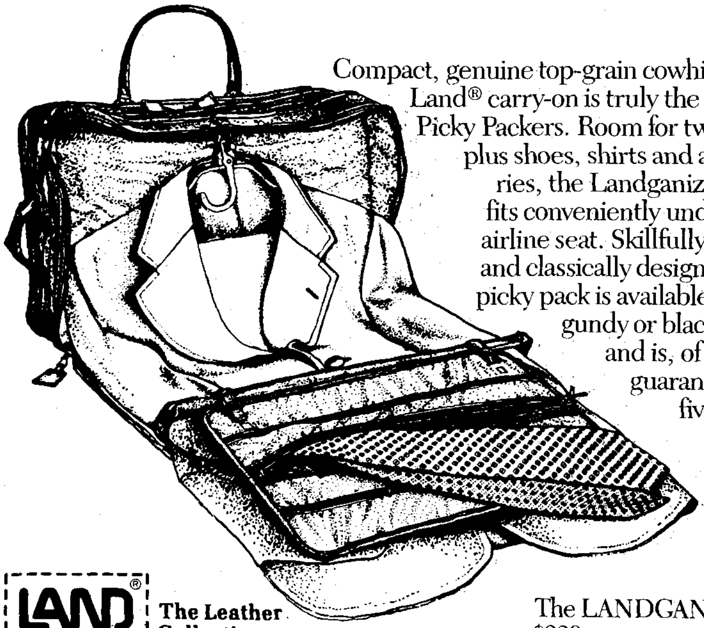

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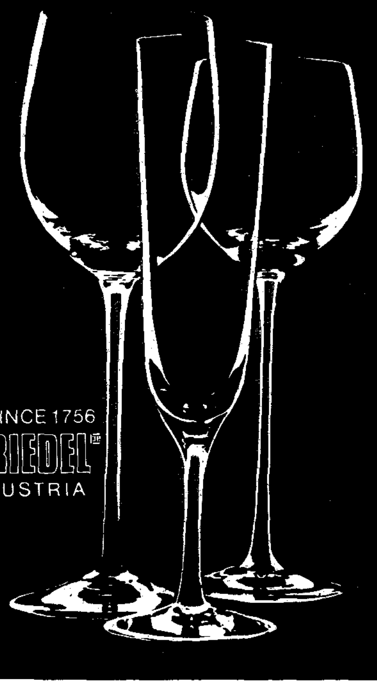

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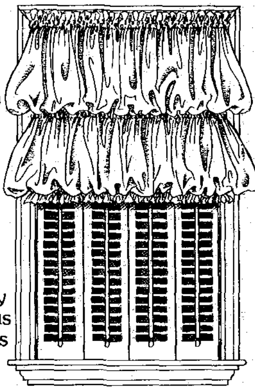

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tion, fairness. His campaign called it Mondale's "summation to the jury." On Thursday, October 25th—the day after the meeting in Milwaukee—Mondale, speaking to a large crowd in an arcade mall in Cleveland, cited Reagan's 1960 letter to Nixon again and Reagan's assertion that it was a good letter, and said that in this election "the choice is as clear, the differences as stark as they've been any time in this century." Referring to the letter, Mondale said, of Reagan, "No wonder he fought Social Security and Medicare. . . . No wonder he opposed student assistance and good education." Mondale said that he saw these things as "a commitment of one generation to another." He said, "No wonder he's turned his back on civil rights and women's rights, because he sees it as a step toward human bondage. I see it as opening doors toward liberty, toward freedom, toward hope, toward justice for all Americans." Mondale said, "We need a President who will stand tall, but we also need a President who stands for something. As President I want you to know my vision"—and he listed the things he wanted for his country: "I want an America where the economy grows. . . . I want the prosperity for us and our children. . . . I see an America where we put our kids first, where we invest again in them, in the human mind. . . . I see an America where we once again protect our air, our water, and our land. . . . I see an America of fairness where each generation understands its responsibilities to the other. . . . I see an America that stands before the world as a champion of human rights, of liberty and decency." He talked about the arms race, and then he turned Reagan's use of the image of America being a "shining city on the hill" back on him—differently from the way Mario Cuomo had at the Democratic Convention. Mondale pointed out that the line came from a sermon by John Winthrop to his fellow-pilgrims before their ship landed at the Salem Harbor, in 1630. He said that when Reagan talks about "a shining city on the hill" he overlooks an important part of Winthrop's sermon: "To be a city on the hill," Mondale said, paraphrasing Winthrop, "we must strengthen, defend, preserve and comfort one another. We must bear one another's burdens. We must look not only on our own things but also on the things of our brethren. We must rejoice together, mourn together, labor and suffer together. We must be knit

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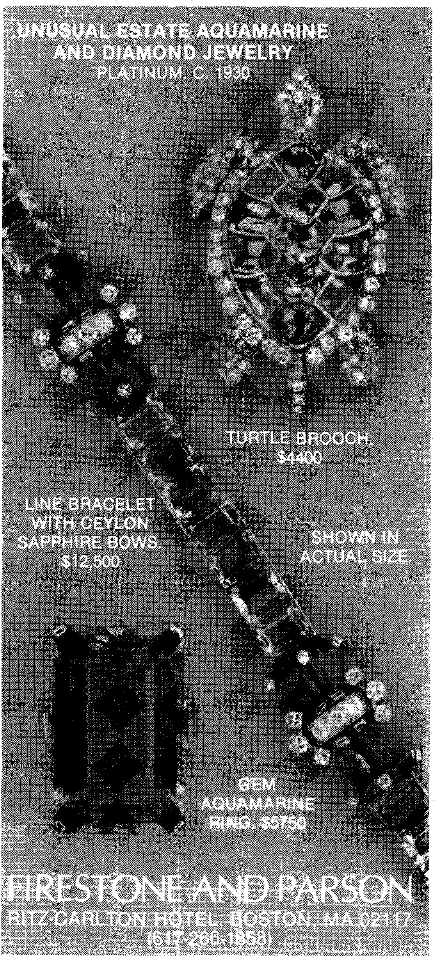

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together by a bond of love." Returning to a theme he had used at the very outset of his campaign, in 1983, Mondale said, "Let us be a community, a family where we care for one another," and he continued, "Let us end this selfishness, this greed, this new championship of caring only for yourself. Let's pull America back together again. Let's have new leadership. It's time for America to move on." The last line was the campaign's way of trying to, as some put it, "hand Reagan the gold watch." But they never found an effective way to do it.

On Friday, in Des Moines, in a speech criticizing Reagan for celebrating the anniversary of the invasion of Grenada and barely mentioning the anniversary of the attack on the barracks in Beirut, Mondale said, "Today, we have a happy-talk President who's only around for the good news." He added, "We need a President at all times, good and bad."

One of Mondale's closest aides said to me at about that time, "Mondale feels that Reagan doesn't know anything, but if it's not there, it's not there. He feels that he took his best shot, and now he'll just go out and make his case. There's even a sense of relief." But there was also a side to Mondale that kept telling him—and in this he was reinforced by some of his aides—that the size and enthusiasm of the crowds he was drawing toward the end meant something. (Mondale even asked someone whether McGovern was drawing crowds at the end, and was told that he was, but not ones of such intensity.)

MEANWHILE, the Reagan campaign, once the second debate was behind it and Reagan was looking strong in its polls, decided to return to a strategy of trying to win all fifty states and, in some cases, have Reagan and Bush try to help Senate and House candidates who were in tight races. Reagan went into West Virginia, traditionally a Democratic state, to nail down his lead there, and it was decided that he would concentrate on the Northeast and the industrial Midwest, and end up his campaign in California. As of midweek after the second debate, the Reagan-Bush people claimed that there was no state in which, in their own polling, Mondale was ahead. It was decided that Reagan would go to Massachusetts (the only state that McGovern carried in 1972, and normally a Democratic state); the Reagan polls indicated that Reagan

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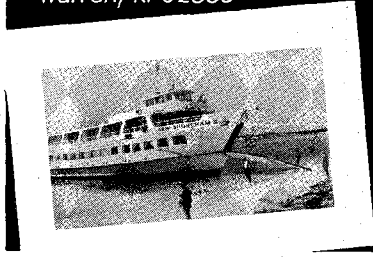

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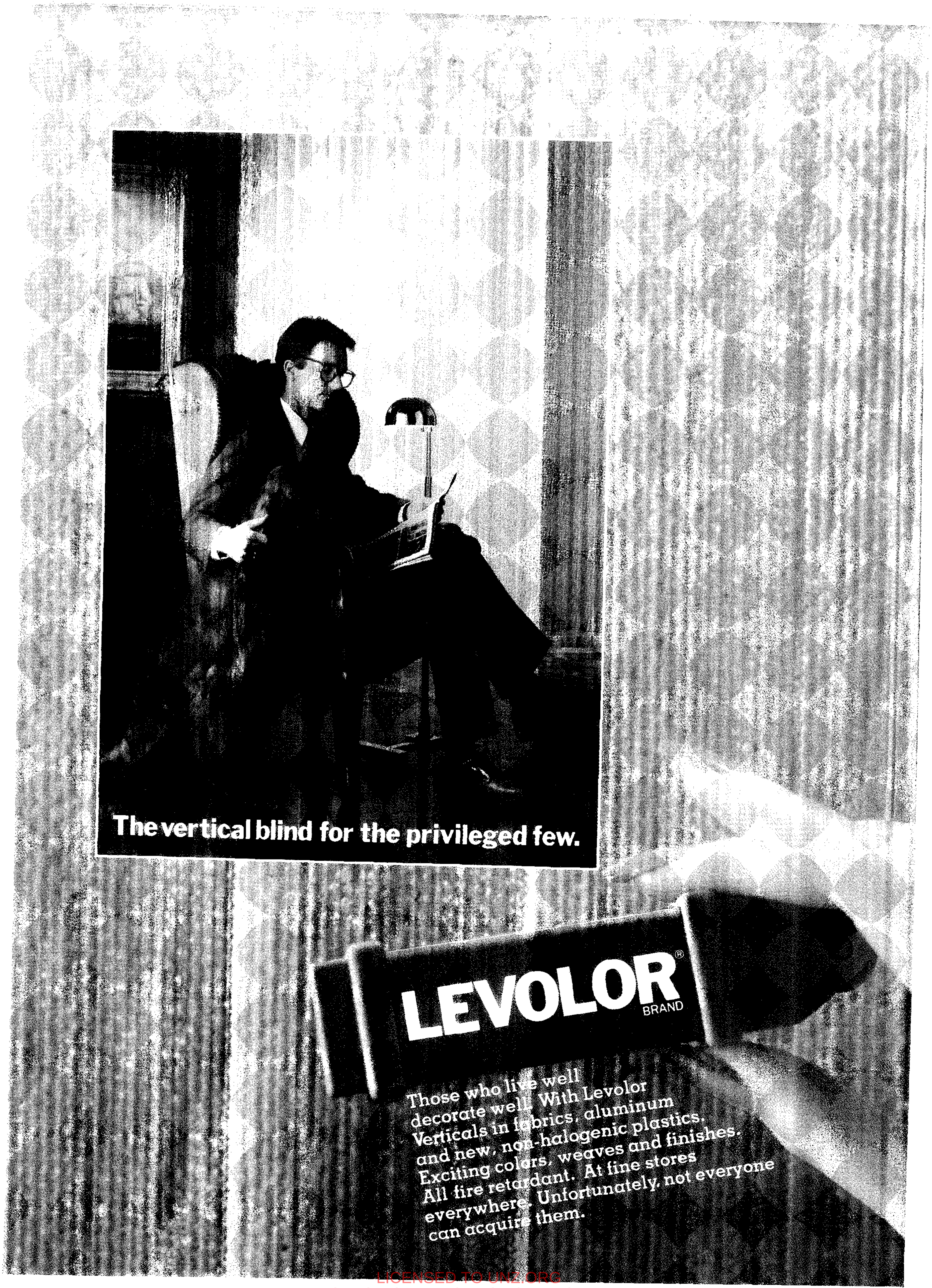

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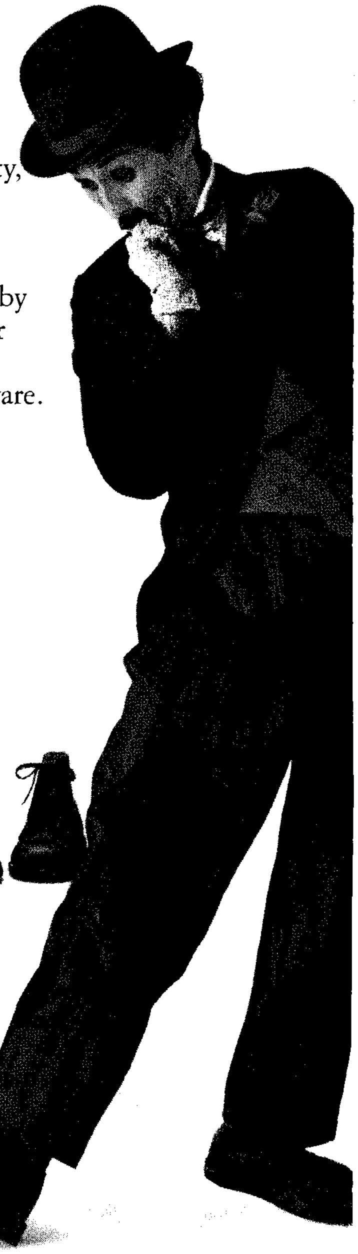

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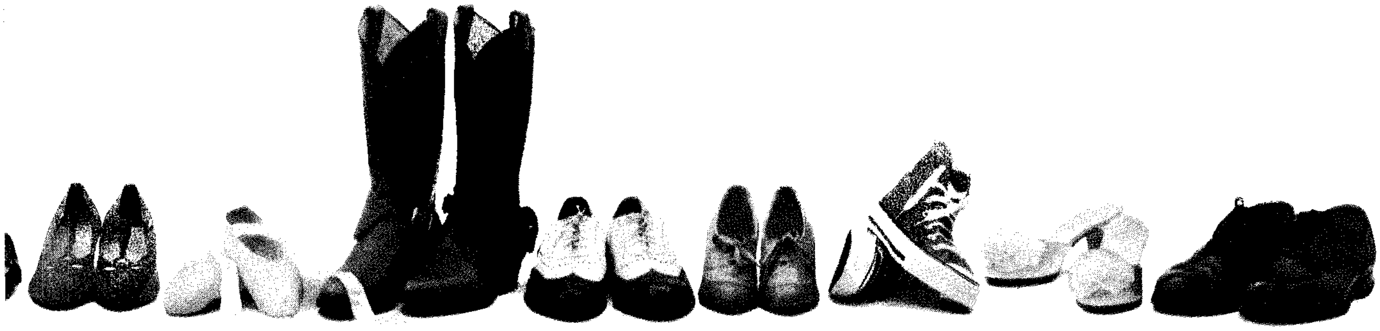

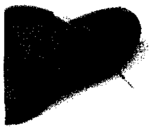

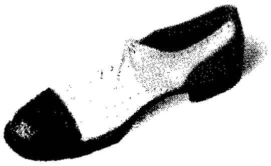

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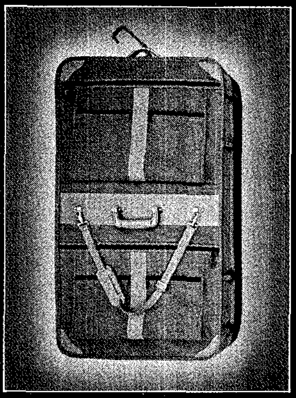

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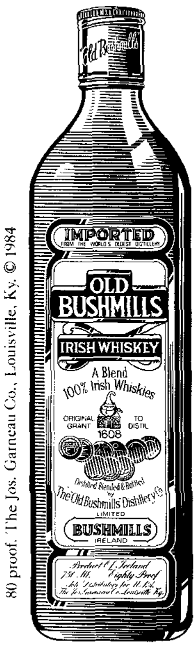
was ahead there, and Raymond Shamie, the highly conservative Republican Senate candidate, was considered nearly even with John Kerry, the lieutenant-governor, who had headed the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. The election of Shamie, who had trounced Elliot Richardson in the primary, would give the Republicans an additional Senate seat, and one filled by a Reagan ideologue at that. As it turned out, Kerry won, though Reagan did carry Massachusetts. Despite the fact that Hawaii had gone Democratic in the 1976 and 1980 Presidential elections, and is presumed to be Democratic, the Republicans decided to try to take that, too—by putting a large amount (for Hawaii) of advertising money into the state. (This worked.) The Reagan-Bush campaign had more money to spend on advertising toward the end than the Mondale campaign did, the Mondale campaign having spent more at the outset (and the allied Republican committees were more flush than their Democratic counterparts). Moreover, the Mondale people were arguing to the end over which spots to put on, and had run several for only a few days—thus diminishing their impact. And the Reagan people decided to try to take even Minnesota from Mondale. William Roberts, the former partner of Stuart Spencer in the California public-relations firm Spencer-Roberts, was sent to Minnesota to work on it, and Reagan himself made a surprise stop there two days before the election. The Reagan campaign's efforts in the state forced Mondale to schedule an extra stop there himself at the end of October, and also to get there in time to hold a rally on Election Eve.

By Saturday, October 27th, the *Times*-CBS poll had Reagan ahead by eighteen points—a jump of three points since its poll taken after the first debate. In most of the important states that had been in question, the Reagan polls showed a double-digit lead. (The only one that was short of that was Pennsylvania, where Reagan was eight points ahead.) The South and Texas had long since been shut down for Mondale. Wirthlin says that by the end of September Reagan had the South and the West pretty sewn up, for a total of two hundred and eighty-seven electoral votes. The 1982 Texas model, where a moderate Democrat had been elected governor, with the support of blacks, Hispanics, and labor—a model that some in the Mondale campaign hoped would be followed in



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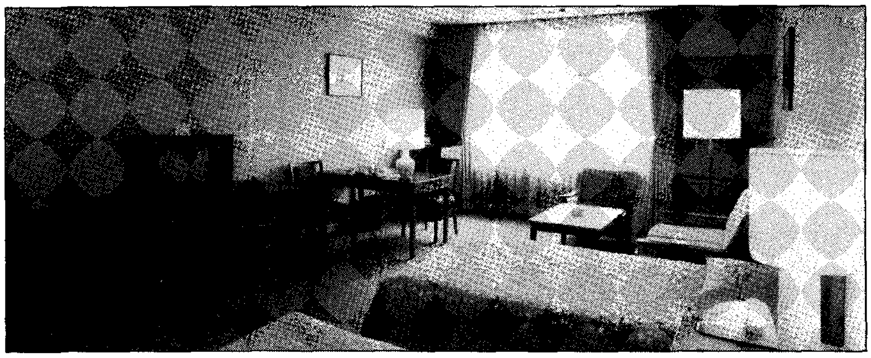

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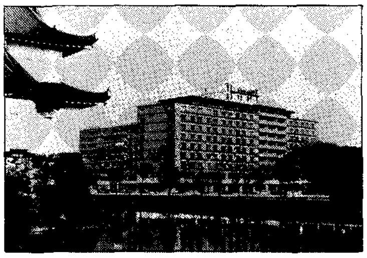

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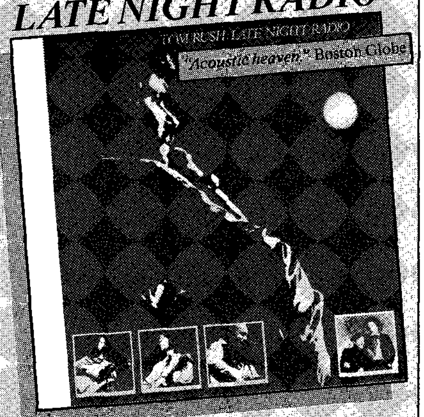

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1984—turned out not to be applicable. The key factors in 1982, it now seemed, were that the incumbent Republican governor was very unpopular and 1982 was during the recession. The way things developed in the South this year gave credit to the theory that had Carter not been on the ticket in 1980 the margins in many Southern states would not have been so narrow (as it was, he carried only Georgia). Several Democrats (and also Reagan-Bush officials) felt that Mondale had made a big mistake in not "balancing the ticket" with a Southern running mate, but this went against the high-risk strategy Mondale and Johnson thought was necessary to have any chance of victory. Stuart Spencer said to me recently, "If Mondale had chosen Sam Nunn"—a moderate Georgia senator—"I'd be sitting here a lot more worried." But the imperatives of Democratic politics at the time made this almost impossible for Mondale to do, even if he had wanted to. Spencer said, "Mondale ended up with a northern liberal-liberal ticket and in choosing Ferraro may have been four to eight years ahead of his time."

Despite the fact that things seemed to be going so well for the Reagan campaign, it did have one last fright, on Sunday, October 28th. On that day, Wirthlin's tracking polls indicated that Reagan had gone from a twenty-two-point lead on Thursday to a fifteen-point lead on both Sunday and Monday. A fifteen-point lead is a quite comfortable one, obviously, but no campaign likes to see movement in the wrong direction; moreover, the tracking indicated that Mondale was picking up the support of white males—the group Reagan had been doing best with—as well as of women and some young people. They attributed this shift to Mondale's effective campaigning and to the fact that the Mondale campaign was running ads stressing the dangers of nuclear war, about education and youth, and about senior citizens whose programs had been cut. One of the ads was a five-minute one that included shots of young children intercut with pictures of missiles rising out of silos. The background music to this scene was Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young's "Teach Your Children." This part of the five-minute ad was also run as a separate thirty-second spot. It was one of the subjects of major argument within the campaign: some feared that it would backfire, others argued that since they were losing, they should not regret

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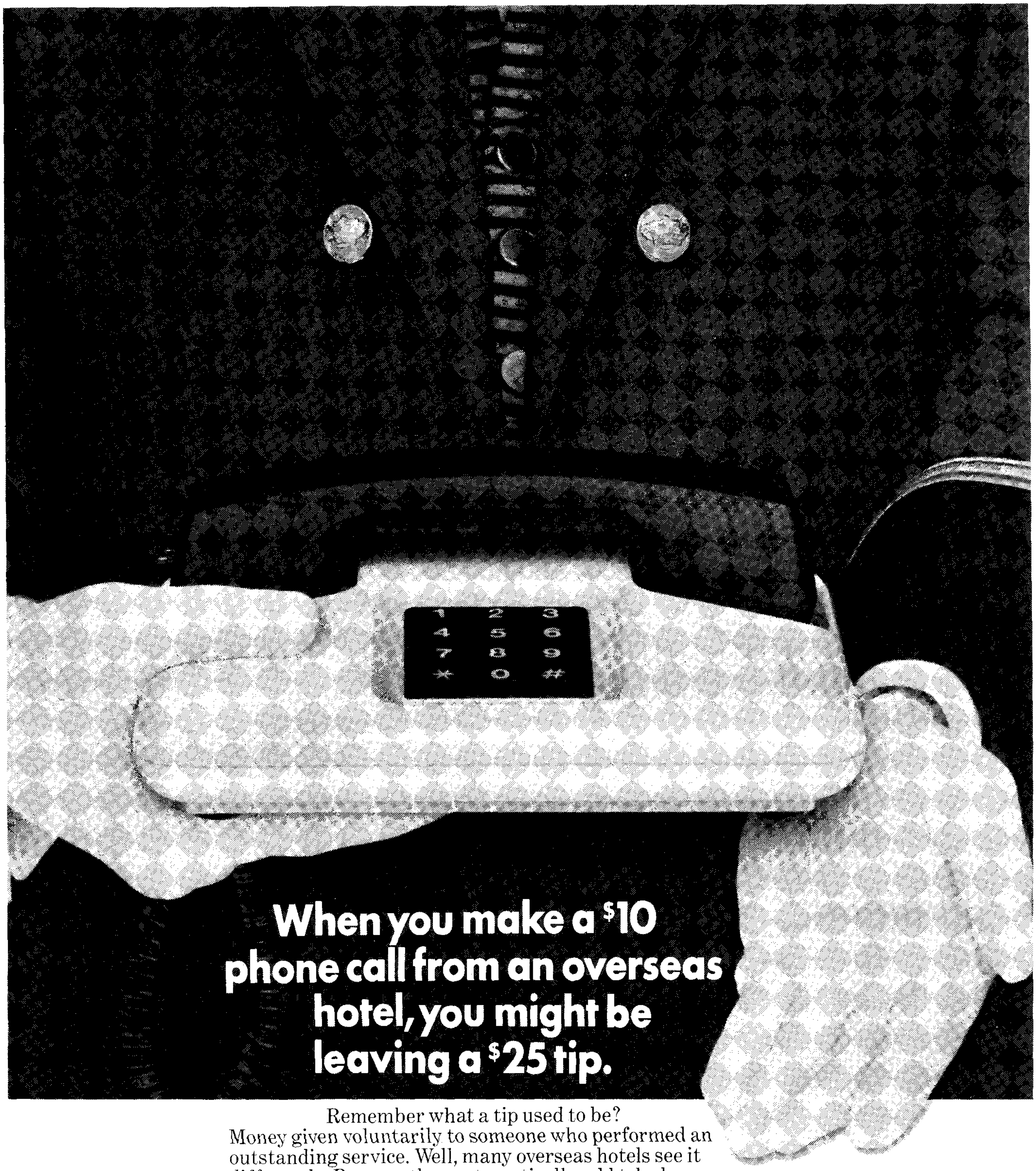
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later that they had not tried it. After a struggle earlier in October, the Mondale campaign had got on the air an ad that depicted an invitation by Reagan and Jerry Falwell to join the Republican Party, and said, "Here's what you have to believe"—and then it listed a number of things in the Republican platform. But the ad was taken off and put back on, in a continuing struggle. Meanwhile, the Reagan campaign was running the most memorable ad of the campaign: It showed a bear stalking in the forest, and a voice said, "There is a bear in the woods. For some people, the bear is easy to see. Others don't see it at all. Some people say the bear is tame; others say it is vicious and dangerous. Since no one can really be sure who's right, isn't it smart to be as strong as the bear—if there is a bear?" At the end, the ad showed a man, armed with a rifle, facing the bear. The tag line was "President Reagan. Prepared for Peace." The ad was an unthreatening, nonfrightening allegory about the need to be strong, and even the Mondale campaign's focus-group interviewing showed that the ad was quite effective. The Reagan campaign also returned to the "feel good" ads, saying, "It's morning in America again."

In response to this one last fright, the Reagan campaign decided to run some negative ads in certain key states, such as Iowa and Pennsylvania, until the election. However, by Tuesday, Reagan's lead had risen back to the eighteen-point level. Wirthlin says, "The period from the twenty-fifth through the twenty-ninth was Mondale's last effective charge against our base, and it succeeded some." Two things that were believed to have stemmed any further erosion were that Reagan was highly active (for him) in the closing days of the campaign and the Reagan campaign greatly outspent the Mondale campaign on advertising.

On October 26th, Reagan, campaigning in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey, appeared at a synagogue on Long Island, and criticized the Democrats for lacking "the moral courage or leadership" to pass a resolution at their Convention denouncing anti-Semitism. (Such a resolution had been proposed by some delegates, but the Mondale people got it set aside, out of concern that it would anger Jesse Jackson, at whom it was aimed, and open up the Convention to a rash of resolutions from the floor.) In the course of Reagan's appearance at the synagogue, members of the audience

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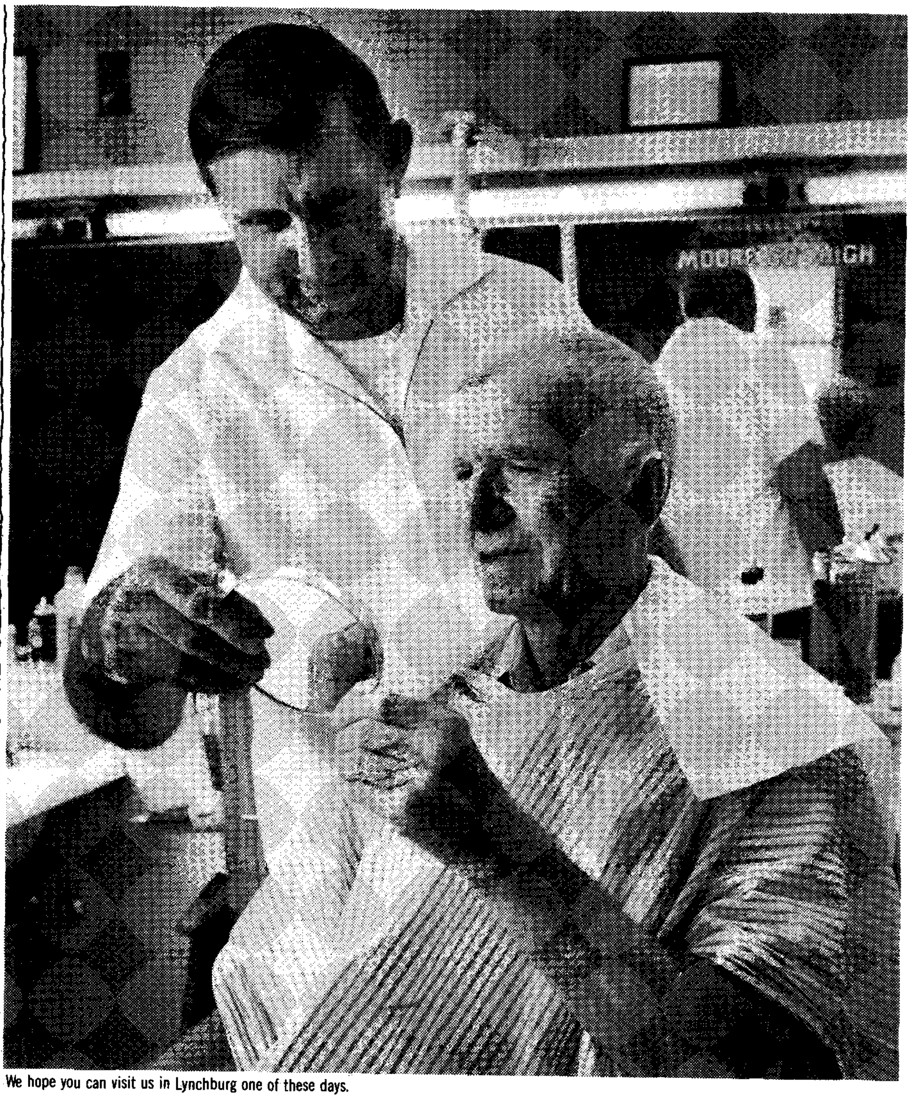
cheered and shouted, "Four more years," and White House advance workers handed out bright-blue yarmulkes with the Presidential seal inside, along with the words "The Visit of President Ronald Reagan to Temple Hillel." Reagan, in his remarks, also said that he favored the separation of church and state. (Reagan's political advisers say that the "religious issue" resulted in Reagan's getting nearly eighty per cent of the fundamentalist vote in the South but coming out with somewhat less of the Jewish vote than he had in 1980.) And, in his appearance at the synagogue, Reagan also drew an analogy between the United States action in Lebanon and the need to prevent another Holocaust: he said that the message of the Holocaust "should again be impressed on those who question why we went on a peacekeeping mission to Lebanon."

The Reagan Administration had got itself into a confusion over the subject of how it would respond to terrorism. After past attacks on American installations in Lebanon, American officials had warned that there would be retaliation, but there had been none—apparently, in some cases, because the targets were hard to find, and people not involved in the terrorist incidents might be killed, and the Department of Defense was reluctant to retaliate under such circumstances. In general, the military has been loath to get into actions that might not have public backing; in that sense, it has been "Vietnamized"—an accusation hard-liners usually make against Democrats. The form of the "Vietnamization" may be different, but the effect is the same. There was also concern that such actions would only inflame matters in the Middle East. But on October 25th Secretary of State George Shultz, speaking at the Park Avenue Synagogue, in New York, said that the United States must not become "the Hamlet of nations, worrying endlessly over whether and how to respond" to terrorist actions, and that retaliation might be taken "before each and every fact is known" and "we may never have the kind of evidence that can stand up in an American court of law." (Last April, the President signed a secret directive authorizing an "offensive" against terrorism.) Shultz said that the public must understand "before the fact" that the risks involved in combatting terrorism included "loss of life of some of our fighting men and loss of life of some innocent people." Following



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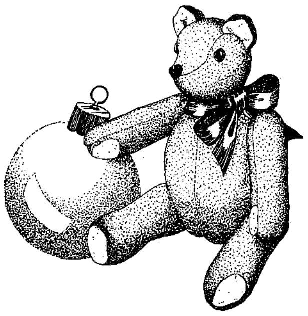
Shultz's speech, Vice-President Bush said that he did not believe that it represented American policy, and Reagan, campaigning in the Northeast, first told reporters, "There is nothing new in that speech that is not already policy," and then later said, "I don't think it was a statement of policy." Mondale later remarked that this confusion indicated that the White House was a "ghost ship" with no one in charge—a term borrowed from former Secretary of State Alexander Haig.

In his final week of campaigning, Reagan warned his audiences against "overconfidence," and said that he hoped to win not just the election but "a sympathetic Congress," and, in a reference to his famous role in the movie "Knute Rockne—All American," said, "And if you can, well, win those races for the Gipper." In a stump speech in Media, Pennsylvania, on October 29th, Reagan said that four years ago "we got out from under the thrall of a government which we had hoped would make our lives better but which wound up living our lives." He said, "Yet four years after our efforts began, small voices in the night are sounding the call to go back, back to the days of drift, the days of torpor, timidity, and taxes." He ridiculed (and misrepresented) Mondale's tax plan, and attacked him especially harshly on both domestic and foreign policy—going back over his record of several years, and throwing in the Carter Administration's record, Mondale's initial questioning of the invasion of Grenada, and Jesse Jackson's trip to Cuba. (This happens to have been the day after Reagan's poll first dropped to fifteen.)

After spending two days in Washington, Reagan left on October 31st for his last campaign swing—a trip that took him to eleven states. While he was in Washington, Reagan momentarily abandoned his characteristic caution about predicting victory and told a White House gathering of campaign aides that the Republican Party might be headed for "an historic electoral realignment." He also said that it was "no mere coincidence" that Democrats have long represented "the most blighted areas of the country" and "places of desperation."

As of October 31st, both the Harris and the Gallup polls gave Reagan a seventeen-point lead, and NBC News gave him a lead of twenty-four points. (Mondale's own polls also showed a Reagan lead of seventeen points, and Reagan's polls showed a lead of eighteen. Caddell and Hart were getting



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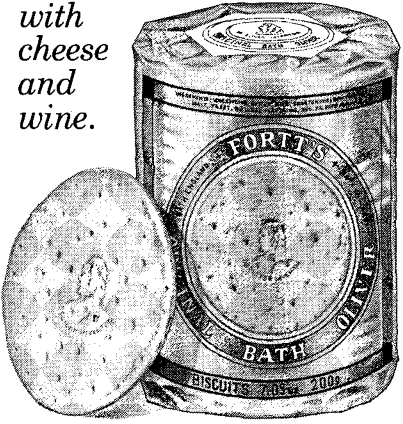

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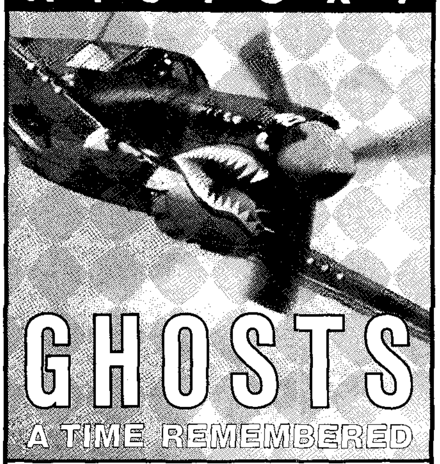

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somewhat but not dramatically different numbers.) Mondale, in the face of these polls, kept telling audiences that the pollsters would be proved wrong, and said, "There's something stirring, the people are listening." Some of his own people continued to be puzzled by the "cognitive dissonance" between what the polls were saying and the size and enthusiasm of the crowds. Objective observers assumed that the crowds indicated that Mondale's base was getting activated, and that the intensity had something to do with a reaction to being told that Reagan was going to win—as well as with Mondale's consistently effective performances. People in politics proceed on some combination of empirical evidence, instincts, hope, and a certain amount of self-delusion—the ratio of these ingredients changing according to the circumstances. The self-delusion is important to keep people going—so it is functional—and the myths that feed it might always turn into facts. However, Mondale's closing days were accompanied by a drumbeat of commentary that Mondale was now doing wonderfully well as a campaigner but of course his case was hopeless. He was portrayed as the gallant loser—this is a favorite, and by now stock, figure in political commentary. Whether or not it affects the outcome of an election even marginally no one can know, but, over the years, people who work in campaigns have said that it does create a bandwagon effect, and does have an impact on the morale of the workers in the headquarters and in the field. And, in a circular way, the assumption about an outcome affects the nature of the journalism itself. One of my colleagues feels that this election was written off uncommonly early by several media outlets, and that this got in the way of people's hearing what Mondale was saying. It does seem that everyone was doing polls, and that this took over. We were surfeited by the news of them, and it seemed that they increasingly became the story of the election. Several people here feel there is a built-in problem in news organizations conducting polls—that this can color their coverage of the candidates, and, in the case of television, also takes precious time from other political coverage. But thus it shall probably ever be.

The boastful commentary by the Reagan-Bush people, who were now talking openly about taking all fifty states, suggests that they believed in

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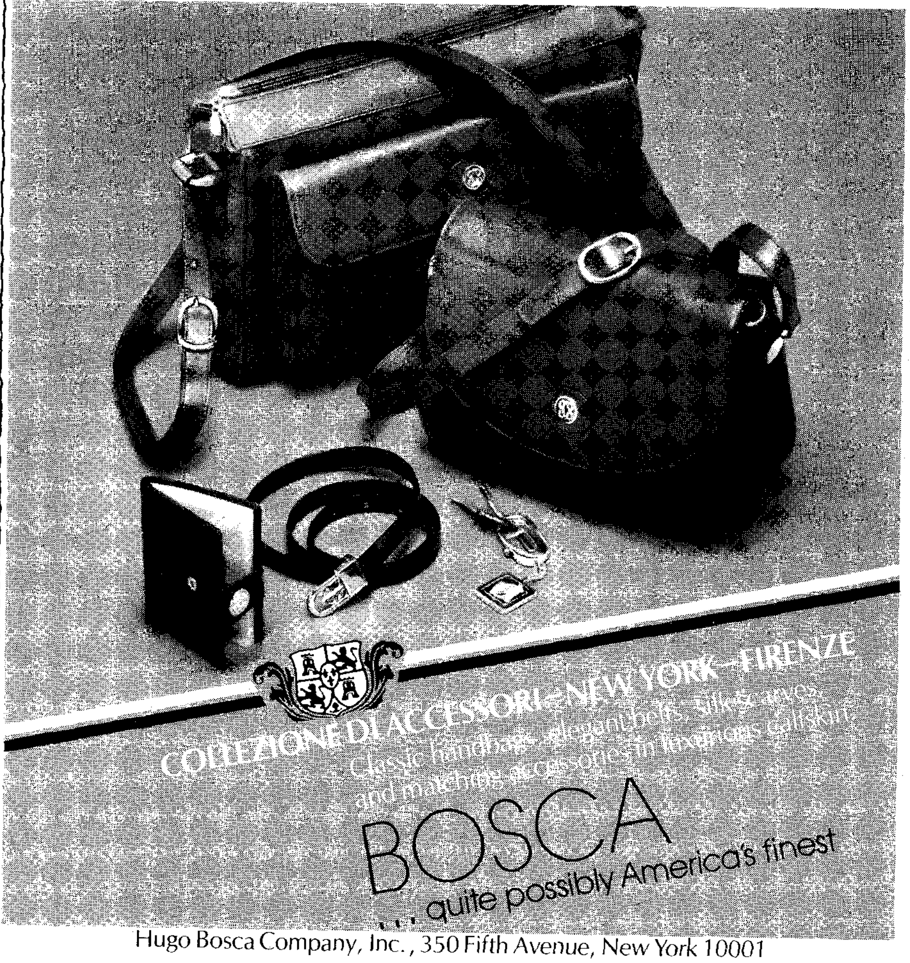
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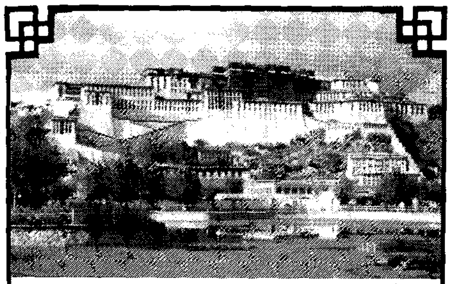

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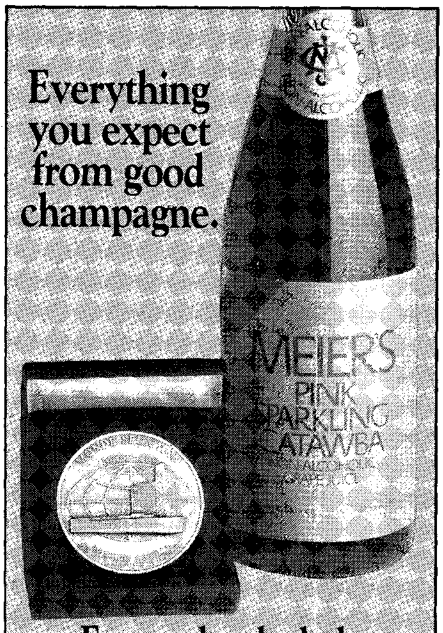
the bandwagon effect. When Reagan appeared in Boston on November 1st, the crowd chanted "Fifty states" as well as "Four more years." It also shouted—as Reagan crowds had been doing since the Convention—"U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" Reagan quoted John Kennedy and urged Democrats to cross over and support him, and, drawing on a theme offered by Jeane Kirkpatrick at the Republican Convention, said that the current Democratic leaders had joined the "blame America first crowd." In Detroit on the same day, Reagan said, "We're better off than we were four years ago. We're more secure than we were four years ago." However, by November 1st the Reagan campaign was uncertain about the outcome in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Minnesota. There was also some nervousness about New York. A Reagan-Bush official said to me that day, "We had all fifty states won three days ago; we would have been better off if the election had been held then. We're now seeing some natural erosion of support among traditional Democrats." The issue was not whether Reagan would win, just the size of his victory, and the Reagan people joked about their seeming greediness in wanting to win it all. But the states that the Reagan people had considered that they had to win in order to preclude any possibility of Mondale's putting together a combination of industrial, border, and Western states—New Jersey, Ohio, and Connecticut—were comfortably in the Reagan column.

Michigan, ordinarily a Democratic state, had long been in Reagan's column. Reagan advisers believe that this is because, while unemployment in Michigan is still relatively high, the rate of unemployment was now dropping as a result of the recovery and, moreover, because Reagan has always run well among better-off blue-collar workers, which constitute a high proportion of the Michigan electorate. Ohio was considered a "tax sensitive" state, because the Democratic Governor, Richard Celeste, had raised taxes in 1983; Roger Stone, a campaign official who was in charge of the state (along with Northeastern states and the blue-collar voters), poured mailings into the state about the tax issue. Three million target voters—Democrats and independents—received mailings that said, "If you liked Dick Celeste's tax increase, you'll love Walter Mondale's," and included a direct-mail



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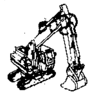

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letter from Reagan on the subject.

Speaking to voters in upstate New York, Reagan urged Democrats to "come walk with us on this new path of hope and opportunity," and he continued to use the line he had used when he kicked off his campaign on Labor Day: "You ain't seen nothin' yet." To voters in the Midwest, Reagan said that the United States had become "a giant on the scene" under his Presidency, and he said, "The United States of America was never meant to be a second-best nation." He asked the various crowds "Are you better off now than you were four years ago?" and always got the answer he wanted. (To an outdoor rally in Cleveland, he said, "Thank you for the use of the hall.") And, as if he were replaying the role of George Gipp, the Notre Dame football hero who died young, he asked for a victory, and said, "Wherever I am, I'll know about it, and it'll make me happy." Reagan also told rallies to support Republican candidates, saying, "Don't send me back there alone." And he continued to attack Mondale for wanting to raise taxes and for "peddling doom and gloom." In the closing days of the campaign, Reagan made two trips to Illinois, in part to assure his own victory in the state, in part to help reëlect Senator Charles Percy. (Percy lost, to Paul Simon, a liberal House member.) On Saturday, Reagan told voters that if Mondale was elected the nation would be left wandering "an endless desert of worsening inflation and recession" and said that Mondale had aided Carter Administration policies that "made America weak." In Arkansas, he responded to news reports that the Treasury Department was planning certain tax increases: "Over my dead body." He attacked Mondale's tax-increase proposal again, and said, "The principal difference is our vision for America will let the eagle soar. Theirs would return us to the days of the sore eagle."

Mondale, meanwhile, continued to draw large crowds, and stress his rhetoric of a compassionate, caring government. On October 30th, he participated in a torchlight parade in Chicago—a throwback to the time when there was a Chicago machine that could deliver—and made an emotional speech, evoking the memories of John Kennedy and Harry Truman and talking of the ideals that he said had made the Democratic Party great. The event may have been a throwback, but

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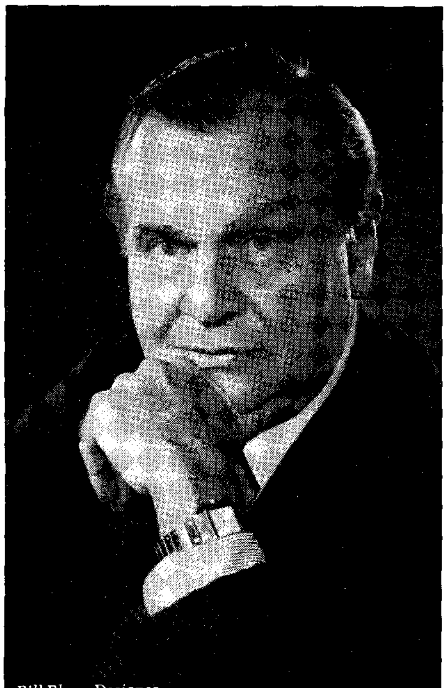

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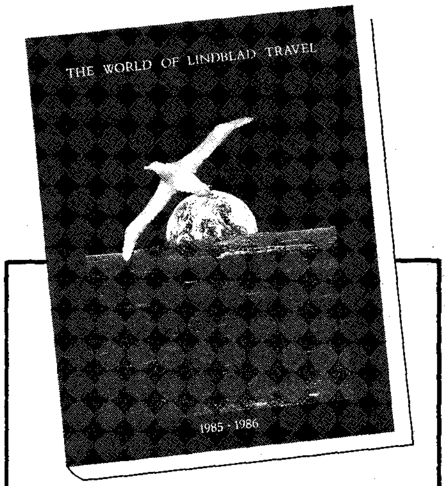

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it buoyed Mondale and his entourage, and gave them some hope of carrying Illinois. Mondale went on to Baltimore, to Louisville, to Buffalo, talking about the issues of "decency" and "fairness." He compared the "fairness" of his own program with the effect of what he said Reagan's tax plan was likely to be, and said that under Reagan "the theory is that in America when you're in trouble you're on your own." On November 1st, Mondale and Ferraro addressed a huge rally in the garment district of New York—there were red balloons gathered in the shape of a giant apple—and Mondale said, as he had been saying for some days, in various forms, "The pollsters are trying to tell you the election is over. . . . But they forgot one thing: Polls don't vote. People vote." He also responded angrily to Reagan's charge that the Democrats were soft on anti-Semitism: "Mr. President, that charge says something about you. That is false and contemptible. . . . I have fought anti-Semitism and bigotry many times in my life . . . and I've stood up to those radical preachers who are so close to this President, who've taken over the Republican Party."

That night, Mondale addressed a predominantly black Baptist church in Cleveland, where, of his own choice, he made a flat-out appeal for more help for the poor. Mondale had not been making many appearances before black audiences, because the political exigency of his campaign was to reach independents and "soft Democrats"—blue-collar voters. Now another political exigency was being met—stirring up the base. It was also one that Mondale considered a personal imperative. He criticized the Reagan ads: "Their commercials call it the new morning in America. It's all picket fences and puppy dogs. No one's hurting, no one's old, no one's hungry, no one's unemployed. Everybody's happy." He went on, "These poor people can't hire any lobbyists. They can't pay for any ads. They don't have fancy newsletters. They're not a power bloc. They're not fashionable. Their voices aren't counted as votes." And he added, "If we want to be a decent society, and we all do, we must measure it not by how generous we are to the powerful but how just we are to the powerless." He quoted Hubert Humphrey as saying, "The moral test of government is how it treats those in the dawn of life, our children; those in

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the twilight of life, the elderly; and those in the shadows of life, the sick, the handicapped, and the unemployed." He added, "You don't hear these words from this President." He said, "We all stand for independence. . . . No one's asking for dependence. But people want education and training, so that they can stand on their own feet. No one wants government to take the place of individual efforts, but people do want government to get rid of discrimination. That's what you're asking for: a chance for dignity, employment, justice—so that it is possible for every American to have that indispensable dignity." And he attacked with passion the Administration's cuts in social programs, including, as he had talked about on other occasions this fall, its dropping of five hundred thousand people from the disability rolls, and he pointed out that a court had ruled that this action was illegal. (A federal appeals court in New York in August had ordered benefits restored to fifty thousand recipients and Congress in September passed legislation overturning the Administration's action, and the President signed the bill into law.) Referring to the termination of the disability benefits, Mondale said, "Of all the mean-spirited, inexcusable, cruel steps by this Administration, that takes the cake. Who are these people? They are the mentally ill, they are the handicapped, they are the broken, the sad, the dispirited, the helpless. . . . If there were ever a test of decency, surely giving them some minimal help would be that test." Referring to a line that Reagan had said at Bowling Green, in September, "Uncle Sam is a friendly old man but he has a spine of steel," Mondale said, "He misses something. We want him to be kindly with a spine of steel, but we want Uncle Sam to have a mind and a heart and a soul and a conscience." And on the following day he drew another large and enthusiastic crowd in Boston, where he attacked the Reagan Administration policies as dangerous and without "caring or compassion." Talking as he sometimes had earlier in the year, Mondale said, "If you're unemployed, it's too bad. If you're old, it's tough luck. If you're sick, good luck. If you're black or Hispanic, you're out of luck. And if you're handicapped you shouldn't be." He continued, "I don't believe in that a minute. I think this America has a human dimension. I don't think

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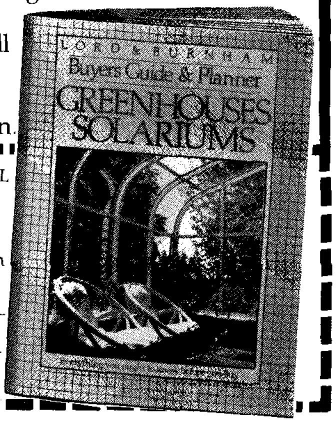

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we're alone. I think we're together."

The theme that Mondale used toward the end—about an activist, caring, involved government, mixed with some caveats about prudent and careful management—was the one Mondale had wanted to go with from the beginning. Mondale is a liberal who believes in strong government, and other suits that people tried on him didn't fit. He was most comfortable—and most effective—when he put on the one that he was most accustomed to, and went out and said what he believed. Like any experienced politician, he knew how to play the angles, and had done his share of it, but he was at his best when he played it straight. It was then that he looked not like a conventional politician but like a man with a core of beliefs. In the end, when it was as clear to Mondale that he would lose as it could be, he decided to go out having talked about the things he believed in, so that people will have known where he stood.

Then Mondale went on to West Virginia—Massachusetts and West Virginia had voted Democratic in five out of the last six Presidential elections—and then, on Saturday, to Michigan, Illinois, and Tennessee. In a town just outside Detroit, he told a crowd that contained many union members, "Every time Michigan has asked for help, I've said yes. Every time the workers of this state have needed help, I've been there." (This sounded like the primaries Mondale.) He added, "When your kids have needed an education, I helped. When you've needed trade-adjustment assistance, I've been there. I love this state. We're fellow-Midwesterners. Give me this chance to be your President." He pointed out that he had supported the Chrysler bailout, which Reagan had opposed. And then he went back to the West Coast, via Texas. He had drawn a far larger crowd in Boston than the President had the day before—and there was always that chance that something might happen.

In most of the states where Reagan was campaigning on Friday and Saturday—in Illinois, Wisconsin, Arkansas, and Iowa—his margin was relatively low, and all but one of these (Wisconsin) had Republican candidates running for the Senate. (All lost.) Reagan said that Iowa's current agricultural hardships were the result of the "ineffective and totally wrongheaded grain embargo" imposed by Carter as a result of the Soviet invasion of

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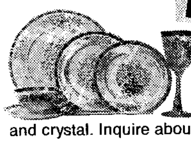

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Afghanistan. (Mondale, as Carter pointed out in his book, privately opposed the grain embargo—though he publicly defended it during the Iowa caucuses in 1980.) Reagan told his audiences, "America's best days are yet to come."

ON Sunday, the *Post*-ABC poll had Reagan's margin at eighteen points, up from twelve shortly after the second debate, and Gallup gave Reagan an eighteen-point lead as well. There were more news reports of an imminent attack on an American facility in Lebanon, and trucks were blocking the access to the Capitol. Meanwhile, Geraldine Ferraro had been campaigning hard for the ticket, but the indications were, from the Mondale camp's own polling, that she wasn't helping it much. When she was chosen, there were people within the Mondale camp who believed that, for all the excitement of July, the real question was how she measured up in October as a possible President. Though George Bush's conduct of his campaign had been less than a smash hit (some of his rivals for the 1988 nomination think, or at least hope, that he has hurt himself for the future), he still maintained an edge over Ferraro in the polls. Ferraro showed a lot of strength—more than most people would have been able to under the circumstances she faced—and many of her problems were not of her own making. She could not help it that she was relatively inexperienced. She was bedevilled to the end by newspaper stories about her husband's financial dealings and stories, some of them cruel and quite controversial, trying to establish links between her husband, or her husband's parents, and organized crime, and one story, in the New York *Post*, said that her parents had been indicted for running a numbers game, and that her father died shortly afterward. Ferraro was eight years old at the time. Ferraro, who clearly is deeply attached to her mother (as well as to the rest of her family), broke down when an aide told her about this one, but maintained a strong presence when she faced a press conference shortly afterward. The stories never linked Ferraro herself to organized crime—though they reported that, unsurprisingly, she had received campaign contributions from a couple of people with connections to it; the contributions were relatively small, and these people also contributed to other New York politicians, and one of the contributors

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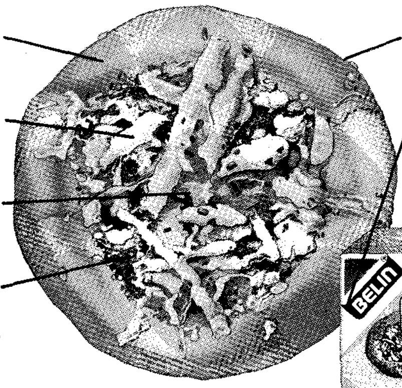

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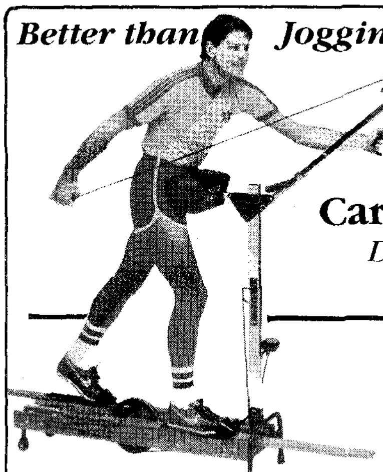

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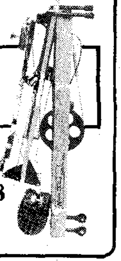

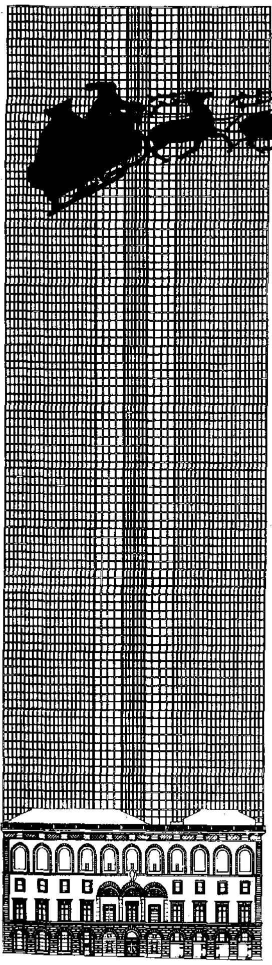

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had held respectable public positions—though he was shot, gangland-style (and survived). The stories indicated that whatever connections her husband had were tenuous (some of them were inherited from his father's real-estate dealings, and cut off). There seemed to be a pattern to these stories—the suggestion of a concerted effort by her opponents—and we may not have heard the end of this. (The House ethics committee never got around to investigating whether she had validly claimed an exemption from disclosing her husband's financial status on a financial-disclosure form.) In the closing days of the campaign, Ferraro was concentrating on the industrial states, and also made one last swing to California, where she had made six previous trips.

Ferraro drew good crowds, and made spunky presentations, but there are people quite friendly to her candidacy who think that she was damaged by spending so much time on the attack—a role she enjoyed but one that did not present her as something she was supposed to represent: the future. Because she drew crowds, her schedule was heavily concentrated on rallies; but her feisty crowd-pleasing style was not universally appealing. She did not do as well as had been hoped in winning over the Hart constituency, and, in the end, she, like Mondale, focussed on core constituencies—in her case, the women's vote. Her speeches made a more blatant appeal to vote for her because she was a woman. And, in line with this effort, she appeared in late October on the Phil Donahue show, a program widely watched by women at home. (The Mondale campaign's polling indicated that it was doing better with working women than with housewives.) On the show, she said, as she had said elsewhere, that because of the attacks on her family background she was "going to spend the rest of my life" making it up to her family. She also said, as she had said before, that if she had known what would lie ahead in terms of pain to her family she probably would not have run for the Vice-Presidency.

On Sunday, Reagan made his surprise stop in Rochester, Minnesota—an aide told me that only Iowa and Minnesota now stood in the way of a fifty-state victory—and then went on to stops in Chicago and St. Louis (where he appeared with Bob Hope), and then headed home to California. Along the way, at every stop, Reagan told audiences, "You ain't seen nothin'

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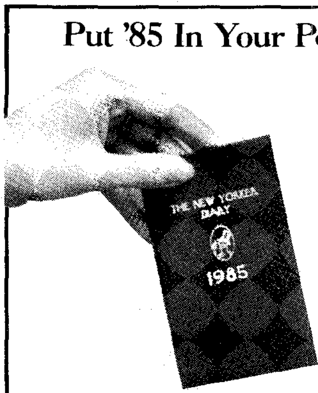

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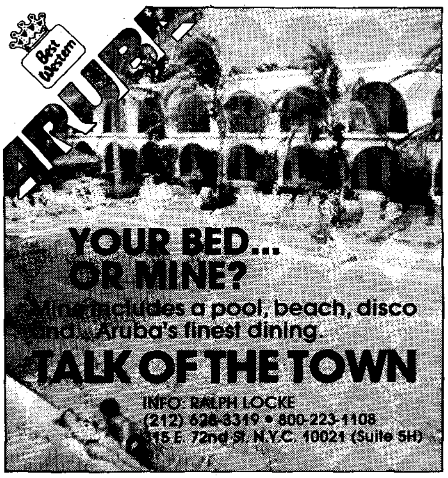

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yet." And in California on Monday he stood on the steps of the Capitol, in Sacramento (where he was accompanied by Frank Sinatra), and recalled that when he first took office there, in 1967, he had told the people of California that "all of us together had an opportunity to start a prairie fire that would sweep across this country." Reagan has been a movement politician from the start, and that has been part of his appeal, and his success. That the nation is, in general, more conservative now than when Reagan came on the scene cannot be denied. How much of a role Reagan had in igniting that "prairie fire" and spreading it cannot possibly be assessed, but that he had one is a certainty. Timing also undoubtedly played a role. Reagan knew, and still knows, how to give voice to what is bothering people, and he has a clear sense of direction. These things have made him an effective public leader and politician.

In a paid half-hour Election Eve television broadcast, Reagan said that the election was about "whether we go forward together with courage, confidence, and common sense, making America strong again; or turn back to policies that weakened our economy, diminished our leadership in the world, and reversed America's long-revered tradition of progress." (The Mondale campaign had no money for such a broadcast, and used what it had for five-minute ads leading up to the election, figuring that if the gap remained wide by Election Eve a half-hour broadcast would be of little use anyway.) Reagan recalled that four years ago "I asked you to join us in a great national effort to free America from leadership that said we suffered from a malaise, that told us we must learn to live with less . . . and the steady loss of freedom and respect for America abroad were all beyond our control." He said, "The greatness of America doesn't begin in Washington . . . Only by trusting you, giving you opportunities to climb high and reach for the stars, can we preserve the golden dream of America as the champion of peace and freedom among the nations of the world." He criticized "the professional politicians of Washington," and talked about how he, working with the people, had prevailed over them to get change. As he had on Election Eve four years before, he referred to John Wayne's saying, just before he died, "Just give the American people a good cause, and

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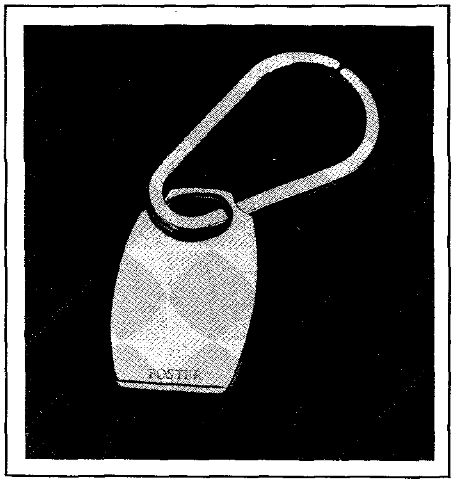

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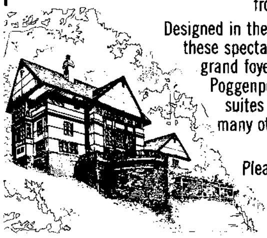

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there's nothing they can't lick." He said that it was the people of America who "brought America back," and continued, "And you're making us great again. All we did was get government out of your way." He criticized his (unnamed) opponent as wanting to "knock opportunity" and tax the people. "They do everything they can to save us from prosperity," Reagan said. (Once again, he misrepresented Mondale's tax plan.) "Our work is not finished," he said. He mentioned some of the very few specific things he has said he wants to achieve in a second term: simplification of the tax code, a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget (which has nothing to do with the deficit problem), and a line-item veto (which even Republicans in Congress resist, on the ground that it shifts the balance of power excessively). Another proposal was for tax incentives for businesses that invest in "enterprise zones" in rundown areas (this is at odds with his talk of simplifying the tax code). Another was lowering the minimum wage for teen-agers. He pointed out again that in the last four years "not one inch of soil has been lost to Communist aggression," and expressed a desire to banish all nuclear weapons from the face of the earth. He said, "We have always been a new world, and, yes, a shining city on a hill where all things are possible." He concluded, "America's best days lie ahead, and—you ain't seen nothin' yet."

To the end, the Mondale people were searching for a line that would sum up his candidacy—one that he could use over the final weekend—but didn't come up with one. The main story remained that Mondale was drawing good crowds, and doing well, but, of course, would lose. On Monday, Mondale told a crowd in downtown Los Angeles, "Tomorrow . . . we can make history by giving them the biggest upset in history." And he did have his own message: "The choice is clear. If you let them make history, they'll turn your vote into a future you never wanted." He talked of the importance of cleaning up the environment and "making sure that no James Watt or Anne Gorsuch ever gets their hands on the environment again," and of launching "a renaissance in education, science, and learning." He talked of tax fairness and of human rights. Mondale said, "Starting tomorrow, we can stop the politicians from writing prayers for our children and sticking their noses in our home." He

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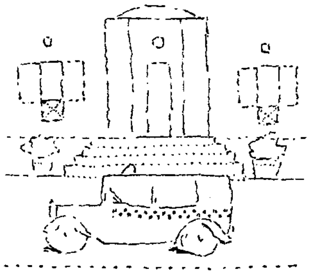

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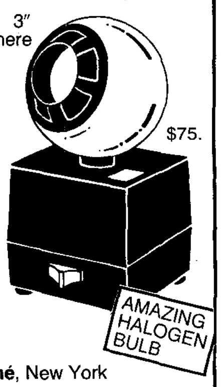

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said, "Do you really want them to tell women and minorities that the march toward justice is over?" And he asked, "Do you really want to give them a mandate to turn their back on suffering in America?" And he repeated his line "I believe that America should not only stand tall but should also stand for something." He asked, "Do you really want to tell them to extend the arms race into the heavens?" Then, having made his case, Mondale went on to a rally in Mason City, Iowa, where he had begun campaigning in February, 1983, and then arrived in Minnesota for one final rally at the Twin Cities airport.

ON Election Night, the networks, which were under pressure not to give the results before the polls were closed in many states, though they had their own exit polls, signalled the fact of the Reagan landslide early, and the big question became whether Reagan would carry all fifty states. This was a new sort of Election Night question. CBS called Reagan's reëlection at 8:01 P.M. and ABC and NBC did it within a half hour. All the networks showed many states falling into Reagan's column early: first the South and the border states and then some of the industrial states—Illinois, New York, Ohio, and on, relentlessly. In the end, Reagan carried Illinois by fifty-six per cent, New York by fifty-four per cent, and Ohio by fifty-nine per cent. Reagan carried Texas by sixty-four per cent and West Virginia by fifty-five per cent. Later in the evening, it became clear that Reagan was carrying Iowa (though the Democratic Senate candidate, Thomas Harkin, defeated the incumbent, Roger Jepsen). And it became clear that Reagan was carrying Massachusetts. Eventually, the networks gave Minnesota to Mondale—but he carried it by only about fifteen thousand votes (for a near fifty-fifty tie), and the incumbent Republican senator, Rudy Boschwitz, was reëlected.

At eleven-twenty, Mondale was on the air to concede. (The candidates had agreed that neither would make a statement about the outcome until the polls had closed across the country; in 1980, Carter conceded before the polls closed in the West.) Appearing with his family and supporters, Mondale seemed collected and dignified, though tired. He said that he had called Reagan to congratulate him, and continued, "We are all Americans. He is our President, and we honor him

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tonight." Mondale paid tribute to the electoral process, and said, "Although I would rather have won, tonight we rejoice in our democracy, we rejoice in the freedom of a wonderful people, and we accept their verdict." He thanked Minnesota for not letting him down, and said to his young supporters, "I know how you feel because I've been there myself. Do not despair. This fight didn't end tonight." He continued, "It began tonight. I have been around for a while, and I have noticed in the seeds of most every victory are to be found the seeds of defeat, and in every defeat are to be found the seeds of victory. Let us fight on." And he said, "My loss tonight does not in any way diminish the worth or the importance of our struggle. The America we want to build is just as important tomorrow as it was yesterday." At times it did seem he was having trouble getting the words out. "Let us continue to seek an America that is just and fair," he said, and he added, "Tonight, especially, I think of the poor, the unemployed, the elderly, the handicapped, the helpless, and the sad, and they need us more than ever tonight." He talked, one more time, about jobs and fairness and education and arms control. "That has been my fight," he said. He concluded, "I'm at peace with the knowledge that I gave it everything I've got. I am confident that history will judge us honorably."

Reagan, appearing at the Century Plaza, coming onstage to "Hail to the Chief" and speaking to a crowd waving flags and shouting "Four more years," looked quite good, as well as understandably happy. He had not just won, he had triumphed. Reagan mentioned that Mondale had phoned him to concede—the crowd booed at the mention of Mondale's name—but he had no words of praise or consolation for Mondale. He thanked his aides and supporters, and said, "So we began to carry a message to every corner of the nation, a simple message. The message is, here in America the people are in charge." He said, "To the extent that what has happened today reaffirms those principles, we are part of that prairie fire that we think still defines America, the fire of hope that will keep alive the promise of opportunity as we head into the next century." He praised his own record, and then said, "The credit belongs to the American people—to each of you. And our work isn't finished." He concluded, "We're united again, and now let's start building together and keep that prairie fire alive and let's never stop shaping that society which lets each person's dreams unfold into a life of unending hope. America's best days lie ahead, and you know—you'll forgive me, I'm gonna do it just one more time—you ain't seen nothin' yet."

THERE has been a lot of talk suggesting that the voters deliberately split their tickets so that Reagan would not have too much of a mandate. But that makes the process more intellectualized than there is reason to believe that it is. Similarly, much of the polling of voters' attitudes suggests that a political judgment is a more deliberative one than it often is: a voter who likes a certain candidate, for whatever reason, is likely to find in him the virtues the pollster asks about. As has been pointed out, senators and congressmen—especially congressmen, who have smaller constituencies—have long since learned the art of *tending their own gardens, building* their own relationships with their constituencies, often on matters that have little or nothing to do with ideology. For example, Reagan carried New Jersey by sixty per cent, but Bill Bradley, the Democratic senator, won with a vote of sixty-five per cent. In some states, as has been noted, particularly North Carolina, the Reagan pull affected races down the line—resulting in the election of some new Republican House members as well as the reëlection of Jesse Helms. (The Helms-Hunt race was arguably the second-most important one this year, because of Helms' ideological influence. Money poured into the race from all over, and Helms ended up spending, to date, at least thirteen million dollars and Hunt at least nine million. In general, more money was spent on congressional races than ever before.) Paul Simon, a liberal, squeaked through over Charles Percy for a number of reasons that had nothing to do with ideology. So, though the country may have moved to the right, it is less ideological than many analyses would make it seem.

The factors that went into the Reagan victory—Reagan's persona, his themes, the times, the various reasons people found him preferable to Mondale—contributed to the landslide, but the landslide also built upon itself, as landslides do. Mondale is a good man who could have waged a better campaign, but he went out with a kind of integrity and even courage that raised his standing in the eyes of many peo-

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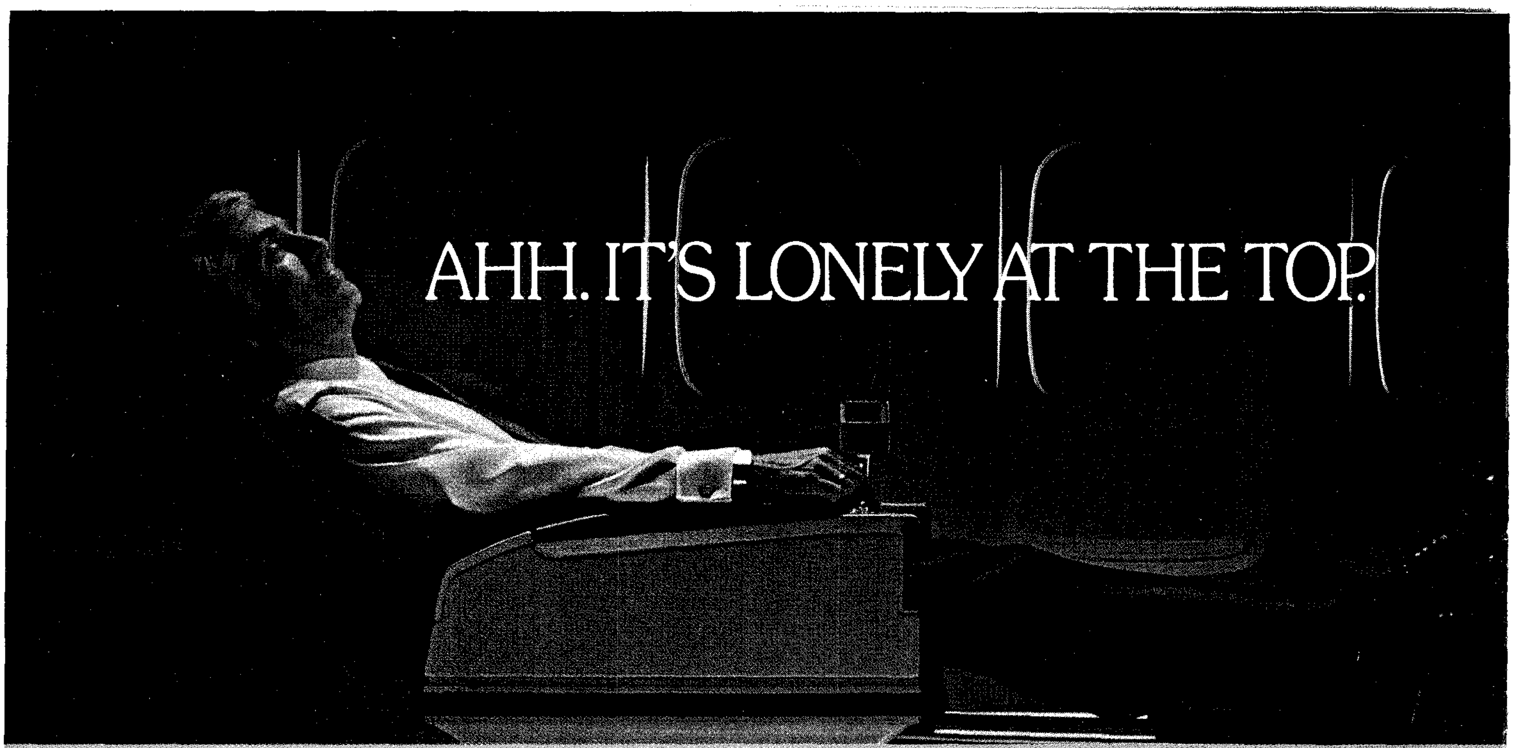
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ple. He is undoubtedly the last of a type to run for the Presidency: the last of the New Deal, non-television candidates. (He was actually a transitional figure, but didn't get that across.) The younger breed of Democrats is cooler and more trained in the medium, and whether it is a good thing that effectiveness on television counts for much in politics is irrelevant—it is a fact. (However, being "good on television" is a quality that eludes definition, and a decent and well-informed candidate could be as effective as a packaged one. Mondale's difficulty with television was to a large extent self-inflicted.) Mondale was widely considered a bore, and he knew it, because he wanted to talk about "issues." He may have tried to talk about too many of them, or in too much detail, but that is a different point. Reagan's success at running an essentially substanceless, carefully controlled campaign has been much criticized, but it will undoubtedly also be emulated, since it worked. But not everybody could pull it off.

There are some things about the returns that are noteworthy and not a little worrisome, the most important one being that sixty-six per cent of white voters supported Reagan while ninety per cent of black voters supported Mondale. White males supported Reagan sixty-eight to thirty-one. For all of the efforts made by both parties to increase turnout, it was up only very slightly (and the black vote did not increase by any dramatic amount); the exit polls suggested that new voters supported Reagan by a somewhat higher margin than those who had voted before. The Republicans out-organized the Democrats as well as out-spent them. The turnout was without question affected by the drumbeat of predictions of the outcome. As for income groups, Mondale carried only those earning under twelve thousand five hundred dollars (by fifty-three per cent to forty-six per cent). Reagan carried all age groups, and did extremely well among the youngest voters—those eighteen to twenty-four—carrying them by sixty per cent to forty per cent (Reagan had done worst among this group four years ago); the baby-boom voters—those twenty-five to thirty-nine—supported Reagan by fifty-six to forty-four. No one, not even among key Republicans, is certain that the allegiance of the young voters will remain permanently Republican. As it turned out, women supported Reagan by an even higher percentage than they had in 1980; and the exit polls indicated that Ferraro's candidacy cost the Party more votes among women than it gained. Reagan did substantially better among Hispanics than he had four years ago, and he did better among blue-collar voters than he had in 1980—receiving the votes of about fifty-three per cent of them, as opposed to about forty to forty-five per cent four years ago. The lesson was that the labor and teacher organizations can be helpful in terms of mechanics, logistics, and money in the primaries but they can't necessarily deliver their members. The other lesson that became clear to the Mondale people before the election was that their theory that Mondale could win the election by putting together a coalition of blacks, Hispanics, labor, teachers, environmentalists, and independents presumably upset with Reagan's policies on arms control and fairness fell before the feeling of too many of these people that they were well off under Reagan and, for this or other reasons, preferred him to Mondale.

Many of the Democrats are taking comfort from having pretty well held their own in Congress against the Reagan onslaught and emerged with thirty-four of the governorships. However, many other House races were extremely close, and nearly as many people voted for Republicans as for Democrats for the House, and Republicans took most of the seats not held by incumbents. It is true that there is a lot of strength—and also a lot of talent—in the Democratic Party, but it clearly has a problem with the electorate when it comes before it as a national party trying to win the Presidency. It is probably no accident that the only two Democrats to win the Presidency since John Kennedy (who did so by the narrowest of margins, and having put a Texan on the ticket) were Southerners—Johnson in 1964, in the wake of Kennedy's death, and Carter in 1976 (again, barely), in the wake of Watergate and Reagan's nearly upending Ford for the nomination. It seems clear that the Party needs to work out some new equation with its interest groups, and has to develop a coherent message. There are some signs of a temptation to wait for things to go wrong in the second Reagan term, even while there is yet another round of soul-searching.

The Republicans are facing a different set of dangers: one is hubris as a result of the landslide; the second is that the various factions will now break into open warfare, and that the right

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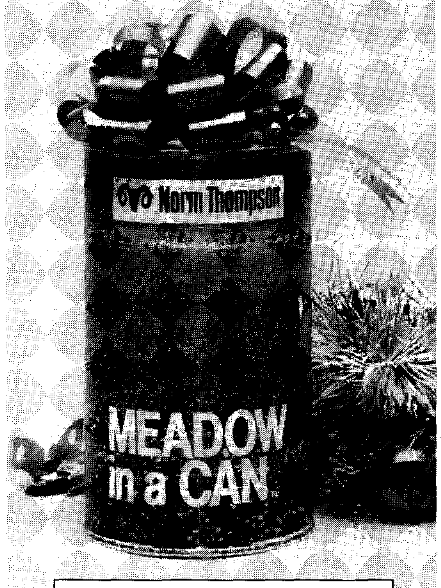

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wing will go farther than the public will accept. Reagan is now a lame duck, and it is generally assumed, by *his own advisers*, among others, that he will not have long to put through whatever he wants to put through.

Washington and politics being what they are, the speculation about the 1988 election is already in full sway—in fact, has been for some time. Among Democrats, the talk has long since switched from which Mondale people would have what jobs to who will be the nominee in 1988. The Republican contest for the 1988 nomination had been openly under way for some time. It is now becoming fashionable among some Democrats to say that the problem with Mondale's nomination was that he was a product of the Washington "insiders." It had been said that the problem with Carter's being nominated was that he was an "outsider." The questions that the Party faces are deeper than this.

Now, of course, comes the hard part for Reagan. The deficit, which is absorbing an increasing amount of the national wealth and limiting long-term growth, as well as exposing the country to other dangers, is sitting there. Though the President says he wants to emphasize arms control in his second term, the jockeying within his Administration over arms control continues. The future direction of Central American policy and events is uncertain—and still the subject of controversy within the Administration. There is no real reason to expect Reagan to change long-standing work habits.

THIS morning, Mondale held a press conference, which he opened in good humor, saying, "Based on incomplete analysis of the returns, I think there's a good chance that I won't win this election." He went on to say, talking with a candor that is unusual in politics, and with a natural composure that would have stood him well in earlier days, if more people had been able to see him this way, "From the very beginning of my campaign for the nomination, I seemed to have trouble convincing young Americans and others that I had that vision of the future that I believe I have. I was unable to appeal to independents who were necessary and moderates who were necessary for my victory even though I thought my message was a moderate, practical, sound, and solid one. It didn't take." He added, "I was unable to make the case, which I thought was a strong one—and from

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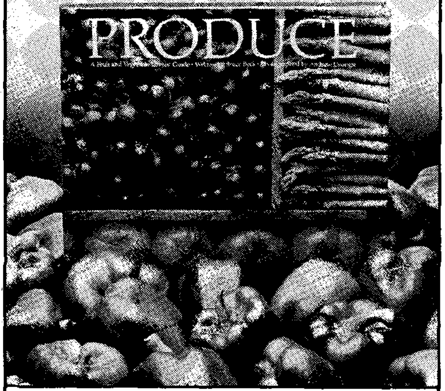

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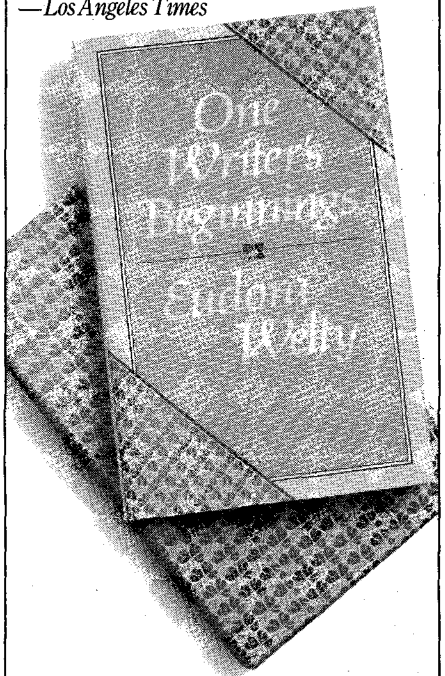

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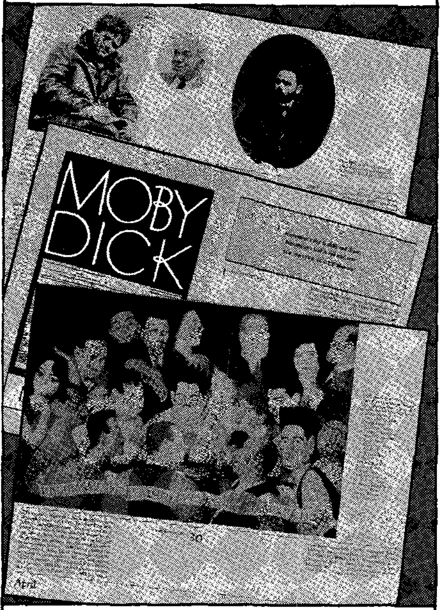

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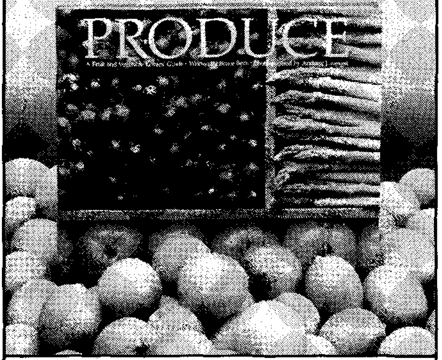

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all my experience is absolutely right—that the long-term, tough problems of our nation can only be solved by a President who masters the essential details and who is in command. . . . I was unable to make effectively the case that new leadership was needed to achieve that objective." He went on to say that he was running against a popular incumbent President, who "is very well liked, in the midst of what is perceived as good economic times and with diminished international tensions—I think of a temporary nature, but perceived as such—and with an electorate that was understandably anxious for some continuity." He defended his choice of Ferraro and his telling the people that he would raise taxes. He said, "I feel very, very strongly that I went before the American people and I told them the truth before the election about the need to bring that deficit down and about the necessity of having new revenues to bring it about, and in my opinion doing it in a fair way so that middle- and moderate-income Americans did not have to pay more taxes. I believe that one of the biggest meals of crow that this Administration will eat—and there will be several—will be this one concerning revenues. The American people were left with the impression that this deficit can be brought down to the extent that it must without tax increases. That has never been possible. It will be clear that that's not possible." He added, "And they will have to explain what they do now to the American people in light of what they implied to them in the election."

Mondale continued, explaining what he meant when he had said the night before that the seeds of defeat are sown in victory. He said that he believed the Reagan Administration would have to go after Social Security and Medicare and other social programs, and said, "I believe in the main they've left the impression with the American people that they don't intend to do that." He continued, "I believe that there's a very strong instinct in the American life for fairness. If they retreat on civil rights, as they have been, if they retreat on women's rights, as they have been, if they don't turn around and start enforcing the laws that protect the environment, if, by failing to deal with this deficit, unemployment starts rising again, as I think is a very likely prospect, I think the American people are going to be very angry. But this is the day after the election. I don't want to go into

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that." He talked of his doubts about the Administration's commitment to arms control and ability to plan for it, and its coherence in managing foreign policy. He said, "I hope I'm wrong in every one of those things. We wish the President well today. But if what we've seen is what we're going to see, I believe that we are going to see a strong revival of the Democratic Party in this country."

Asked about when he thought he might lose, Mondale said, "I knew it was tough from the very beginning. No one who campaigned around the country and saw the reality of what was going on could have doubted that." He said that he felt his Convention "may have been the most successful in history," and that "for a while I thought that that had changed the landscape," but "in a few weeks we were back to about that tough level." He said that he thought he had a chance after the first debate, but "I would say that my chances of winning probably disappeared at the end of the second debate. My feeling was that if you had the same kind of growth, which I doubted we'd have in the second debate, that I then had a chance to win."

Asked what advice he would give other Democrats, Mondale candidly said, "I think that, more than I was able to do, modern politics today requires a mastery of television." He said, "I think you know I've never really warmed up to television." He continued, smiling, "And in fairness to television, it's never really warmed up to me." He said, "I like to look someone in the eye and say it and listen, and there's something about that that I've never been comfortable with and I think it's obvious. I don't believe it's possible anymore to run for President without the capacity to build confidence and communications every night. It's got to be done that way." But Mondale added, "The thing that scares me about that, the thing that's held me back, is that I think more than we should American politics is losing its substance. It's losing the debate on merit. It's losing the depth that tough problems require to be discussed. And more and more it's that twenty-second snip, the angle, the shtick, whatever it is, and we need—I hope we don't lose in America—the demand that those of us who want serious office must be serious people of substance and depth and must be prepared not just to handle the ten-second gimmick that deals, say, with little

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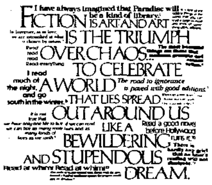

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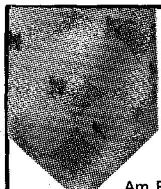

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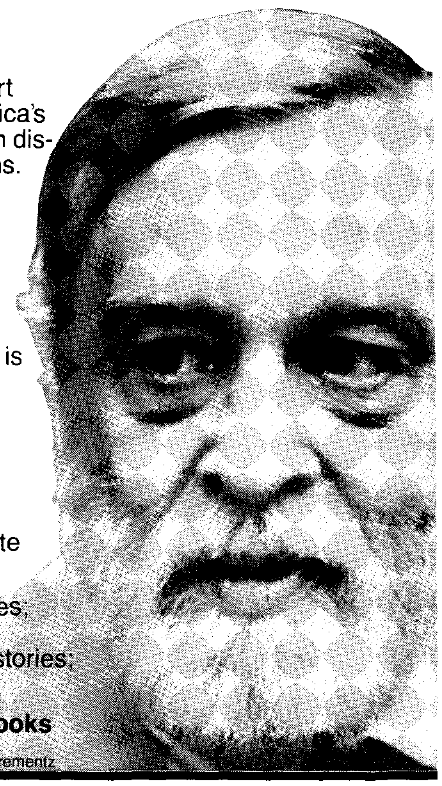
things like war and peace, but what are you going to do in Lebanon, in Central America, in Nicaragua, in China, in Afghanistan, in Poland. That's one thing I really worry about. So we've got to find people that can handle it at both levels. And I would give that very, very strong emphasis." Asked if any of his primary opponents might have done better against Reagan, Mondale laughed and said, "Oh, you know, I did my best. And I worked my heart out. And I was the nominee for the Democratic Party and I made my case with all the strength I could. I believe that I made a strong case. I think history will deal kindly with this campaign and with the record that it made."

REAGAN held a press conference a couple of hours later in which, responding to Mondale, he said, "My position is solid—we're not going to try to deal with the deficit problem by raising taxes," and he also said, incorrectly, that the tax-reform plan under discussion by his Administration "would not result in any individual having his taxes raised by way of a tax reform." (At the least, those who are taking more deductions than would be offset by the lower rates would be paying higher taxes.) Talking about arms control, he said, "We don't have a conflict within the Cabinet . . . and I don't know where all this talk came from." He added, "We're prepared to go forward with the arms-control talks, and I have to believe that the Soviet Union is going to join us in trying to get together." When he was asked where his Administration would find budget cuts, he referred, as he has before, to the "two thousand four hundred and seventy-eight recommendations submitted by the Grace Commission," adding, wisely, "and we know that we probably won't be able to do all of them." (Many of the Grace Commission proposals are simply politically impossible, and some suggest inflated savings.) Reagan added, "We've made a number of steps that have revealed that the government is still larded with a lot of fat and still doing things in an old-fashioned way." When he was asked whether he had received a mandate, in light of the congressional results, Reagan said, "Well, I feel that the people of this country made it very plain that they approved what we've been doing, and we're going to continue what we've been doing, and, if need be, we'll take our case to the people."

—ELIZABETH DREW



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THE ART WORLD

Perception at All Levels

THE new art of public spaces is really an old art that has not until recently been of interest to American artists. In Europe, the great, spirit-lifting public squares and plazas evolved slowly, for the most part; the Piazza Navona, in Rome, dates from the second century A.D., but it was not completed in its present form until the seventeenth century. History is less patient here. We have our New England village greens and our urban parks, but for millions of Americans the most familiar public spaces are the shopping malls that have contributed so much to the decay of our urban centers and, lately, of our suburban centers as well. (Does anybody actually *design* these malls? My impression is that they just appear overnight, eerily alike in their sunless, neon anonymity.) During the last ten or twelve years, however, a number of American artists in different parts of the country have devoted themselves primarily to working in public spaces, in highly original ways. Their projects include playgrounds, gardens, fountains, pedestrian paths, viewing platforms, traffic islands, bridges, outdoor and indoor rooms, and even public utilities such as electric power stations, along with an infinite variety of purely aesthetic structures. The work is so diverse that it cannot be called a movement, although its spontaneous appearance in so many towns and cities suggests some common attitudes. It also suggests a radical change in the relationship of art to society.

This new and still evolving public art is usually said to derive from two main sources: the earthworks, or "land art," of the middle and late nineteen-sixties, and the publicly financed "site-specific," or "environmental," sculpture of the last decade. My own feeling is that it represents a dramatic break with both these recent traditions, and that the difference lies mainly in the attitude of the newer artists toward monumentality. Public art in the past has usually been monumental—in purpose, if not in size. The statues of heroes and statesmen that adorn our older public squares are monuments to shared history; their commemorative function is clearly understood. In the case of earthworks, the scale is monumental but the relationship to society is uncertain. Although the earth artists talked about getting art out into "the real world" (meaning, I suppose, out of the artificial world of galleries and collectors), most of their grand aesthetic statements were carried out in such remote areas of desert or wilderness that few people have ever seen them. As for the recent proliferation of public sculptures, we seem to be dealing here with monuments without function. No matter how "site-specific" one of these may be—in the sense that the artist has studied the site and adapted his work to its configurations—the sculpture, which is very often abstract, stands in singular contrast to its surroundings. There is the sculpture and there is the site—two separate entities. If anything is being commemorated, it is modern art.

EVERY DAY IS A NEW BEGINNING
CBarsotti

The present period of history may be inimical to the monument. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C.—a black granite wall bearing the names of all the servicemen killed or missing in that war—is one of the most frequently visited sites in the capital, but as a work of art it has greatly distressed both hawks and doves. A realist sculpture group of three soldiers in battle dress has just been installed nearby as a sort of pendant, but instead of mollifying the critics it seems to be generating more controversy. In spite of Ronald Reagan's vision of America Standing Tall, the spirit of this era may be reflected most accurately in Claes Oldenburg's anti-monuments, such as the hundred-foot baseball bat in Chicago or the giant clothespin in Philadelphia—witty sendups of the whole idea of public veneration. The new group of public artists, at any rate, has rejected monumentality altogether. Rather than impose an aesthetic statement on a public space in the form of a sculpture, they seek to make the space itself more interesting, more alive, or more useful to the people who pass through it or congregate there. To several of these artists, the key element is functionalism. Scott Burton makes furniture—sculptural benches, chairs hewn out of huge rocks, flat surfaces that serve as tables. Nancy Holt has worked with plumbers and masons to make a land drainage basin in a Toronto park. Whether their work is functional or nonfunctional, though, these artists focus their attention on the particular context of a site, which means, for most of them, taking into account a complex of social, political, historical, topographical, and architectural considerations. It means working within limits, and with all sorts of people whose main interests are not aesthetic ones—bureaucrats, safety engineers, union representatives, citizens' groups. Siah Armajani, a Minneapolis-based artist (he was born in Teheran) who has become one of the most respected innovators in this field, speaks often of the need to suppress the artist's ego. "In the public arena there is no room for

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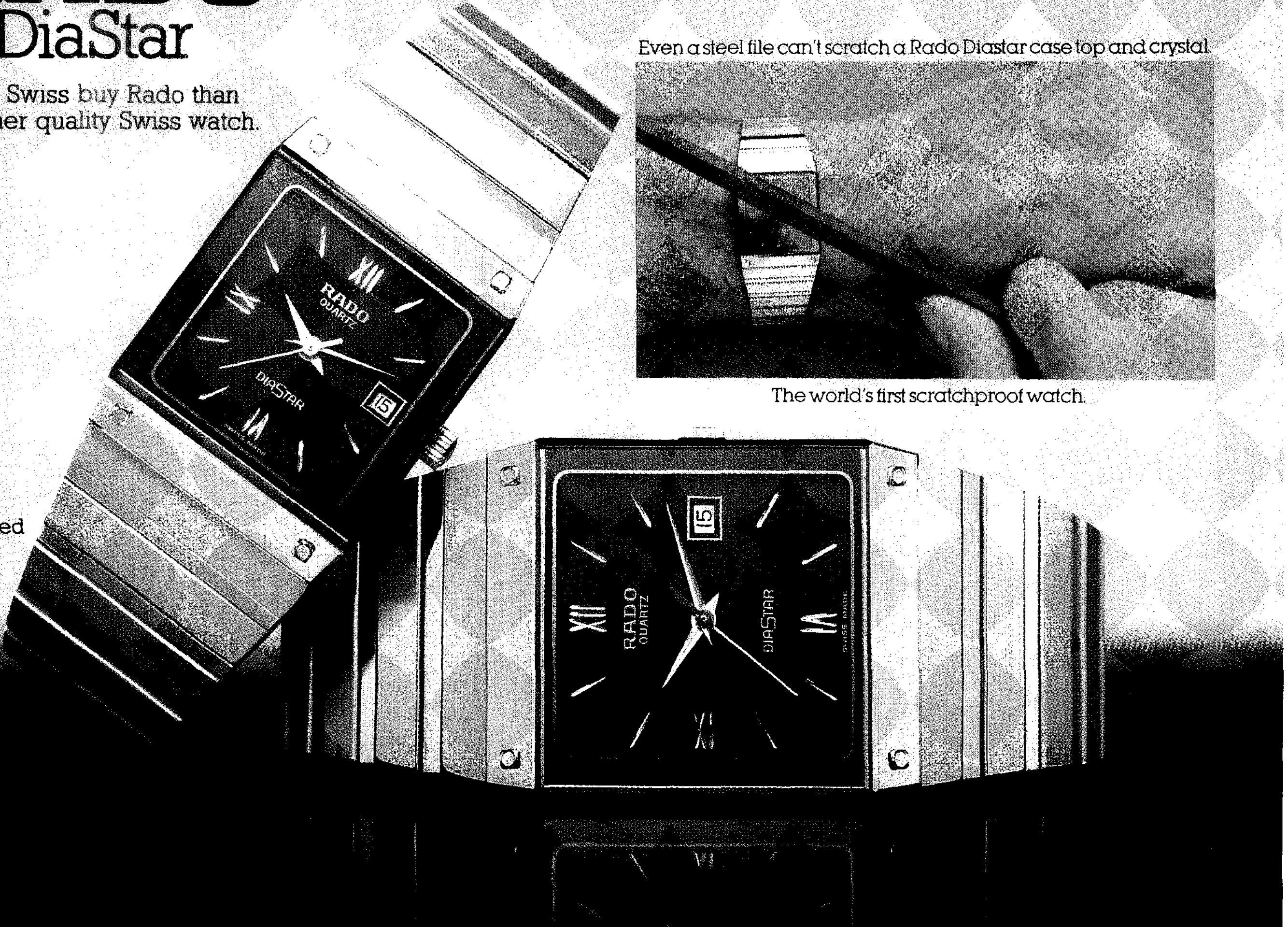

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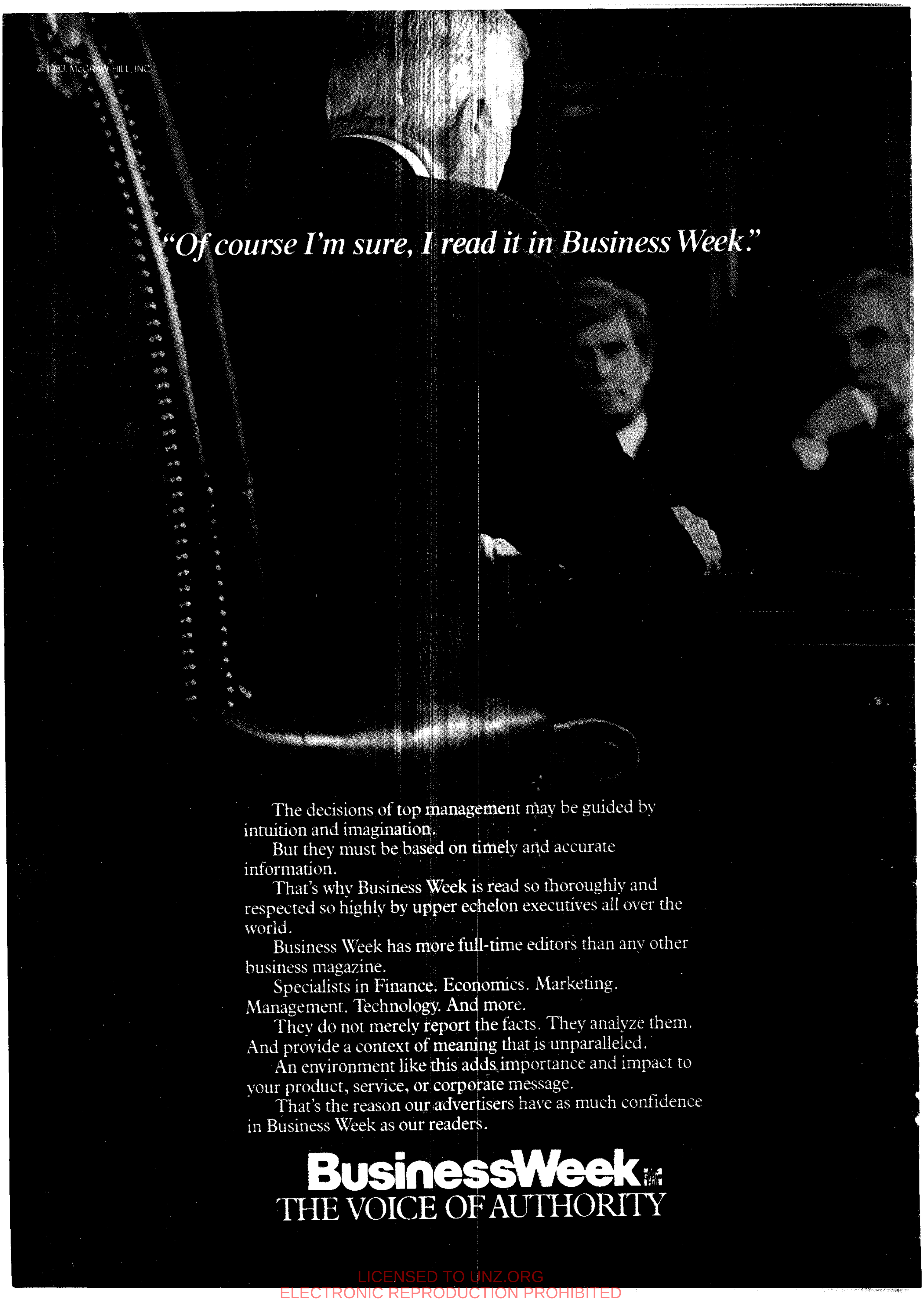

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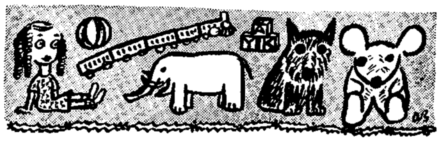
THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY

a focus on the ego," he has said. "You have to get lost in the context of the work." Burton and others maintain that in a truly successful work of public art it should be difficult or impossible to point out what the artist has done; you should simply have the sense of well-being that you get from being in the Piazza Navona, the Tuileries, or any other magnificent space.

Virtually all these artists have depended on public funds of one sort or another. The National Endowment for the Arts and the various state arts councils, after fifteen years of funding "site-specific" work, have shown increasing interest of late in the new concept of work in public spaces; as a result, artists who have been accepting minuscule commissions and then going into debt carrying them out are now starting to talk about a new phase of larger projects and broader recognition. (Because artists are so eager to do this kind of work, they frequently underestimate their costs; an artist's project often ends up costing the sponsor less than it would have to pave the site with concrete.) The new concept has also come to the attention of municipal authorities in a number of cities, the most adventurous of which at the moment is Seattle. A relatively small (about half a million people) and bracingly scenic city whose cultural ambitions began to stir at the time of the 1962 World's Fair there, Seattle found itself hard hit in the late sixties by a severe recession in the aircraft and electronics industries. The Boeing Company, the major corporate presence and primary employer, laid off more than half its employees; so many people went to look for work elsewhere that there was a run of bumper stickers reading "Will the Last Person to Leave Seattle Please Turn Out the Lights?" In casting about for ways to rebuild confidence and civic pride, Wes Uhlman, the mayor at the time, gave his enthusiastic assent to an ordinance that set aside one per cent of the city's capital-improvement funds for spending on the arts. Seattle's budget for arts spending now stands at one and a half million dollars a year—one of the highest municipal arts budgets in the country. The program, which is administered by the Seattle Arts Commission, has resulted so far in the commissioning or purchase of more than eight hundred works of art for display in public places. It has also brought some of the best-known public artists from other parts of the country to work in Seattle.

Robert Irwin, who lives in Los Angeles, has contributed a mazelike series of nine outdoor "rooms," framed in sky-blue chain-link fencing, on a formerly barren terrace of the Public Safety Building, downtown; each room contains a plum tree, whose concrete planter offers seating space for employees or others who want to be outdoors yet protected from the street. Michael Heizer's first publicly commissioned earthwork in an urban setting, a series of gigantic boulders entitled "Adjacent, Against, Upon," was installed in 1977 in a park on the Seattle waterfront, where it has met with a good deal of opprobrium and some fervent praise. (Heizer and several of the other original earth artists, together with most of the "site-specific" sculptors, remain active in public art.) The Seattle Arts Commission also shepherded to completion, last year, a collaborative project involving five public artists—Armajani, Burton, Martin Puryear, George Trakas, and Douglas Hollis—on the grounds of the new Western Regional Center of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, a federal body that is known to insiders as "the wet NASA." Each artist made a separate piece, or "installation," along a winding twenty-two-hundred-foot path that borders Lake Washington. They worked together on the over-all plan, though, and they also conferred often and at length with NOAA's landscape architects and with a local citizens' group that wanted to know just what was going on and why. "I think one of the worst mistakes in public art is to make the process by which ideas are developed opaque," Richard Andrews, the Arts Commission's young Coördinator for Art in Public Places, told me when I visited Seattle last summer. "If you make it transparent, that doesn't mean there won't be people who'll stand up and shout against it. But at least they'll have the sense that the artists are people who are thinking seriously about the site, the problems, the materials, and things like that." The NOAA project seems to have pleased nearly everybody—NOAA, the artists, and the local citizens, who are welcome to visit the grounds at any time. The five installations are far from monumental. Puryear's concrete-and-glass "Knoll for NOAA" looks like a large spherical rock buried in the earth, with only the top part showing. Burton's "Viewpoint," a group of chairs and benches shaped from huge glacial rocks that were dredged up from the lake, has become a popular picnic spot for NOAA employees. Trakas's "Berth Haven," a wood-and-steel-plate platform at the shoreline, enables visitors to get down to the water level to see at close hand the wildflowers and, with luck, some of the wildlife that abound there. In Hollis's "Sound Garden," tall steel poles like organ pipes catch the wind and emit muted sounds reminiscent of whale song. Armajani's two "NOAA Bridges" are simple arched structures on which are printed, in large block letters, an excerpt from "Moby Dick." All five pieces blend quietly with the landscape and with the long, low NOAA buildings.



The Puget Sound region attracts artists, and a major share of the Arts Commission's funding has gone to the current artists' community there. In addition, the Arts Commission has initiated a process of getting local artists involved at the ground level of urban planning and design. More than a dozen artist "design teams" have been put together to collaborate with architects and engineers on specific projects for community centers, electric power substations, police headquarters, streets and sidewalks, and other city-owned real estate. Richard Andrews stresses the experimental basis of all this. "The design team is a mechanism that makes it easier to insert artists in the process, to get people to work with them," he told me. "It doesn't upset the applecart, but often it does get people to rethink what they're doing. I'd be distressed if I thought we were institutionalizing the role of the artist—getting a sort of design-team pro. I don't think that would be healthy."

Andrews went on to say that recently the commission had received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts for a study of the entire downtown core—a study to be carried out jointly by an artist and an architect. "They're looking into pedestrian paths, transportation routes, proposed development both public and private, historic spots—all that kind of complexity—in an effort to pick out what might be the possibilities for artists to do things," he said. "We've also commissioned nine artists to study the downtown area and give us their ideas. We told them their proposals could be either hypothetical or prac-

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tical—the idea was to expand the boundaries of what can be done. We're now funding one of the artists' proposals—it deals with benches, trees, and other improvements along First Avenue. There are no real guidelines for any of this yet—we're just making up procedures as we go along. A lot of city-owned space is in streets and sidewalks, you know, and triangles between streets—leftover spaces of all kinds. We're not looking for 'city beautiful' stuff. We want to give artists an opportunity to shake up everybody's thinking, including their own."

SEATTLE is young enough and small enough to accommodate this sort of freewheeling with its social gears. In New York, you might think, there are too many built-in obstacles. Not so, it turns out. A fairly radical approach to public art is under way right now in connection with Battery Park City, the huge development on ninety-two acres of landfill at the southwestern end of Manhattan. The master plan for Battery Park City's mixed residential and commercial development allots thirty per cent of the area to public spaces (parks, playgrounds, open plazas), and the Battery Park City Authority is providing substantial funds for works of art in those spaces. To administer the art program, a Fine Arts Committee was set up in 1982 under the direction of Victor Ganz, a retired businessman who is an important collector of modern and contemporary art and an active trustee of the Whitney Museum. This committee decided early in its deliberations that instead of commissioning individual works of art, no matter how "site-specific," it would try to engage artists in the over-all design and function of the public spaces themselves. The first major commission, in April, 1983, went to Armajani and Burton, who had agreed to work together on a plan for a three-and-a-half-acre waterfront plaza adjoining a commercial complex called the World Financial Center. Cesar Pelli, the design architect for the Financial Center, has said that commissioning artists to do the plaza struck him at first as a terrible idea. He had his own plans for the plaza, which was a critical component of the Center's design, and he was afraid that "somebody would, without understanding *the* over-all intention, botch it all up." Pelli's fears gradually subsided in meetings with Burton and Armajani. The artists' original design for the plaza and Pelli's own plan were virtually scrapped in the process. Somehow, Pelli said, they all managed to set aside their preconceptions and to learn from each other. "What Scott and Siah proposed was unlike what an architect would have proposed," he told Nancy Rosen, the Fine Arts Committee's coördinator, in a recent interview. "In Scott and Siah's design there were forms and attitudes that did not come from an architectural tradition. Even when they used architectural elements, they used them as no architect would . . . In hindsight . . . this was probably the best possible point of departure for collaboration." What appears to have emerged was a true meeting of minds, in which all three participants agreed to place primary emphasis on social rather than purely aesthetic considerations. "We did not want the plaza to be perceived as an art object," said Pelli (who began to sound more and more like a public artist as time went on). "The essence should be use, enjoyment, perception at all levels." The plaza, which is scheduled for completion in late 1988, will almost certainly be seen as the most important public-art project yet undertaken in this country, and its success or failure will influence thinking along these lines for years to come.

Since 1983, the Fine Arts Committee has commissioned five more artists to work in other parts of Battery Park City—Nancy Graves, Richard Artschwager, Patsy Norvell, Ned Smyth, and Frank Stella—and it has just invited the New York artist Mary Miss to work with the design architect on the next phase of the area's development. Since the design architect for the next phase has not yet been selected by the Battery Park City Authority, this is something of a precedent-setting decision all by itself. Many successful architects today find the notion of collaborating with an artist even more distasteful than Pelli did at first—particularly if it involves collaboration on the initial stages of the design. Architects tend to think of themselves as artists on a grander scale, and to some of them it appears that the new public artists are trying, with no credentials whatsoever, to move in on their territory. Several of the public artists have indeed moved rather far in the direction of architecture. Armajani has designed any number of small inhabitable structures, and in recent exhibitions at the Max Protetch Gallery, in New York, he has shown windows, doors, and other models in his personal "Dictionary for Building." As Richard Andrews and others point out, though, the artist and the architect work in very different ways. Even when an artist makes preliminary drawings, these are usually no more than jumping-off points in an experimental process. The architect, whose work involves vast amounts of capital and many outside interests, must proceed by strict degrees from design to blueprint to finished structure. One process is traditionally private and intuitive, the other public and practical.

Richard Fleischner, an artist who has worked successfully with I. M. Pei, Edward Larrabee Barnes, Romaldo Giurgola, and other prominent architects, feels that the artist's way of operating can help to atone for the sins of contemporary architecture, one of which is that most buildings evolve entirely on the drawing board. "In architecture schools, there's a sort of 'horror vacui,' " he told me a while ago. "All those empty spaces in a drawing that have to get filled, although in fact it might be wonderful to leave the space empty. Artists don't have that problem. My greatest thrill is going to a space and putting in lines with posts and string, working in the space itself. Architecture students don't get much chance to build structures where they can see how the light enters a room, or how a room with an eight-foot ceiling would look with a seven-and-a-half-foot ceiling. They don't really have a chance to see what's working and what isn't."

If artists can influence architects, though, the reverse must also be true. Architecture is by nature a collaborative discipline, but the give-and-take of collaboration is no easy matter for contemporary artists, conditioned, as they are, by a century of vanguard, anti-bourgeois heroics and "outsider" status. At a recent meeting of six public artists in New York to discuss their participation in a show called "The Artist as Social Designer," which is scheduled to open in February, 1985, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, none could seem to agree on anything but their antipathy to the show's title. The desire to collaborate is nevertheless intrinsic to their thinking. The dream of a socially useful art, open and available to the widest audience, may well be one of the most ambitious expressions of an artist's ego, but, as Armajani insists, unless the ego can give way it will remain largely a dream. —CALVIN TOMKINS

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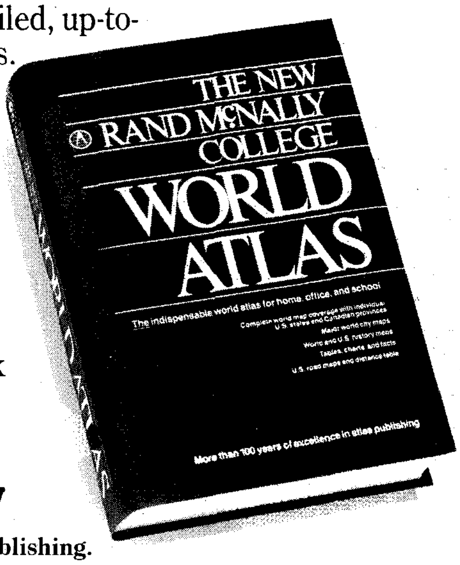
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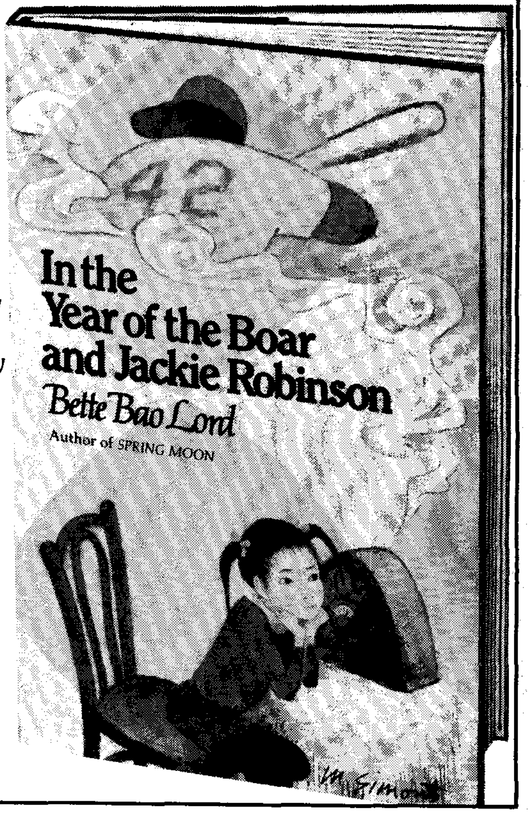
42
In the Year of the Boar and Jackie Robinson
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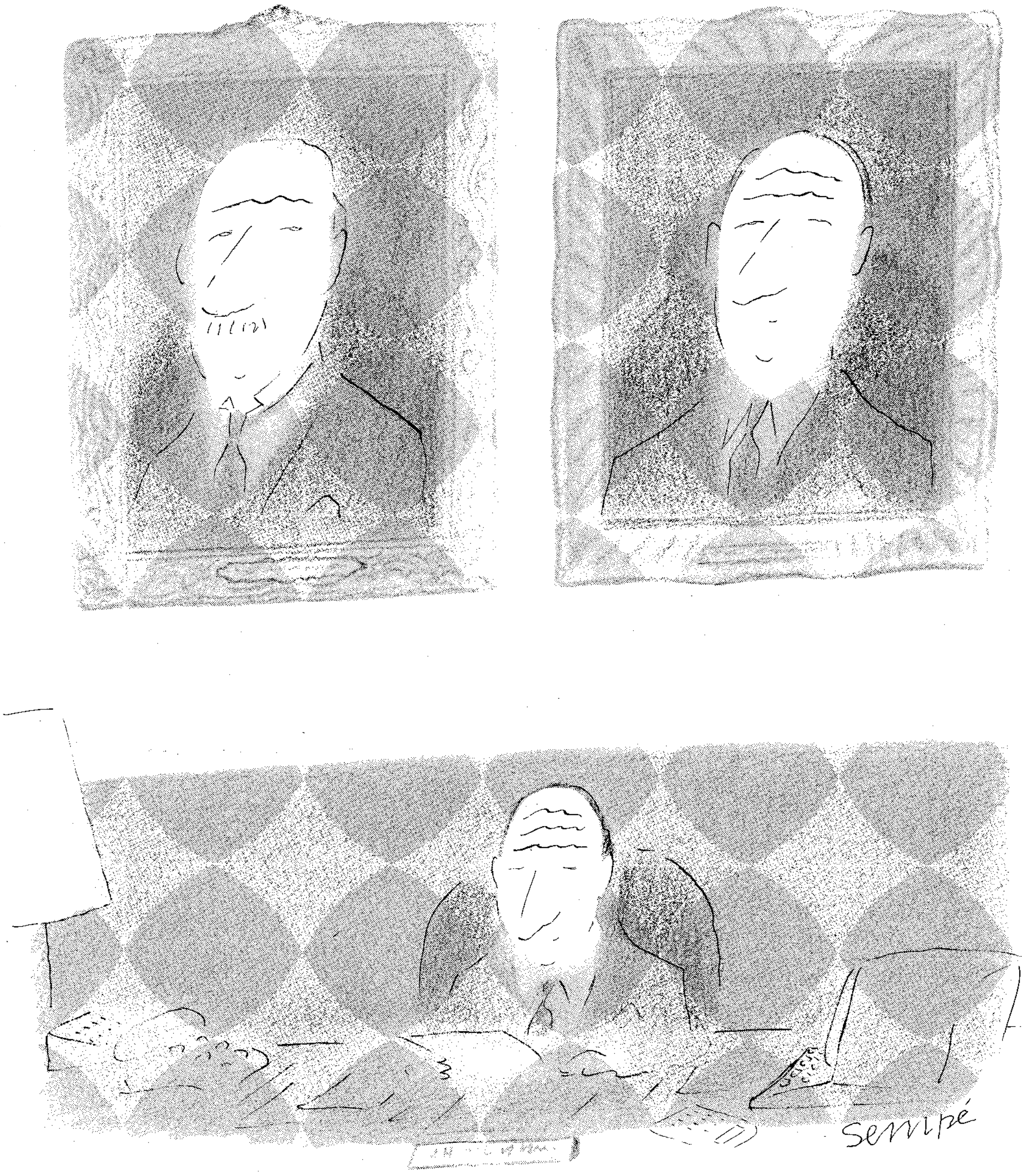
THE THEATRE

Belasco Fiasco

"ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ANARCHIST," at the Belasco, is billed as an adaptation by the American playwright Richard Nelson of a comedy by the Italian playwright Dario Fo. The production was given earlier this year at the Arena Stage, in Washington, D.C., under the direction of Douglas C. Wager, who has been in charge of presenting it here as well. It is my understanding that the ur-Fo work was based on a true incident that occurred some time ago in police headquarters in Rome, where, in the course of being questioned, a political activist of the extreme left either was provoked into jumping or was pushed from a window. (Defenestration as a means of disposing of an adversary has the incomparable advantage of being, by its nature, ambiguous.) Fo is celebrated for the sharpness of his satirical wit, especially when it is directed against bourgeois and bureaucratic targets, but one gains little sense of sharpness from the Nelson adaptation, which, curiously, attempts to Americanize the play's dialogue without altering its Roman setting and Roman characters. The result is a hodgepodge, farcical rather than satirical; whatever Swiftian indignation may have lacerated Fo's breast in Italian, in English he emerges as a sort of literary marshmallow, tasteless on principle and gooey at the core. Maudlin jokes about President Reagan—obviously composed before the election—mingle with sight gags about the speed with which Italian public figures shuttle in and out of office; laughs are extracted from us much as an inept carpenter might draw bent nails from a plank.

The redeeming feature of the evening is the performance, in the starring role of the Fool, of Jonathan Pryce, who, though comparatively young, appears to have observed (perhaps in old movies or on videotapes, if not in person) the skills of every comic actor of the last half century, including Groucho Marx, Harpo Marx, Chico Marx, Milton Berle, Bobby Clark, Bert Lahr, Charlie Chaplin, Stan Laurel, Zero Mostel, Benny Hill, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney. He is assisted in his clowning by Raymond Serra, Gerry Bamman, Joe Grifasi, and Bill Irwin, though the last is given scarcely more to do than to leap up onto a conveniently broad windowsill and then leap down again. The only woman in the cast, Patti LuPone, plays a newspaper reporter seeking to expose police corruption at the highest level; she is treated as an object of sexual desire by the Fool in his reincarnation of Groucho, but I have to report that as such an object Miss LuPone isn't a patch on that Everest of outraged womanhood Margaret Dumont.

The minimal, slapdash set is by Karl Eigsti, the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, the lighting is by Allen Lee Hughes, and what the program calls "hair design" is by Joseph Dal Corso. His contribution is welcomely undetectable.



THE best thing about "Haarlem Nocturne" is that it serves to mark the reopening of the Latin Quarter, the night club that flourished between 1942 and 1969, when it closed as a result of a labor dispute over the weekly wages of chorus girls. In the interim, the auditorium—one of the biggest and most agreeable interiors for entertainment purposes that the city possesses, and just the kind of interior that the proposed conversion of Times Square into high-rise offices for banks, insurance companies, and law firms is certain to destroy—has survived a variety of sorry fates. The stage designer and architect David Chapman has now turned it into a dark but not in the least gloomy cavern, with mirrored walls and silvery scrollwork of a harmlessly baroque nature. As for "Haarlem Nocturne," I fear it is as odd as its name, and a little of it goes a long way. Plainly, it has been designed to show off the talents, such as they are, of André De Shields, who wears plastic clothing of an exceptional vividness and sings in a voice that, heavily miked, sounds plastic as well. Three women singers back him up throughout the evening, in a monotonous plenitude of mock songs about mock emotions. The songs bear titles like "Love in the Morning," "Wishful Thinking," "Secret Love," "What Becomes of the Broken Hearted," and "Waterfaucet Blues," and the impatience that an audience might be expected to feel in listening to them is somewhat mitigated by the fact that one watches the show in cabaret fashion, seated at a small table and with a drink reassuringly at hand. It is my devout hope that the next show to be booked into the Latin Quarter will be a smasheroony. —BRENDAN GILL

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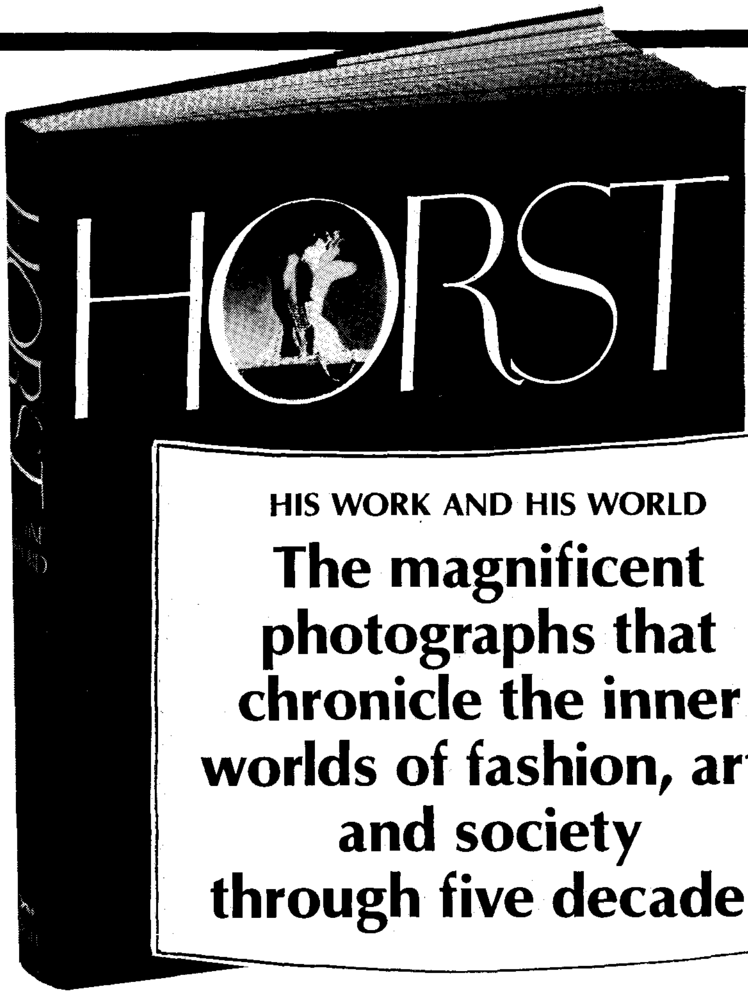

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BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

A BOOK ostensibly for children has been on the *Times* best-seller list this year, and, not surprisingly, it is really a grownup's book in child's clothing. It is by Dr. Seuss, that durable and almost always marvellous master of the art of brilliant simplicity. He has long been a moralist, who lectures his readers in tirelessly facile rhyme on profound questions. Years ago, in "Horton Hears a Who!," he wrote about a well-intentioned elephant that defended a tiny creature—a "Who"—by saying, "A person's a person, no matter how small." Another great Seuss book, "Yertle the Turtle," told of the rise and fall of a monarch who commands his subjects to stack themselves up, one perched on the back of another, so that he may sit on the summit and admire his realm. A humble turtle at the very bottom realizes that he, too, has rights, and brings the tower, and the tyrant, crashing down. Now we have Dr. Seuss's mightiest effort yet to make a dent in human folly. He has tackled the largest theme in the world today—nuclear war. "The Butter Battle Book" (Random House; $6.95) is a satire designed to inform the young and remind their elders of the consequences of mindless hostility coupled with escalating invention. In "Gulliver's Travels," Swift satirized opposing religious factions (he called them Big-Endians and Little-Endians), which clashed over the best way to open a boiled egg. Seuss uses buttered bread to serve his polemical purpose. He writes of a world divided into two nations: the Yooks, who wear blue suits, and the Zooks, who look almost like them but wear orange suits. As the story begins, an ancient Yook takes his grandson to the great Wall separating the Yooks from the Zooks and relates the history of their enmity. "It's high time you knew of the terribly horrid thing that Zooks do," the grandfather says. "In every Zook house and in every Zook town *every Zook eats his bread with the butter side down!*" Grandpa grits his teeth at the thought and continues, "You can't trust a Zook. . . . He has kinks in his soul! That's why, as a youth, I made watching my goal, watching Zooks for the Zook-Watching Border Patrol!" Yooks, of course, eat their bread with the butter side up. "That's the right, honest way!" Grandpa self-righteously declares, and he goes on to describe the arms race that began when a Zook sneaked up to the Wall with a slingshot and destroyed the prickly stick on which Yooks relied to keep Zooks in their place. The Chief Yookeroo reacted quickly and ordered "the Boys in the Back Room to figger . . . some sort of a triple-sling jigger." The Zooks soon returned with a counter-weapon, jeering that they also had a "hand on a trigger." Escalation continues with bigger and nastier weapons on both sides until inevitably Grandpa stands at the Wall, threatening the Zooks with the ultimate weapon of annihilation—a rosy-pink globe the size of an egg—while on the home front the Chief Yookeroo orders the citizens to underground shelters: "All bravely marching, with banners aflutter, down a hole! For their Country! And Right-Side-Up-Butter!" As Grandpa holds the bomb aloft, the horrified Yook child sees a Zook advancing with a matching bomb. "Grandpa!" the boy shouts. "Be careful! Oh, Gee! Who's going to drop it? Will *you* . . . ? Or will *he* . . . ?" To this terrible question Grandpa replies, "Be patient . . . We'll see."

What to think about a story that pulls out of a hat not a cat but the most frightening apparition of all time? I found it strangely flat. The verses race along with the felicitous lilt of other Seuss books, but this book cannot be funny. Even Seuss's drawings, lively and ridiculous as ever, couldn't overcome my sinking feeling. Whereas his other books deal with morality in the abstract, this one is aimed at an immediate and horrible reality more complex than butter side up or butter side down. To reduce it to that seems not quite honest. I

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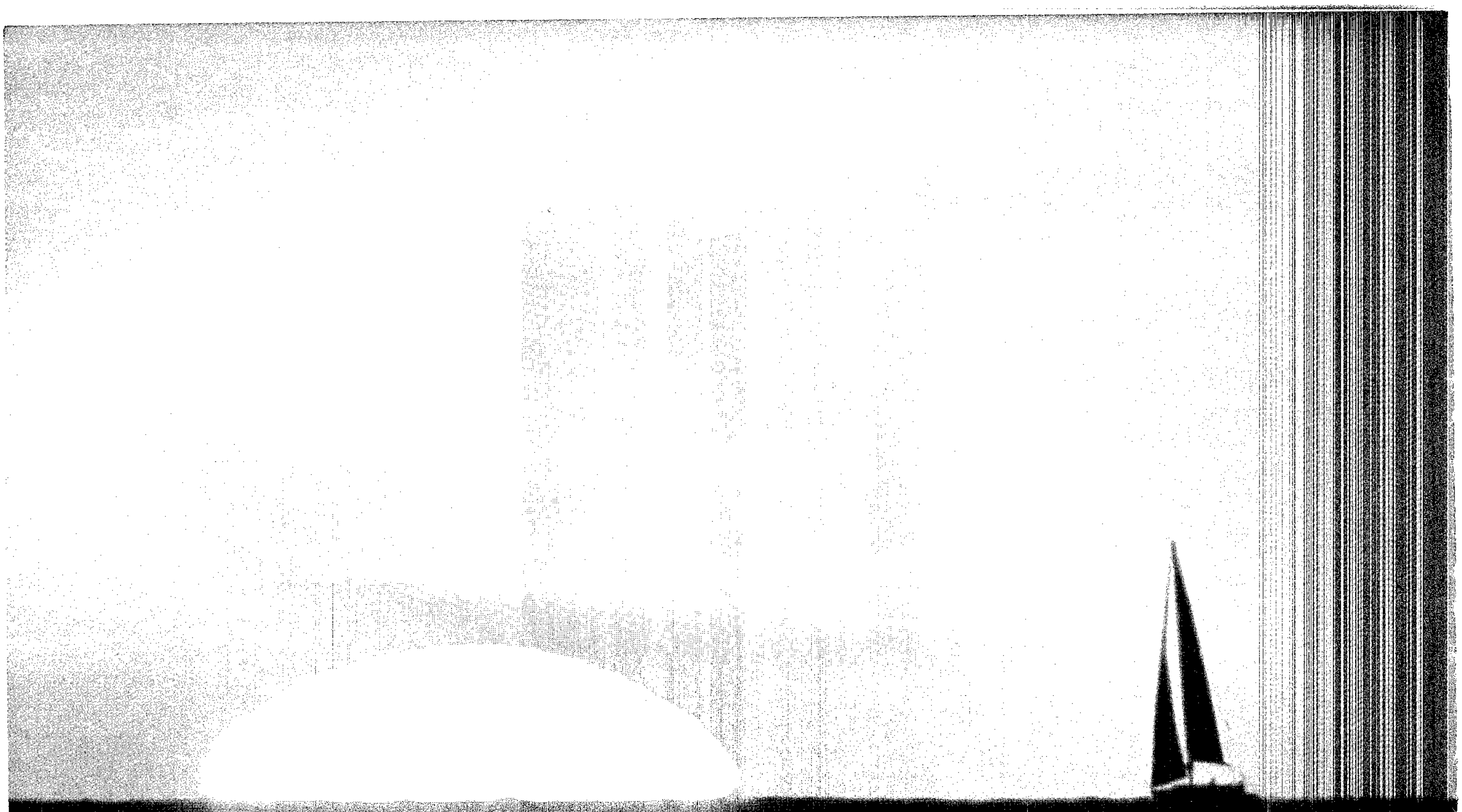

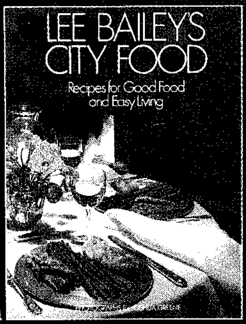
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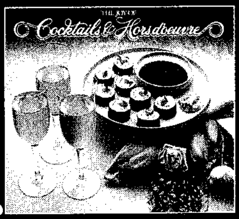
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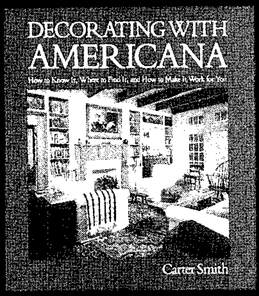
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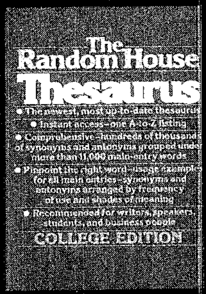
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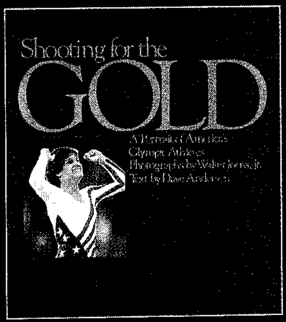
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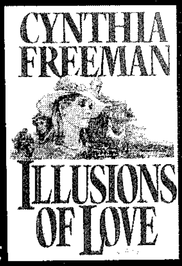
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at

Waldenbooks

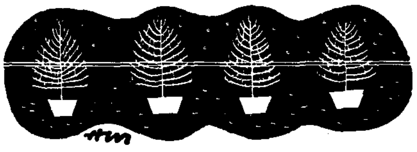
Check the yellow pages for the one nearest you.

thought as well about the propriety and wisdom of starting a propaganda war in the kindergarten. Might not the Radical Right take up the challenge and produce persuasive stories about nuclear deterrence and the right to life? Perhaps it already has, and I've been spared the knowledge, but the thought of escalating weaponry in children's books is a scary one. Wondering what a child would make of "The Butter Battle Book," I tried it on a small sample—a five-year-old girl and a seven-year-old boy. The girl heard it out solemnly and seemed puzzled at the end. When queried, she said the story was about fighting. She preferred Yooks to Zooks, insisting, sensibly, that butter side up *is* best—butter side down gets your fingers messy. The seven-year-old found the story interesting. He, too, preferred Yooks to Zooks. His eyes lighted with creative thought as he pointed out ways the Yooks might have improved their tactics and won the war by preëmptive strike. With sadness, I put the book away.

These days, it has become increasingly difficult to find the boundary between books that are truly for children and those that are not. Among books that tread the borderline are some that I suspect the publishers hope will amuse adults, and never mind what kids make of them. Ava Weiss, the art director of Greenwillow Books, damned this genre not long ago when she told an interviewer from *Publishers Weekly*, "We don't do books that are chic and clever, because those books are not for children. Children are not chic." She has pointed out a trap that is easy for the unwary book buyer to fall into, particularly when a publisher puts on a lot of hype. An example is "The Last Elegant Bear: The Life and Times of Abiner Smoothie," by Dennis Kyte (Little Simon; $10.95), which was published last year and has been followed this season by "The Last Elegant Bear Coloring Book" ($2.95). This misguided effort appears to be a satire on upper-class British snobbery as depicted by Evelyn Waugh, and it is hard to see how the books would mean anything to a child of any nationality. They seem better suited to young men who, like Sebastian in "Brideshead Revisited," carry Teddy bears.

Children's reading has, of course, become increasingly sophisticated, and most of the time this is doubtless a change for the better, but it also results in some peculiar books. We all know that television has changed storytelling so profoundly that books for children now depend as much on pictures as on text. There are even books that are all pictures, and tell a story with no text at all. Though I hate to see words take a back seat to pictures, some wordless stories are very amusing. I'm sorry to say I was not amused by Chris Van Allsburg's latest book, which is made up entirely of eerie pictures, and is certainly not for the very young. Van Allsburg is a highly accomplished artist who specializes in drawings filled with sinister and mysterious suggestion. Each of his four previous books involved some sort of supernatural story. The present one, "The Mysteries of Harris Burdick" (Houghton Mifflin; $14.95), leaves it to the reader to make up a story to fit fourteen unrelated scenes for which the artist has supplied nothing more than titles and captions. The scenes are undeniably startling; I like the one entitled "The Seven Chairs," showing a nun in a straight chair flying up into the nave of a cathedral, but I don't like it enough to compensate for the feeling that I've been had. Van Allsburg's excuse for presenting a portfolio of pictures and calling it a book reminds me of the legendary "never-fail flea killer." Send in a dollar, the story went, and you receive two bricks with the instructions "Place flea on bottom brick . . ."

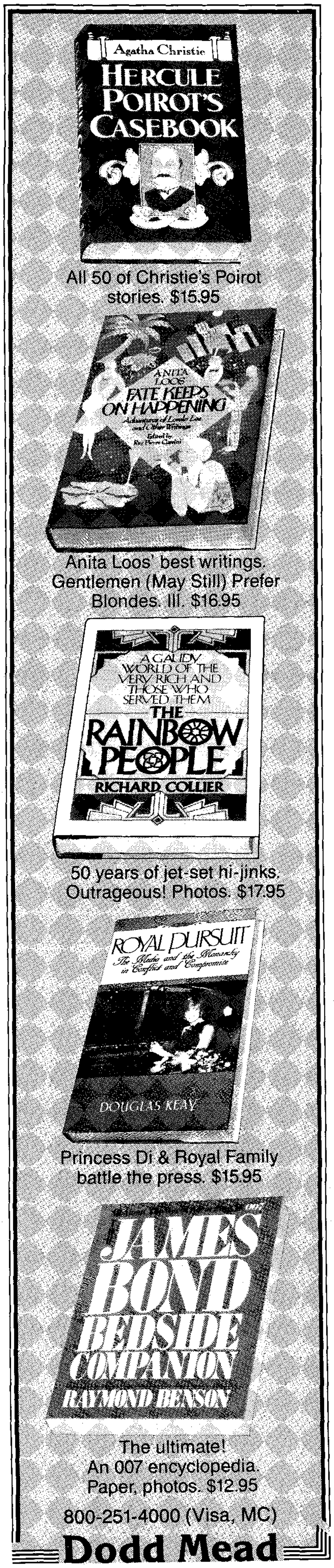
In my early reading days, illustrations were relatively sparse. Today, they may be the tail that wags the dog. Their lavish use makes stories that I remember as having softer, gentler outlines—fairy tales, for instance—more explicit, and sometimes more horrifying. Not only that but more pictures and simpler texts make complicated stories accessible to ever younger readers. The modern view of folktales is that their symbolism has a benign relationship to the fantasies of children, and that no harm is done by exposure to ogres, giants, witches, and horrid forms of death. This may be so if the child isn't very young and if only the text is considered, but I wonder whether it is equally true when these unpleasant happenings are shown to a very young child in page after page of pictures. Each year, I find handsome books whose illustrations give me pause on that account. I am not aware that any book I read as a child, or listened to as it was read aloud, damaged my psyche, but some battlefield pictures I chanced to see in a grownup history book engraved a memory that makes me shudder still. The difference between reading and seeing is tremendous. As we read or listen, we make our own images and can blot out details we find too horrible. It is not possible to expurgate a picture, though one eight-year-old girl I happen to know made a try at it. We were reading a fairy tale together, and whenever certain nasty goblins appeared in a scene she covered them with a finger. "I pretend they are flowers," she explained.



What frequently baffles me about picture books is that I can't tell who it is they are intended for. A child of four? Of six? Of eight or ten? Publishers try to sidestep the question by using the meaningless phrase "for all ages," which I tend to take as a warning that the book is for nobody in particular but has pretensions of some kind. Once, it was easy to recognize a book for a child under six: it was large and thin and had a picture on every page. Now dozens of books look like that. Closer inspection may reveal that the book is actually about something quite complex and difficult for a child younger than eight or ten to understand. These days, there is increasing precocity at every stage of childhood, and perhaps that is why writers and artists (who often double as writers) comb the classics, folktales, the Bible, ancient history, and so on, for material that can be simplified for ever younger readers.

I have before me a beautiful book, "Jonah and the Great Fish," by Warwick Hutton (Atheneum; $12.95)—one of the handsomest of the season—whose simple format suggests a very young audience. A quick look inside shows that there are only a few lines of text on each page. They sketch the bare outlines of Jonah's bizarre experience, which, taken literally, leads to difficult questions. It is not easy to explain the true nature of Jonah's sin or the magnitude of his punishment. As for the puzzle of how he survives inside the fish, Hutton solves it by showing a cavernous interior overarched by a mammoth spine, and poor Jonah, in a pink nightgown, lying shivering on a heap of haddock. Perhaps a word or two about miracles would have been helpful.

The wrath of the Lord is no more



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Dodd Mead

confusing than the doings of the Devil in "Spirit Child: A Story of the Nativity," translated from the Aztec by John Bierhorst, with illustrations by Barbara Cooney (Morrow; $12). Cooney's pictures are, as always, arrestingly beautiful, and the idea seems appealing, but the first few paragraphs and the opening full-page picture, which shows dancing skeletons and a naked child running through flames, give the reader a jolt. "For five thousand years after the world began, the devil was king. He was proud and mean . . . While he laughs, he closes our eyes and makes us blind. Then he takes us away to the Dead Land. In the Dead Land, there is nothing but hunger and . . . sickness, and hard work." The story continues with the Annunciation and the birth of Jesus in a version that combines material from the Gospels with European folklore and Aztec belief. Some of the images are indeed attractive: "The angel Gabriel's face came shining, the way the sun comes up making everything bright. His wings came gleaming, came glistening. They were longer and more brilliantly green than quetzal plumes." As a grownup with a moderate interest in Aztecs, I find the story—which was composed by the missionary Fray Bernardino de Sahagún in the sixteenth century and has never before been translated into a modern language—an interesting footnote, but I can't imagine what a small child would make of such concepts as the Devil ruling the world, the Dead Land, or an angel with quetzal plumes. I doubt whether an older child—a child of ten or twelve—would be more than briefly interested. This seems to me another beautiful picture book that will do more for adult readers than for children.

Gimmick books abound this year. There are more pop-ups, pullouts, magic windows, and other devices that package reading as a game than ever before. There are even books that float in the bathtub. The suggestion that books may be dunked or read underwater strikes me as unfortunate. Waterproof or not, books that double as toys wear out quickly, and when their moveable parts no longer move there isn't much left. They seem appropriate, though only briefly, for very young children. What could Alice and Martin Provensen—skillful and intelligent artists who have produced splendid books—have been thinking of when they designed a package called "Leonardo da Vinci: The Artist, Investor, Scientist in Three-Dimensional, Moveable Pictures"? It is offered by Viking ($14.95) and is assigned to the "all ages" category. The text begins, fatuously, "1492 was a very good year. Things were happening all over." Within the book are half a dozen double-page tableaux, and attached to them are paper cutouts that wiggle or struggle to stand upright. The book ends with a paper-doll Leonardo standing beside a doll-house easel bearing the "Mona Lisa." Who in the world is this mishmash for? Little ones don't care about the "Mona Lisa," and the paper-doll format, for all its ingenious contrivance, insults the intelligence of anyone over six.

I suppose pop-up books are designed to enhance realism, but to my mind they do the opposite—they destroy illusion. There is, for instance, a pop-up version of "Goodnight Moon," by Margaret Wise Brown, called "The Goodnight Moon Room" (Harper & Row; $8.95). The original version is one of the most beautiful and elegantly simple bedtime books of our time. The pop-up transforms its vision of tranquillity into all too real cardboard. I dislike gimmick books because they seem to be an effort to replace words with things. Given a chance, children love words. We all remember our golden age of early reading, when language, images, new and interesting words, characters, and the mesmerizing flow of events held us delighted. I am sure that the experience is still there for children in 1984. I'm sure, too, that long after the last pop-up has disintegrated the real "Goodnight Moon" book will survive. Children will have no trouble entering its great green room in their imagination and will fall asleep to the deliciously descending hush of its words.

At this season, the children's sections of bookstores suddenly break into full, bright-colored bloom. The richness of the assortment—and so many eye-catching covers—can be bewildering. No one reviewer can possibly look at all the new books presented each year, but I've sifted through my share. With regret that I have undoubtedly missed some gems, I have compiled a list that I hope will give shoppers helpful clues to what lies inside some of those enticing covers, and will enable them to make a happy match between book and child. The list begins with picture books:

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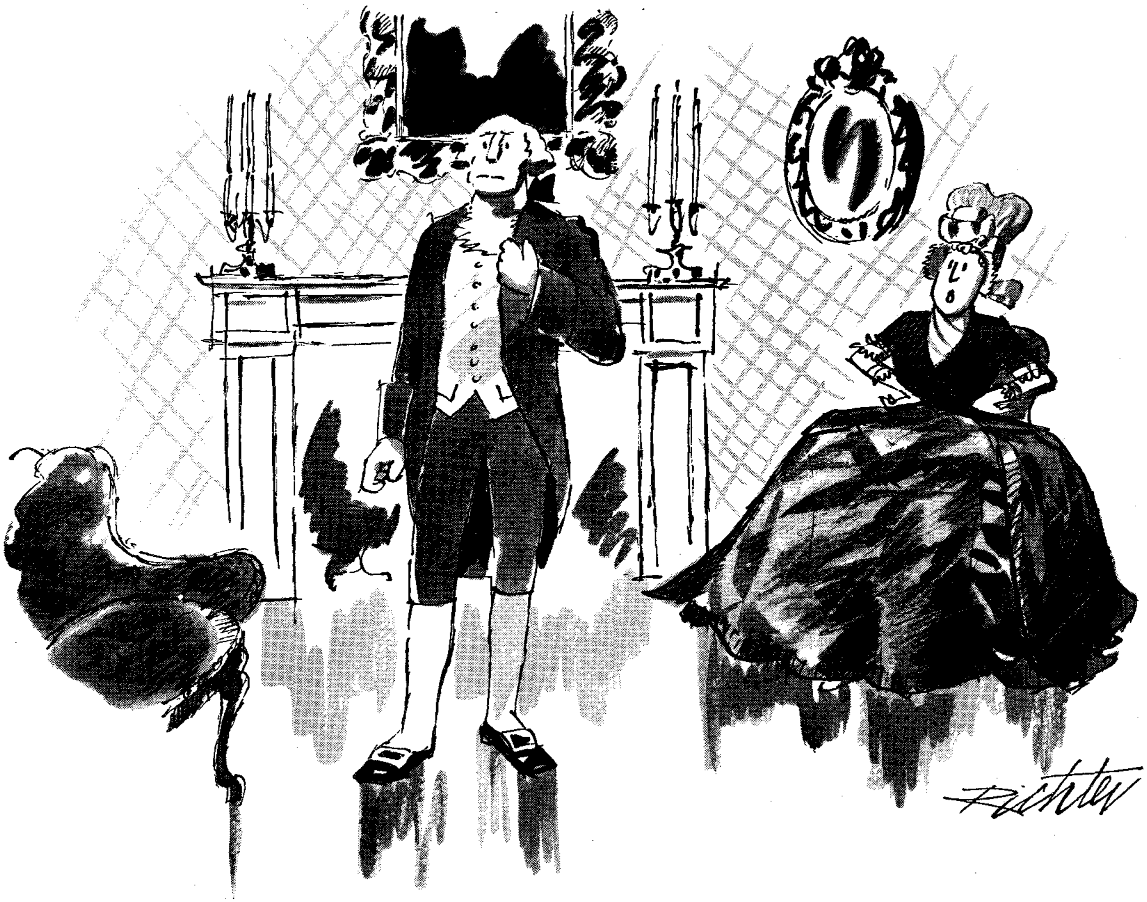

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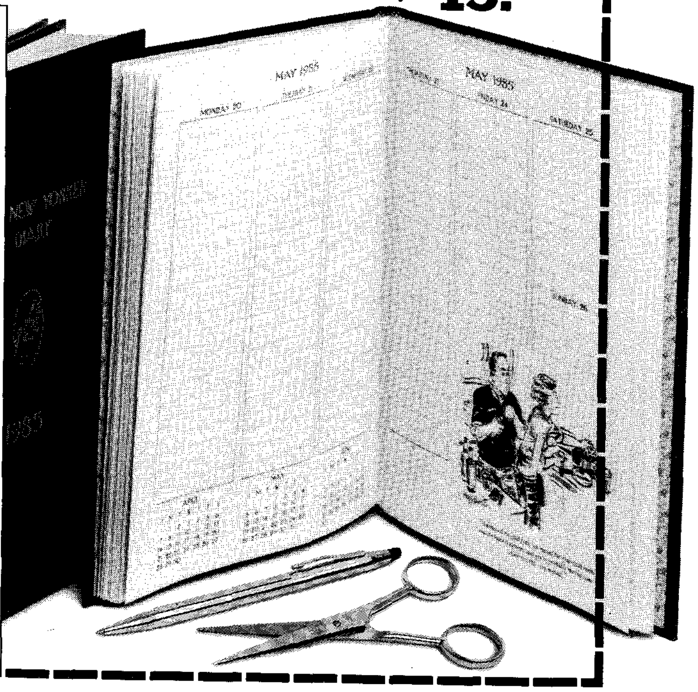

Frank Corsaro & Maurice Sendak's
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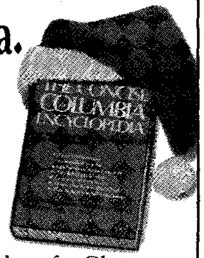

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(Greenwillow; $12). For those who have not yet met Ernest, the kindly bear, and his ward, Celestine, an adorable little mouse child, their Christmas party is a fine place to begin. The story is told in soft pencil-and-watercolor drawings that capture the fleeting feelings of each moment.

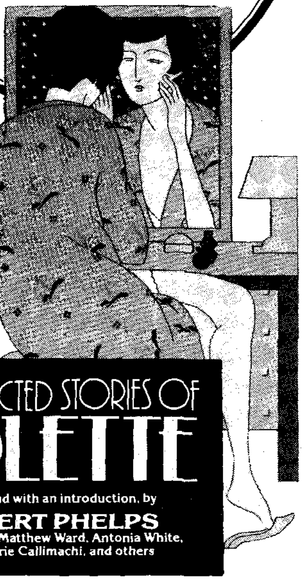
A DARK DARK TALE, by Ruth Brown (Dial Books for Young Readers; $10.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). Delightfully spooky pictures take us step by step into the very heart of an old house, where we look in a cupboard and find— a surprise not to be revealed here but well worth the trip. A highly satisfactory story told in few words. The hardcover edition was first published in 1981.

ALL WET! ALL WET!, by James Skofield, illustrated by Diane Stanley (Harper & Row; $10.95). A gentle story-poem about a boy's walk through the woods and his sharing with its inhabitants—skunk, mole, quail, deer, and many others—the experience of rain. Small events become small marvels in Diane Stanley's imaginative illustrations, and the words are beautiful read aloud. The publisher recommends this for children from four to eight.

THE WINTER WREN, by Brock Cole (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). One year, Spring doesn't come, and Simon, a simple-minded lad, goes to Winter's farm to wake her up, taking along his little sister, Meg. Winter, a dark-clad bony spectre, turns Meg into a wren, but when Spring at last wakes up all turns out well. A nice story, with pictures that carry out the fantasy perfectly.

THE STORY OF BENTLEY BEAVER, by Marjorie Weinman Sharmat, illustrated by Lillian Hoban (Harper & Row; $7.95). Bentley, a cheerful, optimistic baby beaver, grows up, falls in love, becomes a parent, and then becomes a grandparent. He finds life good, and when times are hard he sings until they are better. He grows old, and on a windy day in spring he dies. An interesting, touching story, neither sad nor sentimental, for beginning readers.

THE STORY OF JUMPING MOUSE, by John Steptoe (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $12.50). An American Indian legend is retold as a powerful moral story celebrating an unselfish mouse who gives all he has to other creatures and is rewarded by eternal life in the "far-off land." The brief text is well written, and John Steptoe's fine illustrations do much to make this



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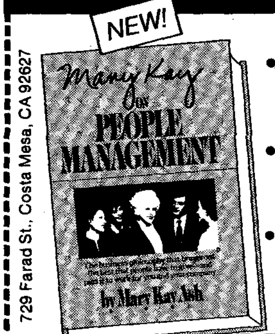

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a fascinating book for readers from about five to eight.

Paddy Underwater, by John S. Goodall (Atheneum; $6.95). For some years, John Goodall, a distinguished artist, has amused himself and many others with charming little wordless books depicting the adventures of Paddy, a well-travelled pig. This time, Paddy goes diving, and, as always, he experiences some close calls. Too sophisticated for babies, but lots of fun for anyone over four or five.

The Trouble with Mom, by Babette Cole (Coward-McCann; $9.95). Her son thinks the trouble is Mom's hats. They are suitable for a witch and stand out in a crowd. Well-meaning, lovable Mom *is* a witch, and just can't help turning people into toads and doing other embarrassing things. Finally, however, her odd talents find a good use. A truly funny idea carried out in delightfully inventive pictures.

Sir Cedric, by Roy Gerrard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $11.95). The story of Sir Cedric the Good, who vanquishes evil Black Ned and wins Fat Matilda the Pure, rolls along in an epic poem that gently spoofs chivalric nonsense. Sir Cedric's mild and sensible deeds are a triumph of civilized behavior and make everyone happy. The complicated, stylish illustrations show all the characters as they might appear in a distorting mirror, and are quite remarkable.

Opening Night, by Rachel Isadora (Greenwillow; $10.25). A very young ballerina's first performance—from her arrival at the stage door to the final curtain—is captured in Rachel Isadora's warm, authentic pictures. A book that will please young dancers with similar aspirations.

THESE books are perhaps for seven-to-ten-year-old readers:

The Little Mermaid, by Hans Christian Andersen, adapted by Anthea Bell, illustrated by Chihiro Iwasaki (Picture Book Studio USA; $11.95). The story of the little mermaid's hopeless love for a prince who cannot be hers and of her sacrifice to save his life is nicely adapted in this lovely edition. Unusually delicate and poetic illustrations are in harmony with the poignant story.

Valentine for a Dragon, by Shirley Rousseau Murphy, illustrated by Kay Chorao (Atheneum; $11.95). A lonely demon falls in love with an equally lonely dragon, but getting his message across is not an easy task, since her fiery breath turns his finest

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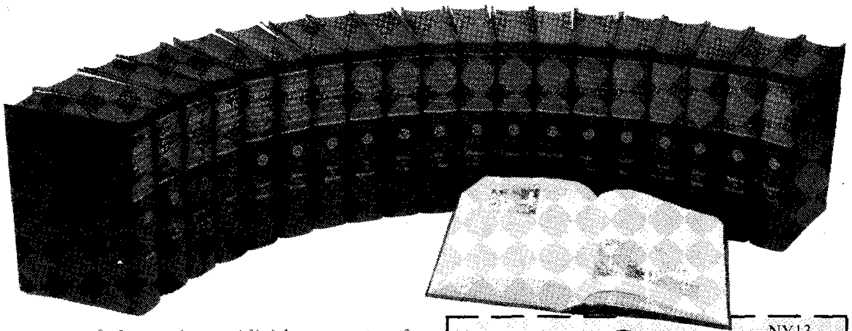

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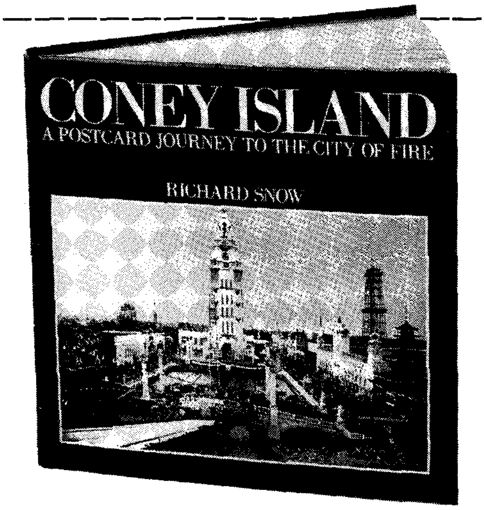

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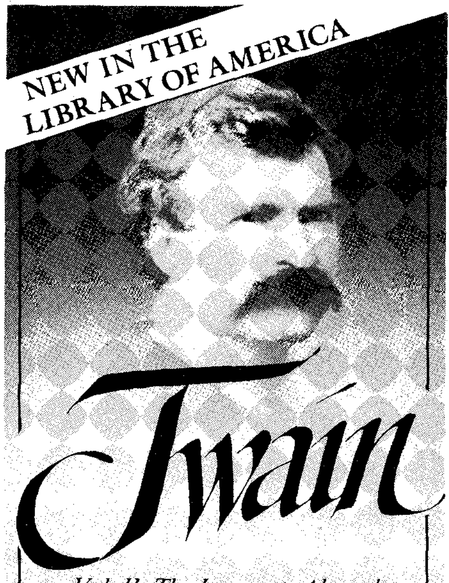
The New Kid on the Block, poems by Jack Prelutsky, illustrations by James Stevenson (Greenwillow; $9.25). Jack Prelutsky seems never to run out of funny rhymes and funny ideas much in the tradition of Edward Lear. This thick volume of witty verses, happily illustrated by James Stevenson, includes such subjects as jellyfish stew and mice on tricycles who freeze into micicles—just right for the eight-year-old sense of humor.

Zlateh the Goat and Other Stories, by Isaac Bashevis Singer, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper & Row; $4.95 paper). These seven stories—Singer's first for children—were originally published in 1966 and are now reprinted in a softcover edition with Sendak's strong illustrations in black and white. They are set in the timeless villages of the author's boyhood in Poland and are, needless to say, wonderful. (The title story also appears in a larger collection of Singer stories described below.)

Tikhon, by Ilse-Margret Vogel (Harper & Row; $10.95). In another of her unusual and subtle stories based on a childhood in Germany just after the First World War, Ilse-Margret Vogel tells how Inge, a lonely child, falls innocently in love with Tikhon, a homesick Russian soldier, and how their shared dream of climbing a mountain leads to a perilous adventure. As always, this author writes with exquisite clarity about the heart of a little girl.

The Cardboard Crown, by Clyde Robert Bulla, illustrated by Michele Chessare (Crowell; $10.95). Adam, eleven, and his taciturn father live alone on a farm. Adam's bleak life is transformed by a knock on the door. There stands a girl his age wearing a golden crown—a princess who has lost her way. This short, exciting novel should capture readers of about seven to ten.

Heidi, by Johanna Spyri, illustrated by Ruth Sanderson (Knopf; $18.95). A lavishly illustrated edition of this fine old favorite. Written in the grand style of a hundred years ago, it pours out the story of an orphan girl whose love melts the frozen heart of her grandfather and helps to cure a poor little rich girl. There is also Peter the goatherd, the grandeur of the Alps, and much more. It may seem quaint,



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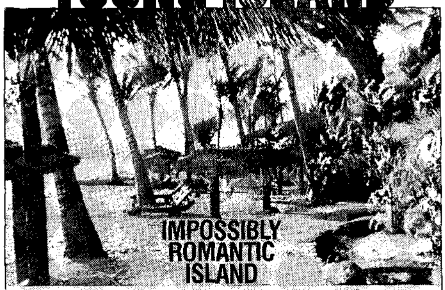

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THE HOBBIT, by J. R. R. Tolkien, illustrated by Michael Hague (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95). A beautifully illustrated edition of the classic fantasy in which Bilbo, the hobbit, first ventures into the lands beyond the Misty Mountains. We meet the wizard Gandalf, the loathsome Gollum, and a large cast of elves, dwarves, goblins, and dragons. A book for a fluent reader, who will find all two hundred and ninety pages mesmerizing.

THE WAY TO SATTIN SHORE, by Philippa Pearce (Greenwillow; $10). An English novel about a fatherless girl, Kate, and the search that begins when she finds her father's gravestone missing. The complex plot is less interesting than the portrait of Kate and her feelings about her family. Vivid, sensitive writing.

ONE-EYED CAT, by Paula Fox (Bradbury; $11.95). Ned, who is eleven, shoots a forbidden gun just once on a moonlit night and thereafter is haunted by guilty fear. Was it his shot that wounded the one-eyed cat, and how can he make amends? Paula Fox's good writing makes this a satisfying psychological novel.

FISH FACTS & BIRD BRAINS: ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE, by Helen Roney Sattler, illustrated by Giulio Maestro (Lodestar/Dutton; $10.95). In recent years, there have been a host of studies of what makes animals tick, mentally speaking. Here is a simply written introduction to this fascinating subject, sketching what is known about the mental processes of creatures as diverse as worms and whales. Not rigidly scientific, but worthwhile.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $13.95). Singer has said that logic and faith in the family, in God, and in real humanism are best preserved in children's literature. These qualities shine out of the thirty-six stories collected here. The stories are also mystical, funny, fantastic, and eventful—the work of a supreme storyteller. —FAITH MCNULTY

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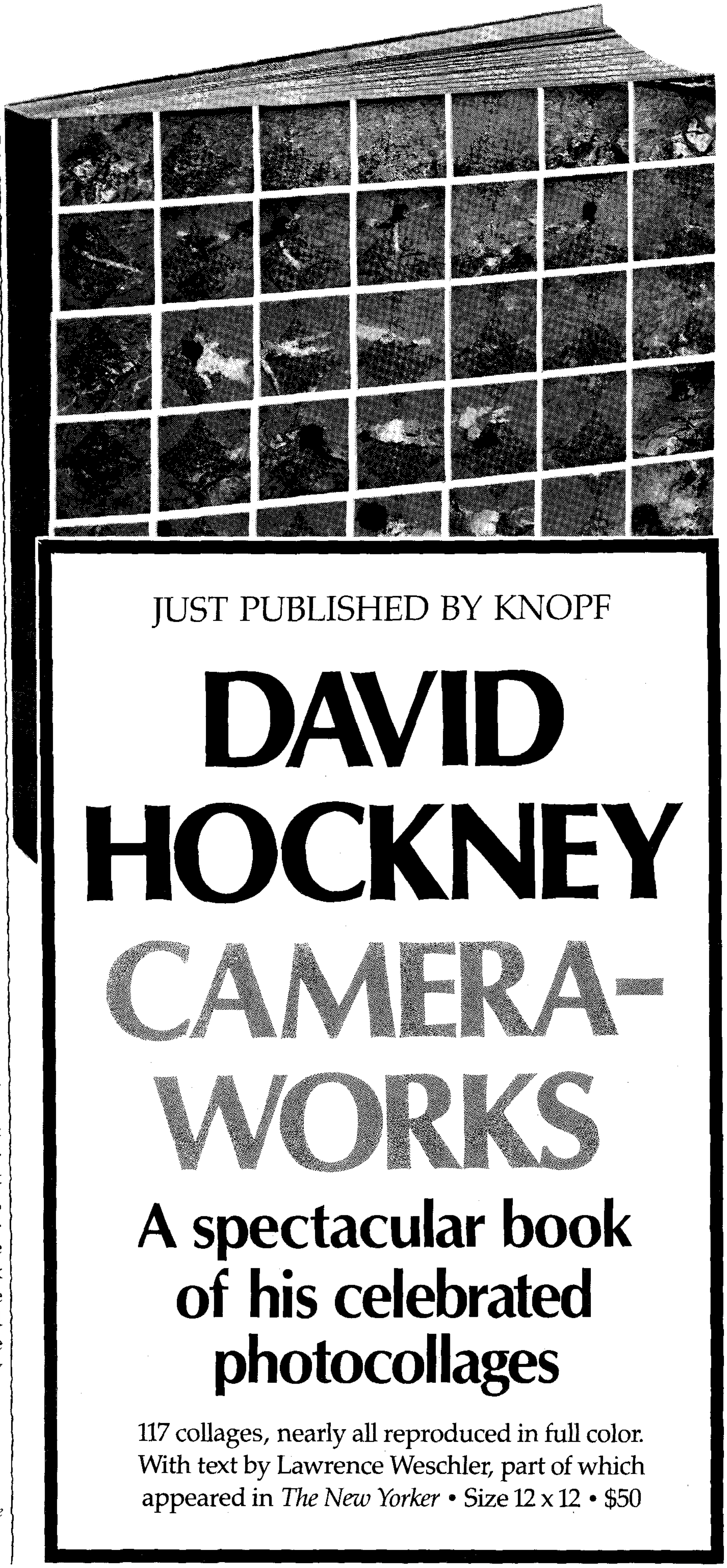

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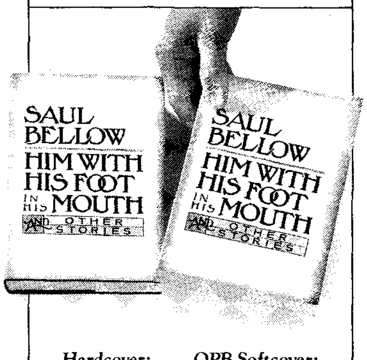
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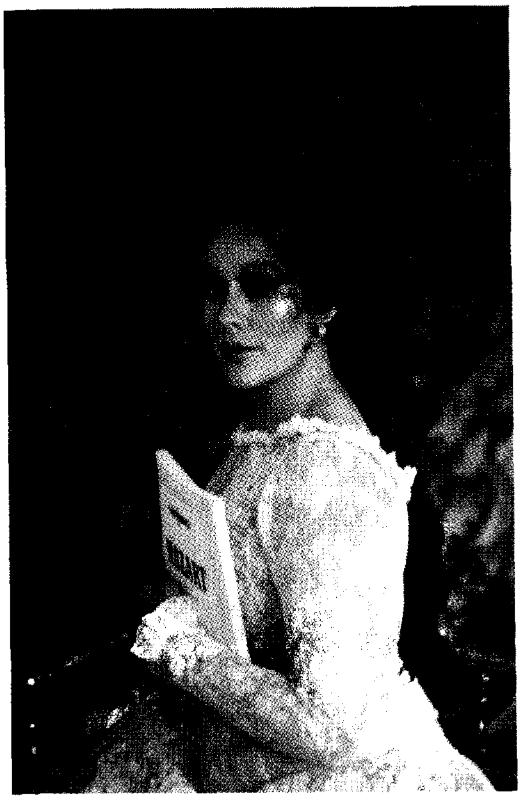

Kiri Te Kanawa gave her first public singing performance at the age of fifteen to a local ladies' committee in Auckland, New Zealand.

Impressed they may have been, but none of those ladies could have realized they were listening to a girl destined to become one of the finest opera sopranos in the world.

Her appearance fee was then a munificent four dollars.

Today, after hearing her perform the role of Donna Elvira from "Don Giovanni" in Paris, or the Countess from "Le Nozze de Figaro" at Covent Garden, many critics have been moved to describe her voice as priceless.

New York, London, Paris, Milan — wherever this truly international star performs, audiences respond with standing ovations. And a film of "Don Giovanni" starring Kiri as Donna Elvira is another huge success with opera lovers around the world.

"I owe a lot to my basic technique," she says. "My early training and the way in which my voice has developed means I can usually sing my way through colds and sore throats without any problems... in fact, anything short of laryngitis and tonsillitis combined! And, of course, consistency of performance is extremely important.

"That can make or break your reputation."

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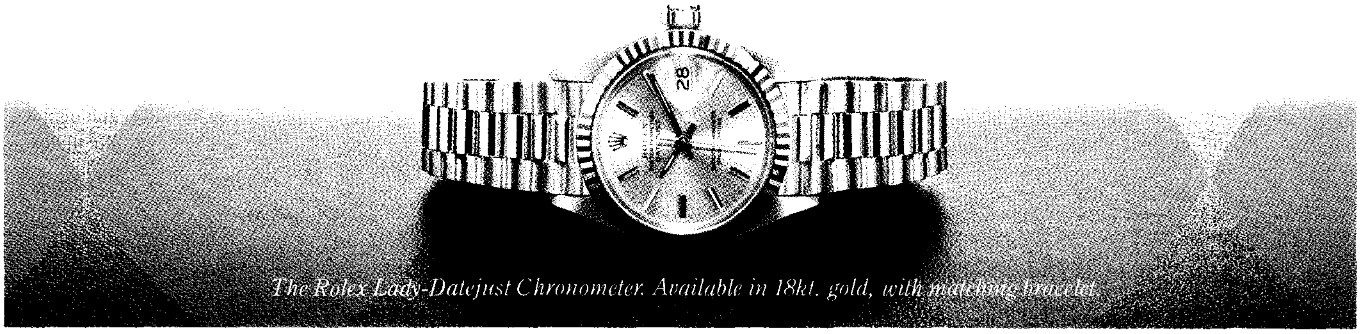

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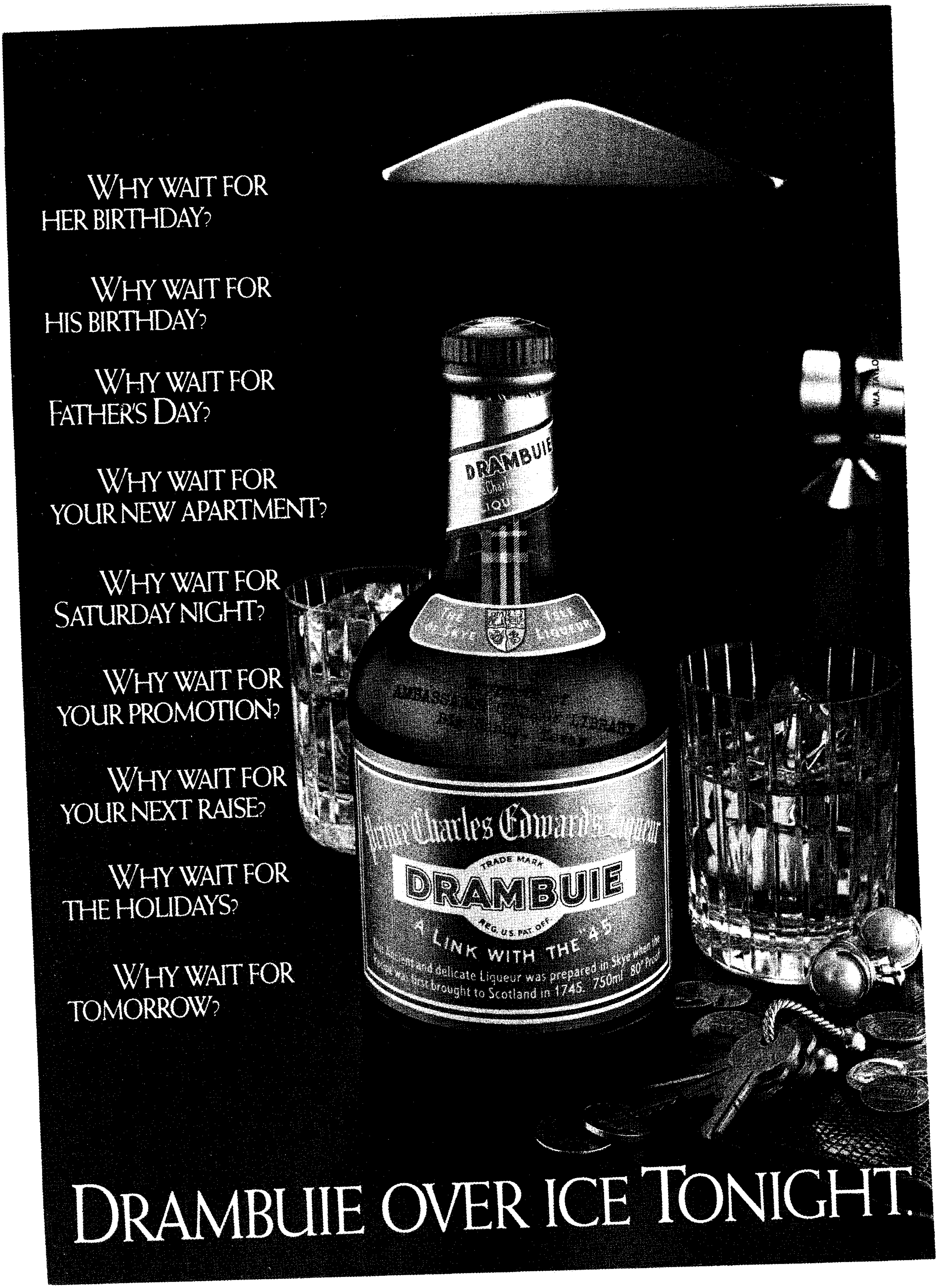
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